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MEMOIRS AND WRITINGS

—OF—

THE VERY REVEREND

JAMES F. CALLAGHAN, D.D.

COMPILED BY HIS SISTER,

EMILY A. CALLAGHAN,

AS A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

"Be thou faithful until death, and I will give to thee the crown of life."

CINCINNATI:
THE ROBERT CLARKE COMPANY
1903

E.C.P.

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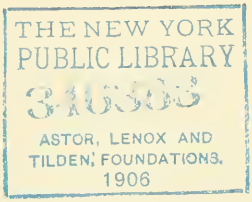

PRESS OF THE ROBERT CLARKE CO.
CINCINNATI, O., U. S. A.

PREFACE.

In giving this book to the world, the chief object of the compiler is to preserve to Catholic literature some of the valuable writings of the late Rev. Dr. Callaghan.

In doing this, it seemed fitting that a few striking incidents of so full and fervid a life should precede the writings, in the form of Memoirs.

For those pages that relate to his life at Mount St. Mary's, as editor of the *Catholic Telegraph*, and pastor at All Saints' Church and St. Peter's Cathedral, Cincinnati, I am indebted to the pen of one of his college friends, who knew him better than any one on earth. That he has written of him in "pure English, undefiled," goes without saying; that he has written truthfully of him, even his enemies will concede. What I have added was told me by Right Rev. Edward Fitzgerald, Bishop of Little Rock; by the people of that place, who loved and admired him; and by the late Rev. Edward Slattery, of New York City, who administered the last Sacraments, received his dying wishes, and accompanied the venerated remains to the home of his boyhood.

If it be thought egotistic for one to quote so well of her own, my only apology is: there was no one else to do it; and though I realize how much better it might be done, yet I know that love is more powerful than light in revealing the truth.

EMILY A. CALLAGHAN.

December 12, 1902.

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BOOK I.

MEMOIRS AND LETTERS.

MEMOIRS OF DR. CALLAGHAN.

CHAPTER I.

BOYHOOD.

James Frederic Callaghan was born of Irish Catholic parents in Trenton, New Jersey, March 28, 1839. In 1845 his parents removed to Cincinnati, on account of the educational advantages of the "Queen City of the West." Although but six years of age at this time, he could read fluently, and at the age of eleven was admitted to Hughes High School. Though he was the youngest of his class, and the youngest ever admitted to the Cincinnati High Schools, yet he stood at the head. He excelled in Latin, Greek, and Mathematics; nor was he second to any in English. Mr. R. D. Barney, of The Robert Clarke Company, Cincinnati, whose father was Principal of Hughes, told the writer, not long since, that his father used to get James Callaghan "up" on all occasions as "one of the ablest speakers." Sometimes he introduced him as a young son of Erin, for even in boyhood he was a warm defender of the Irish.

At the age of twelve, he made the acquaintance of the late Archbishop Wood, of Philadelphia, who at that time was one of the pastors of St. Peter's Cathedral, Cincinnati. Father Wood had organized a Sunday-school in the basement of the Cathedral, and to this Sunday-school James Callaghan was sent to prepare

for his First Communion. Father Wood, seeing the superior mind of this young boy, and becoming well acquainted with his soul, in the confessional, turned his thoughts toward the priesthood, foreseeing the great good to be accomplished in the vineyard of the Lord by such extraordinary talents. What a true prophet he was, is told in the pages of these Memoirs by one who was ordained a priest at the same time, and who was his closest friend during their college days, and during the first twenty years of their ministry.

At the age of fifteen he entered St. Thomas's Seminary, near Bardstown, Kentucky, which was then the preparatory school of Mount St. Mary's of the West. Having completed the course there in two years, and standing at the head of his classes, as he had at Hughes High School, he entered Mount St. Mary's of the West in his eighteenth year.

CHAPTER II.

DR. CALLAGHAN AT MOUNT ST. MARY'S OF THE WEST.

In the autumn session of the year 1857 James Frederic Callaghan entered Mount St. Mary's of the West as an ecclesiastical student. The seminary and the college, then in the second year of their promising but brief existence, bore the same name, and were in the same building. The college afforded instruction both to students intended for some worldly calling, and to seminarians who had not yet begun the study of theology, as well as to some theological students.

There for two years the young student attended the college classes. The distinction that he had won at Hughes High School and at St. Thomas's Seminary was enhanced at Mount St. Mary's. Here he had for competitors young men who had already distinguished themselves in their studies at other colleges, and from the start he took the lead among them.

The brilliancy of his talents was shown not only by his pre-eminence, but also by the disadvantages at which he won it. Being appointed one of the college prefects, he had less time for study than his classmates; and to supply the loss as best he could in the distracting occupations of his office, he had to devote appointed hours of rest to his studies. His nervous system and his general health suffered from the strain, the signs of which were so manifest that at the end of his second collegiate year at Mount St. Mary's he was, as one of his companions remarked, "as thin as a ghost"; but

he bore up by force of the strong will-power for which throughout his life he was remarkable. This nervous strain, however, told on him during his seminary course and after his ordination, and it probably made itself felt more or less during all his after years, although the same strong will sustained him to the end, without the use of remedies or precautions that might have prolonged his life.

At his graduation in June, 1859, he stood foremost in a class, to be a member of which conferred distinction. Of the seven honors — the Latin, the Greek, the philosophical, the literary, the scientific, the mathematical, and the historical — awarded to its six members, he received two, and the others, one each. According to the marks he had received during the preceding year, he might naturally have looked to the winning of all, or nearly all, the honors, rather than to the distinction of receiving one more than any of his classmates. Whatever he may have thought of the matter, he never said anything. Even in his boyhood, though an ambitious student, he was too great to entertain petty jealousies. Had he had a vote in the distribution of the honors, he doubtless would have given it for their partition among his comrades, for he was always ready to help them in their difficulties,— a generous and loyal soul from his youth.

He began his theological course in September, 1859, and finished it in June, 1862. During its continuance, his humble appreciation of his own worth and his lofty ideal of the dignity of the priesthood led him to think that he was unworthy of that high calling. He thought of entering the legal profession, and even left the seminary; but its wise and saintly rector, Father Barry, of happy memory, soon sent a messenger to recall him, and he returned immediately. During his short absence, as

his looks showed only too sadly, he had suffered an agony of grief.

While reading theology he also taught some of the college classes; and from early spring in 1862, after his return to the seminary, till the end of the scholastic year in June, 1863, he was one of the regular college professors. Soon after his ordination as priest, on the thirtieth day of May, 1863, he was appointed pastor of the church of All Saints, in Cincinnati. He set to work only too earnestly, and in 1865 was forced by broken health to retire from the discharge of his duties, but after some months of illness was able to resume his pastoral charge.

From that time until the autumn of 1869 he combined the duties of pastor of All Saints and of professor at the seminary. Heedless of the warnings of his experience, in the year 1865, he was, like his patron, St. Paul, whose name he took at ordination, unsparing of himself. After the pastoral and professional labors of the day, he was to be found at ten o'clock at night conscientiously preparing for the work of the next day at the seminary. It was about five miles from his residence, and for a while, daily, he walked the entire distance to and fro. Sometimes, when there was an unusual press of parish work upon him, such as collecting money for building or improvements, and visiting the sick in sickly seasons, he did not go to rest until midnight. At such times he was up in the morning at four o'clock, that he might prepare himself fitly for the classes, and attend to other duties for which there was no time in the evening.

During his pastorate of about six years at All Saints, nearly all of which time he was also one of the seminary professors, some property was acquired for the church, its costly marble altar and steeple erected, the

school-house built, the church and parsonage completely furnished, and other improvements made. "Zeal for Thy house hath eaten me up" was to the tireless and exemplary pastor a motto worthy of all acceptance; and in his zeal, and his blameless, priestly life, his people were blessed in him who walked so reverently among them, seeking not his own, but the things that are of Christ. They had reason to be thankful in another respect in which he was a pattern worthy of all imitation,— all the more admirable when one considers how many other things he did, and how well he did everything he took in hand: he never preached without preparation, and no matter how weary and worn with work or care, he always found time to *write* his sermons,— those sermons one would ever gladly hear, but may not ever hear again.

His capacity for work was indeed wonderful. It seemed that more work than he was able to do could not be found for him, though often the too willing worker was overtasked. Once, when he was editor of the *Catholic Telegraph*, and at the same time assistant pastor at the Cathedral, and much occupied otherwise, he said to a friend: "Many a morning, after being up all night writing, I have walked back from the printing office to the Cathedral to be in time to say my mass."

In 1869-70, for about a year, his labors were somewhat lightened. At that time he was made associate editor of the *Catholic Telegraph*, with the Very Reverend Edward Purcell as chief, and went to live at the seminary, where he remained professor till the consecration of the Reverend Casper Borgess as Bishop of Detroit, in April, 1870. From that time until the summer of 1880, when he went abroad and made a tour of six months in England, Ireland, Germany, France, and Italy, he lived at the Cathedral, filling at the same time the

place of assistant pastor, of secretary to Archbishop Purcell, and until the latter part of the year 1879 edited the *Telegraph*.

For a year or so before his editorship of that paper he had written its leading articles, so that all, or nearly all, of them were written by him for about a dozen years. He became at the same time both editor and proprietor of the paper, in which until then money had been sunk annually for many years; but he soon made it self-supporting. More than that, he made it a power that was felt both within and without the Church. His leaders on the school question made it feared and hated by politicians, who cared more for political expediency than for moral or religious principles. The papers he wrote on papal infallibility were adopted by Archbishop Purcell as the expression of his own sentiments, and sent by him to Rome when after the Vatican Council he had to make his submission to its decrees. They were some of the best the editor ever wrote.

It must be said, only to his praise, and not to his discredit, that neither as an editor nor as a professor did Dr. Callaghan please every one. Loving not "the praise of man more than the praise of God," he made his own the thought of the Doctor of the Gentiles, "If I would please men, I should be an enemy of Christ." As an editor he was considered by worldly-wise men imprudent and intractable, because he would not do a little wrong that a great good, seeming or real, might ensue. Imprudent in some of his utterances and incorrect in some of his judgments he may have been (for who is infallible?), but he was always true to the right as he saw it, and fearless in its advocacy. His faith in it and in its ultimate triumph was unshaken. The faith of the just man showed itself in his life, and in the works of a life "full of days," reckoned by the Scriptural stand-

ard, and full of promise that is now fruition. His passing misgivings about his vocation indicated his profound faith in the supernatural, in human responsibility, in the judgment to come, in the Unseen Judge who searcheth the reins and the heart, in the unspeakable mysteries of the altar, and in the sacred character of the ministry that he honored by his meritorious and spotless priesthood. Perhaps the most striking instance of this occurred on the evening of his ordination day, when with a fellow priest ordained with him, he was returning at nearly midnight from the seminary chapel, where they had both been preparing to stand for the first time at the altar on the morrow. He stopped his companion and said in a voice and manner that conveyed somewhat of awe: "Do you think that I am really a priest?" Another instance might be told in which there was a touch of the serious and the diverting blended. Late one night, looking at himself in a mirror, as if thinking aloud, he said in the hearing of a comrade: "Well, you're a queer looking priest."

As a professor there was never a question of his ability and learning and careful fulfillment of duty. He was found fault with, however, by some of the slower, but not saner sort, for overstrictness in class. Strict he certainly was in requiring his pupils to do their best work, and for this they ought to have been thankful,— as the better part of them probably were in later years,— not querulous and resentful. They were taught by him how to study and learn as they had never learned before; but it is possible he forgot that his pupils were not as gifted as he was, and that he did not make enough allowance for dullness. But certain it is that no pupil who did his work ever fell under his censure; and that his chidings, however vigorous, had no bitterness in them to rankle in the mind; or if there was rancor, it

was in the heart of the pupil, not in that of the kindly and conscientious professor.

Kindness of heart, accompanied sometimes in the very act of doing a kindly turn by a certain brusqueness, occasionally even gruffness of manner, and sometimes with unsweetness of speech, was one of the marked characteristics of Dr. Callaghan. This arose from the sincerity of a nature that, often even to imprudence, and oftener to impolicy, was intolerant of deceit and sham; and of the hollow show that counterfeits sterling worth, and but too often passes as current coin of the intercourse of life. His sympathy with suffering and want and sorrow was so keen and warm that no worthy appeal for help — to say nothing of only too many unworthy applications — ever fell unheeded on his ears, as a goodly number of the beneficiaries of his bounty could testify.

He sometimes divined the needs of others, and unsought, unlooked for, came to their relief. Of his money he was liberal even to lavishness, and, alack, in too many instances received in return not even thanks. It is known that he lent hundreds of dollars that were never returned; and once, about thirty years ago, he said, with some warmth and with good grounds: "I have lent thousands and never got a cent back." Still it is written: "Blessed is he that considereth the poor: the Lord will deliver him in the time of trouble." He, and the friend so like to him in many traits of mind and character, his near friend for many years, whose last sad, dark days were lightened by his active sympathy — good, kind, generous Father Edward Purcell, by some so much misjudged, so cruelly condemned — now inherit together that blessing.

Like that friend whose memory is still so tenderly cherished by those who knew him best, he had gifts of

mind of the first order. By long and diligent use of them he acquired a store of widely varied learning, that gained in extent and variety by whatever it may have lacked in scholastic method and profundity. Though well versed in science, he was of a literary rather than of a scientific turn, always impressive and often eloquent as a preacher and lecturer, instructive, entertaining, humorous, even witty in conversation, and eminent as a writer. He could learn better and more quickly than others anything he gave his mind to. Though his talents were not of the precocious kind, they soon matured, and won for him a meed of praise above his fellows. This was markedly the case with his talent for composition, the style of which in the boy was a promise and a foreshadowing of the perfect performance of the man.

In the year 1858, in a large class — several of them his seniors, and students of theology,— that attended the lectures of the Reverend Xavier Donald Macleod, he won the admiration and praise of that fastidious scholar in English by an essay that still lives in the memory of at least one that heard it read that night four and forty years ago. It was read aloud to the class by the essayist at the bidding of the lecturer. Fellow-students envied and admired the literary graces of an essay which, it is not too much to say, was to them at once, both for style and thought, an object of admiration and despair.

For maturity and finish of style the essay would compare favorably with printed productions more widely famed. It was remarkable as showing the characteristics that were most admired in the writings of his later years by critics none too partial. The same praise may be given to his commencement speech in 1858, on " The

Hopes of the American Scholar," and to his graduation speech on "Reverence."

The fashion of this world passeth and changeth; as in other things, so in matters of literary taste. The number of the admirers, as well as of the masters, of the rounded-period style, with its fullness and cadence, and careful balance, has, since the days of Dr. Johnson, been growing small by degrees, and, as old-fashioned folk would add, lamentably less. Anyway the style, like the good manners of the old school, is now called old-fashioned. It needs must be that "the old order changeth, giving way to new," if not better; and it is idle to lament the change. Still those who have read the leaders that Dr. Callaghan during his editorship of the *Catholic Telegraph* wrote leisurely and carefully, when he had time,— which he seldom had,— and those who have had the pleasure and the profit of listening to his sermons and lectures, in which literary touch and voice and the *style periodique* combined to heighten the effect, will hear in their hearts evermore the wailing cry:

> "Oh, for the touch of a vanished hand
> And the sound of a voice that is still."

He was master of a style which is, whatever be its merits as viewed from the old, or its defects as viewed from the present literary standpoint, in a master's hands always pleasant to read: scholarly, effective, and on occasion, eloquent. Such a cadenced prose style, with its long and carefully constructed sentences, its skillful selection and marshaling of words and phrases, its studied antitheses, and its gradations towards a climax, deserves praise like that bestowed by a poet on the style of a brother poet, who "taught to join"

> "The varying verse, the full resounding line,
> The long majestic march, and energy divine."

It goes without saying that there are good writers whose style is concise, and good writers whose style is diffuse. It is not a matter of course that conciseness in writing — especially if, as in writers not a few, it lack clearness and smoothness,— is better than diffuseness that is smooth and clear. Perspicuity, strength, grace, copiousness of thought, expression, and illustration, and full, rounded sentences, are distinctive marks of Dr. Callaghan's style.

In this style of writing he had, at least at his best, no superior, and few, if any, equals among the Catholic writers of this country. There are bits of ornate writing from his pen that are perfect in their kind, or if faulty in any respect, the fault arose from a cause that is rather commendable than blamable, and for which in point of fact popular writers of our day incur no blame — an *embarras des richesses*. Original thought, apt quotation or allusion, play of fancy, happy illustration, suggestive phrase, argument, poetic idea, cold reasoning, warmth of feeling, striking imagery, learning, and reflection, were all so mingled, and so illumined with the radiance of a glowing imagination, often within the compass of a few lines, that to read them, and still more to hear him preach or lecture, was, as one of his hearers said, "like looking through a kaleidoscope." The comparison is, however, inadequate to convey a just appreciation of him as a lecturer or a preacher. After listening to a series of lectures by him at the Cathedral of Cincinnati, Archbishop Purcell, no mean judge of literary values, compared them to the lectures of Lacordaire.

Some critics have thought they discovered a want of action in Dr. Callaghan's delivery, and a lack of variety in the modulations of his voice; but others have justly found both in his voice and manner, as a public speaker,

an admirable harmony with his style of literary composition. His sermons and lectures, excellent as they were, if delivered by another with more gesticulation, and more varied inflections, and intonations of voice, would not have been as effective as when spoken with that reposeful yet impressive manner that was his, naturally, as a public speaker, and in those full, deep, earnest tones, which had in them somewhat of solemnity, and which so many would, but none may hear again as of old. His voice was heard to most advantage when he sang Mass. Then its solemn, devotional intonations added to the solemnity of the religious ceremony; and at the *Sursum corda* the worshipers had hearts, for the nonce at least, raised heavenward. One of them, fondly recalling religious services of thirty years ago, wrote in a public print that to him it seemed to reach the perfect ideal of solemn religious worship when Archbishop Purcell preached and Dr. Callaghan sang the Mass.

Those were bright, happy days for both; but dark, sorrowful days were coming on. Their last years were the saddest of their lives — sad and sorrowful to both of them even unto death. Being dead, they still speak by the example of their lives as well as by their recorded words, written with ink and also in fleshly tables of the heart. One hardly needs assurance that their voices now join in the new song in the new Jerusalem, which no man could learn, but only the pure in heart and clean of hand, who are redeemed from the earth to ascend the mount of the Lord and stand in his holy place.

The mortal remains of Dr. Callaghan, together with those of the Archbishop and of Father Edward, now lie at St. Martin's, Ohio, in the little country churchyard of the Ursulines, who gave the two sorely stricken brothers — truly *par nobile fratrum*, and never nobler

than in their fallen fortunes,— a welcome and a home, when there was none other for them in all the wide world beside.

The record of Dr. Callaghan's fealty and devotion to the noble twain in misfortune would fill some of the most glorious pages in the annals of loyalty and self-sacrifice. The tender strength of a strong manhood supporting the weakness of old age in the person of the afflicted Archbishop, whom he watched and tended day and night for two and a half years, makes a strikingly beautiful and pathetic picture. The details of those years of more than loving, motherly care, of more than brotherly fidelity, of wakeful nights and weary days, are something too sacred to expose to the public gaze or strangers' eyes; and the memory of them is, like Ossian's music, at once "sweet and mournful to the soul." More than another score of years is needed to deaden that memory. It would be alike painful and improper to unveil the mournful and touching scene of sorrow, to which no sorrow of the two mortally stricken sufferers was ever like; of their sad, yet sweet resignation; of the consoling sympathy and services of the angelic St. Angela's daughters; of tender and gentle ministrations to those whom the ungentle hand of man and the healing hand of God had touched.

To do something for their honor and at the same time for even more sacred interests that were touched nearly, if not imperiled, by the business failure of the Archbishop and Vicar-General of the Diocese, a movement towards the payment of the debt, thereby incurred, was set afoot in November, 1882. When, before its inception, it was made known to Dr. Callaghan, he pointed out the difficulties it must encounter, the dangers that might be looked for by its leaders, and, out of regard for the friend who had told him of it, rather

dissuaded him from the undertaking than advised him to proceed. It needs not to say that he was in full sympathy with its aim and motives; and, after it was started, his name and efforts, with material aid, were enlisted in a cause in which, had he been able to leave his post of duty, he would have been the natural and actual leader.

Opposition and some ill results, as he had forewarned, were incurred. Even the existence of his paper, the *Catholic Telegraph*, was threatened, if not jeopardized. Its articles on the Debt, certainly due to some creditors and owed by some debtors, were widely read, and were successful in awakening much interest in the movement toward its payment. Its list of subscriptions for the purpose was headed by Archbishop Purcell, who subscribed all he had, a thousand dollars, just received by him at the time; and within about two years it filled two columns of the paper, including among the subscribers a bishop, several clergymen, and of the laity, some who had lost money by the failure. The comments of the press, Catholic and non-Catholic alike, all over the country were almost unanimously in favor of the movement. The general sentiment was expressed by the *Cincinnati Gazette*, which said: "The *Telegraph* is on the right as well as the popular side."

Dr. Callaghan's sympathy and share in the movement, openly avowed by him in a letter to the public, given out by the *Cincinnati Commercial* in December, 1882, would naturally lead to the consideration of what was once, if it be not still, as his paper said at the time, "a burning question," certainly not without interest now, but unprofitable to discuss.

Its full history and clearing up would properly find place in a history of the Cincinnati Diocese, a life of Father Edward,— which if only for his vindication, it is to be hoped will some day be written by some sympa-

thetic pen capable, fearless, and desirous of doing justice to the truth of history,— or a life of Archbishop Purcell, which one can not mark without sadness is still a desideratum in Catholic American biography. The empty niche among our Catholic celebrities, it is to be feared, will pain in another generation the sight of him who seeks among them the place of one who was once known as the Patriarch of the West, for long the American episcopate's best known, if not best beloved name, revered and honored even without the fold of the faith. There is little hope now of a memorial worthy of him since the pen has fallen from the hands of the only one equal to the task of writing the biography on which he was said a decade ago to be engaged; the friend whose hand was the last he pressed on parting from this world, on whose face his eyes rested in their last sad light, and smiled while heart spoke to heart its gentle good-by. "That was reward enough for me," Dr. Callaghan said, speaking of that sadly sweet, sweetly sad scene at the Archbishop's deathbed.

It would be instinctive, naturally and religiously, when the last offices of friendship had been rendered to the dying prelate, for Dr. Callaghan to dedicate himself anew to the cause of his venerable departed friend. To render what services he could to that friend's memory would be to him a dictate of natural and religious piety; to identify himself with the cause of the Debt, a heritage of friendship; and to lead the Debt movement, at once a privilege and a sacred duty,— only his duties in the Diocese of Cincinnati ceased with his friend's death and burial. Not long afterwards he went to the Diocese of New York, to which a little over three years before he had been affiliated by Cardinal McCloskey, and in which and in the Diocese of Albany he exercised his ministry for about six years, part of the time as professor at the

Academies of the Sacred Heart at Manhattanville and at Kenwood, and part of the time as rector of a parish near New York City. About four years after the death of Cardinal McCloskey he went, on the invitation of his friend, Bishop O'Connor, to Omaha, where he was stationed at the Cathedral, and occupied chiefly with preaching and giving retreats; and in the year 1890 he went to Little Rock, where he was made Vicar-General by the Bishop of that See, who had known him for more than a quarter of a century.

CHAPTER III.

VICAR-GENERAL OF THE DIOCESE OF LITTLE ROCK.

In Little Rock Dr. Callaghan labored incessantly for nine years, converting the Cathedral, just erected, into "a thing of beauty." To the people he was a pastor in the true sense of the word, visiting them in sickness and sorrow, and ministering to every want of their souls. One of the ladies of Little Rock, in speaking to the writer of Dr. Callaghan's sermons, said: "Every sermon was a poem." Yet he never used a manuscript in the pulpit of Little Rock. Alas! those manuscripts, read in such eloquent tones, tremulous at times, with the deep feeling of his great, Catholic heart, were burned by his own hand before he left the Cathedral of Cincinnati. The one on Pentecost, given in this book, seems to have been the only one that escaped the flames. Another was written from notes taken by a priest of St. Louis. Two more, with a few lectures, were given to the compiler by the Ursulines of St. Martin's. Father Donohue's funeral oration was taken from the *Catholic Telegraph*. But these few will give the reader some idea of Dr. Callaghan as a preacher and a lecturer, of the depth of his beautiful thoughts and of the wealth of his pure English.

The eloquent priest who preached his funeral sermon said: "He was a giant in this pulpit and a lamb in yonder confessional." How many souls he brought peace to, in the sacred tribunal, eternity alone will tell. Some who still live, and who, I hope, will read these

pages, could testify to his learning as a theologian and to his great skill in curing the wounds of the soul.

After nine years of teaching and preaching in Little Rock, his health was broken, and he was advised by his physician to take a sea voyage from Galveston, Texas, to Atlantic City. For a time the salubrity of the climate in the latter place benefited his health, but on the fifteenth of October, 1899, having had a severe chill, he became alarmed, and hastened to New York City for medical aid. When he reached St. Vincent's Hospital he was almost exhausted. His nurse told the writer, since his death, she thought he would die before they could get him into bed. After he was made comfortable, he looked up at the priest who had accompanied him to the hospital and asked: "Father, is it time for the last Sacraments?" The father replied: "We will have the physician's examination first, and perhaps we can defer giving the Sacraments until morning, when you will be stronger." But the last Sacraments were not given until December 8th. On that day his faithful friend, Father Slattery, of St. Catherine of Genoa Church, New York City, came at his request to write some codicils to his will, which he had written himself at Atlantic City on the fifteenth of October. In these codicils he remembered St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum, Cincinnati; the Ursuline Convent, St. Martin's, Brown County, Ohio; the Sacred Heart Convent, Manhattanville; St. Andrew's Cathedral, Little Rock; the Infirmary, Hot Springs, Arkansas; a poor woman in his first parish, Cincinnati; another poor woman in Kansas, and several priests in Arkansas, thus showing in his last moments his princely generosity and devotion to old friends.

Had it not been for the generosity of the Ladies of

the Sacred Heart, he would have left Cincinnati penniless in 1880. But they came forward and remunerated him for his ten years of service as chaplain. During the twenty years that elapsed before his death everything he touched prospered. God blessed him in temporal matters as well as in spiritual. One gentleman in Omaha and another in Texas presented him moneys amounting to about three thousand dollars. This he invested in real estate, which has risen in value, and with other investments he made from time to time, secured for him quite a little fortune at the time of his death. He had learned from experience that it is not well to give *all* away; that few who accept loans return the loans, and fewer still are grateful for gifts.

When the codicils had been written, Father Slattery said to him: "You have attended to all your temporal matters; suppose you attend to the spiritual." He replied: "I am ready." "How much time do you want?" asked Father Slattery. "Why, you don't think I have waited until now to set my house in order. Sit down there," pointing to a chair by his bedside, "I am ready to make my general confession." When Father Slattery brought the body home to Dr. Callaghan's sorrow-stricken sisters, he told them that he made a confession of his whole life, exact, and almost scrupulous in every detail, like a boy before First Communion. Having heard his confession, Father Slattery went to the chapel, and bringing the Blessed Sacrament, gave him the Viaticum and anointed him. He had received his Lord for the last time on earth! With what clean hands and loving heart had he received Him nearly every day during thirty-six years, in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass! He once said: "I care not what becomes of the other members of my body, but I want my hands

to receive Christian burial." When asked if he would visit Louise Lateau, when he went to Europe, he replied: "Can I see a greater miracle than I see in my hands every day?"

Born on Holy Thursday, he was chosen a priest from the beginning, and the words on his tombstone, "*Tu es sacerdos in æternum*," were never more fully inherited.

On the twelfth of December, 1899, God claimed his pure soul, and he gave it up willingly, cheerfully. When the late Most Reverend Archbishop Corrigan visited him, immediately after he had received the last Sacraments, Dr. Callaghan said to him, as the Archbishop approached the bed: "I have nothing whatever to trouble me; that is a grace I don't deserve, do I?" "Indeed you do," the Archbishop replied. "You have been a faithful son of Mother Church; you deserve every grace she can give you," and, stooping down, the Archbishop kissed him, saying: "I wish you a happy Christmas in heaven." In writing to one of the sisters of Dr. Callaghan, after the latter's death, Archbishop Corrigan said: "I never saw any one near his agony so peaceful, so humble, so entirely reliant on the Divine Goodness, as your reverend brother." And this was an extraordinary grace, for, although he could quiet other souls, he was always anxious about his own. Indeed, before his ordination he was greatly troubled with scruples, and, fearing the priesthood was not his vocation, left the seminary. But it was only for a few days, when the dear friend who has written so well of him in these Memoirs induced him to return. God no doubt permitted this, that he might be able to direct the large number of scrupulous souls that flocked to his confessional in Cincinnati.

His funeral took place, according to his request, at

St. Peter's Cathedral, Cincinnati. Here he had received every sacrament, except baptism, and here, where he had so long ministered, it was fitting the last sad rites should be performed.

The Pontifical Mass was sung by his lifelong friend, Bishop Fitzgerald, who had come from Little Rock to perform this sad duty for one who had served him so well during the last years of his life. In speaking to Dr. Callaghan's sisters after the Mass, Bishop Fitzgerald said: "The last Sunday he was in Little Rock he performed every duty scrupulously, though suffering much at the time."

The students from Mount St. Mary's of the West sang the music of the Requiem, and never was Gregorian chant better rendered.

Rev. Father Wimsey preached the funeral sermon. It was fitting that this eloquent priest should eulogize the dead priest, who had been to him so devoted a friend in boyhood, spurring him on to the acquisition of knowledge, even devoting some of his few leisure hours in teaching him Greek. Speaking to Dr. Callaghan's sisters the day of his Month's Mind, Father Wimsey said: "I should like to have told what he did for me, but was afraid it would seem too personal." Never did Dr. Callaghan meet a boy of talent that he did not help him and encourage him, by deeds as well as words. His purse was ever open where he could do good; but all have not been as grateful as Father Wimsey.

Men as well as women wept, when the deeds done by the dead priest, in that Cathedral, were recalled to the vast congregation. As the funeral cortege approached the church the steps, the grounds, and the entire square around the Cathedral were thronged with people, waiting, in the rain and sleet, to see the last of him who had labored so long among them, and whom many had

known from boyhood, admiring the talents of the boy, and later revering the piety and zeal of the priest.

The burial was at first in the family lot at St. Joseph's Cemetery, Cincinnati, but when the Will was opened, it was found that his desire was to be placed beside the dear old Archbishop that he had loved so well. So his devoted sisters made the sacrifice — gave him up in death, as they had given him up in life, when, a boy of fifteen, he left his home for St. Thomas's Seminary to study for the priesthood.

On the 27th of October, 1900, the venerated remains were conveyed to the cemetery at the Ursuline Convent, St. Martin's, Brown County, Ohio. The nuns in their black robes and the pupils in their white veils, all carrying lighted candles, met the funeral cortege at the gate. The hearse, and two carriages containing the sisters and nieces of Dr. Callaghan, two ladies of Little Rock, and Father Bowe, of Fayetteville, Brown County, Ohio, passed between the nuns and pupils ranged on either side of the long drive to the cemetery. Like his Divine Master, on that last sad night, only one man followed him to his last resting place. Rev. John Bowe, of Fayetteville, who had passed many a pleasant hour with Dr. Callaghan, while he was caring for the Archbishop at the Ursuline Convent, came down to Cincinnati the day before to accompany the remains. No doubt many would have attended this last burial had they known of it. But Dr. Callaghan's sisters desired that all should be done quietly, and so well was it arranged that few knew of it until after the burial. Had his own wishes been known and complied with, the first funeral would have been as quiet. His last words to Bishop Fitzgerald on leaving Little Rock were: "Let my funeral be simple, a low mass, and no sermon."

And indeed he needed no sermon; his whole life was

a grand sermon, and his silence more eloquent than the most beautiful words. His silence when wronged was less only than his silence now, in that peaceful spot, where he lies at the feet of the venerable prelate, who was silent, too, unto death. But when the graves give up their dead the silence will be broken, and the whole world will hear what three men suffered — died, and made no moan.

CHAPTER IV.

REMINISCENCES AND LETTERS.

Appended are some reminiscences by two of the ladies of the Sacred Heart, and a few letters from the ablest Archbishops and Bishops of this country. These prelates and religious knew Dr. Callaghan in his true character as a priest and a man, and their words confirm what has been shown in the preceding pages, that he was always the true priest, Christ-like in his life, and, like that Divine Master, carried his cross patiently, silently, unto death.

These memoirs have grown beyond their intended space, being meant but as a prelude to the writings of Dr. Callaghan. The few manuscripts found among the papers sent from Little Rock, Arkansas, and those in possession of the Ursuline nuns of St. Martin's, Ohio, are here given. The articles reproduced from the *Catholic Telegraph* were selected by the compiler as containing vital principles of Catholic doctrine, and therefore valuable to Catholic literature.

NOTABLE CHARACTERISTICS.

BY A RELIGIOUS OF THE SACRED HEART.

Nothing was more striking, in a man of Rev. Dr. Callaghan's learning, power, and strength, than his sympathy with little children, and their sympathy with him. The attraction and the comprehension were mutual; the young went to him instinctively, and he seemed drawn to them irresistibly. All were perfectly at ease with him, and all were as ready in giving forth to him their

immature ideas and fancies as he was apt in conveying to their opening minds his wide thoughts and beautiful conceptions. Nor had he the aspect of one making an effort to descend to their level; on the contrary, while maintaining all priestly dignity, he appeared in their midst as one of themselves, simple, kind, cheerful, and even reverent in his respect for them. They delighted to hear him speak to them, and, what was more singular, considering his age and erudition, they delighted to speak to him! His dogmatic instructions, his literary lectures, his familiar conversations, the stories he related to them on holidays; his manner of drawing them out, individually, and of giving full worth to their opinions and full attention to their queries — all these aspects of his character showed Dr. Callaghan in a light wherein the outside world had never seen him. He was the friend of children, emphatically. In return children were his friends, loyal and ardent.

In putting on the stole, either for the confessional ministration or the altar's service, Dr. Callaghan seemed to invest himself with a new character, chiefly differing from his ordinary self by a singular gentleness, sympathy, and humility. His penitents no longer saw the scholar, the wit, the champion; they found but the father, the friend, the brother; to the avowal of their weaknesses responded, not merely the divine consolations of the sacrament, but the human help and enlightenment that come from the sense of fraternity and fellowship, in strength and in suffering. Piety always opened up these springs of tenderness in a nature as pure as it was strong; all that touched on faith was solemn and sacred with Dr. Callaghan, and all that revealed pain, effort, and anguish, became to him holy and dignified. He was by temperament the soldier, but by faith and ordination the father, and it was under this

title that those who knew him best love to recall him; either surrounded by innocent, eager children, to whom he gave joy, or turning to the penitent, on whom he bestowed absolution.

A FEW REMINISCENCES OF DR. CALLAGHAN.

BY A RELIGIOUS OF THE SACRED HEART.

My first acquaintance with Dr. Callaghan was in 1871, when a friend invited him to preach at our convent in Cincinnati. Shortly afterwards he accompanied Archbishop Purcell for a ceremony of First Communion and Confirmation. In the autumn of 1871, Archbishop Purcell appointed Dr. Callaghan director of the congregation of the Children of Mary, and shortly after he was named chaplain of the convent, an office he filled with untiring zeal and devotedness for many years. He came to our aid in various difficult circumstances. The health of the community failing somewhat from the close confinement of the city, permission was obtained to rent a house in the suburbs for the summer months. But the Archbishop being unable to spare a priest to say Mass even on Sundays, we were about to abandon the project, when Dr. Callaghan promised to come himself every Sunday, and to secure a priest from the seminary three times a week. This he continued to do three successive summers, hearing our confessions every Sunday before Mass, and frequently having to return to the Cathedral in time to sing the High Mass or preach. In September, 1874, we moved to the Grandin Road, on Walnut Hills, about five miles from the city. Dr. Callaghan drove out every morning, said Mass punctually at half-past six, and commenced a weekly course of dogmatic instructions to the pupils, whose confessions he also

heard, continuing these duties when we took possession of Mr. Clifford Neff's beautiful property at Clifton, in September, 1876. No words can give an idea of his unselfish devotedness in discharging the functions of his office. No matter how inclement the weather, in winter or summer, we were never deprived of the Holy Sacrifice, and on the first Friday of every month he took the long drive out in the afternoon, to give Benediction and an instruction to the Children of Mary; and all these services were rendered gratis, for although some years later, when he was at Kenwood, he was fully remunerated, at the time no mention was made of a salary, and he could not have foreseen that it would have been given him. His generosity in temporal matters was shown by a little incident that occurred at the time of the purchase of the Clifton property. Mr. Neff had proposed selling to us, on very reasonable terms, some of his furniture. As Dr. Callaghan was driving away one morning he handed a small package to the Superior, saying, "Mother, you may want this to-day;" and started off, giving her no opportunity to thank him. On opening the roll, it was found to contain a thousand dollars. It happened no purchases were made, and the entire amount was returned the next day, but the thoughtful generosity of our devoted chaplain was none the less appreciated, and none the less characteristic of his noble heart. In 1877 Dr. Callaghan presented to Clifton a most exquisite marble statue of the Blessed Virgin, which has since adorned the grounds, and stands as a memorial of the constant munificence of our kind benefactor. In 1879 came the financial crash in the Cincinnati Diocese; then Dr. Callaghan's loyalty to the dear Archbishop was made manifest. In July, 1880, he went to Europe, but at a simple word from the Archbishop intimating that he was lonely without him, he

shortened his visit and returned home. After the death of the Archbishop in 1883, Dr. Callaghan severed all connection with Cincinnati, and was appointed chaplain to the Sacred Heart Convent at Manhattanville by Archbishop Corrigan. There his devotedness was unsurpassed. Besides fulfilling the ordinary duties of chaplain and confessor to the pupils, he gave them the most solid doctrinal instructions twice a week, and also gave lessons in Latin and Philosophy to the young religious, whose gratitude will be lifelong for the benefit, spiritual and intellectual, derived from his teaching. In the delicate and difficult work of guiding souls, Dr. Callaghan was pre-eminently the man of God. Added to those of grace, there was in Dr. Callaghan a combination of natural qualities which made him an admirable director; yet his direction was always supernatural. He possessed a wonderful insight into souls — a power of discernment that made his advice and repeated warnings seem almost prophetical in the light of subsequent events. He had naturally strong prejudices, but as a director he had a sympathy possessing that element of the universal which he so admired in the Saint for whom he had an almost passionate devotion — Paul, the apostle of the Gentiles; and like him, Dr. Callaghan endeavored to become all things to all men, that he might win all to Christ. Dr. Callaghan shared our sorrows as well as our joys, and on the occasion of the death of our honored and revered Mother Hardey, he wrote a most beautiful and touching panegyric, which was read at the closing exercises of the academy in 1886.

In 1888 Dr. Callaghan took a trip to Europe, with the view of visiting the Holy Land, but the news of the conflagration at our Convent of Manhattanville reaching him, he immediately returned home, to manifest his sympathy and render any assistance in his power, never-

referring to the sacrifice he had made. He was a true friend, and rich in every priestly virtue. We owe him a debt of gratitude for his generous, self-sacrificing devotedness that can only be paid in earnest and constant prayer for his eternal rest. In his will Dr. Callaghan left to the Manhattanville Chapel a very handsome jeweled chalice, a fitting remembrance of one whose devotion to the Blessed Sacrament and the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was truly soul-inspiring.

THE DIOCESE OF ST. PAUL,

ST. PAUL, MINN., March 6, 1885.

Rev. Dear Friend:—Permit me to repeat what I said to you *viva voce* in New York, that you are hiding away under a bushel the talents for doing good which Providence has given you. You are wearing away amid silent fretting a life which should be made productive of great results to the Church. Is not this the real truth of the case? Now an idea has been running through my mind for some time, and I frankly submit it to your consideration. It is that you come out to Minnesota, and throw yourself, with all your energies and powers, into the work of building up God's temple in this new and promising territory. If you do come, it will be well, assuredly, for Minnesota, and I do think it will be well for yourself. Come out again into God's broad world; it is not such a bad world after all. I admire your present feelings, *in se;* for they are what my own feelings in similar circumstances should be. But where I differ from you is in this, that I would overcome the suggestion from those feelings to stop in a career of well-doing.

I will give you a choice of works: you may engage in pastoral duty, you may take charge of our Catholic paper, you may direct for me a classical study which I am now organizing. I have many things begun — advancing as yet on a small scale, but with great future possibilities, and a priest, as you, would within a short period evolve those possibilities into actual realizations.

I wish you would at least visit me after Easter, and give me an opportunity of talking with you at leisure as to what might be done. At any rate write to me your thoughts as to my proposition.

Very sincerely, etc.,

† JOHN IRELAND.

"Park Place," Bishop's Residence.

Rev. Dr. Callaghan.

OMAHA, NEB., May 30, 1888.

My Dear Doctor:— Yours of the 27th inst., inclosing *Exeat*, is just received.

I was at a loss to know what had become of you. I feared you had turned "Arkansaw" traveler, and gone astray among the swamps in the territory of your old college friend. Then I hoped you would turn up at the consecration of the Peoria Cathedral, but not seeing your name among those who assisted at the ceremony, I was tempted to offer a reward for any information that would lead to your recovery, dead or alive.

Well, come on as soon as ever you can. St. Cecelia's needs to be taken hold of by somebody. Colaneri has too much to do to give it proper attention, and besides he has no turn for missionary work. When you get things in shipshape, you can easily take a month's vacation. Colaneri can't preach in English, and as I start

on my visitation next Saturday morning, the Cecilians will be without a sermon on Sunday.

I wouldn't hurry you up if you didn't measure those forty-four inches around the — chest.

Yours truly,

† James O'Connor.

Archbishop's House,

452 Madison Avenue,

New York, April 20, 1889.

Rev. Dr. Callaghan —

Rev. Dear Doctor:—If the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Omaha is willing to affiliate you at once to his Diocese, I will cheerfully make out the papers necessary on my part, in accordance with the final clause of Decree No. 63 of the Plenary Council. If you will have the kindness to send me his consent in writing, it will expedite matters.

I avail of this occasion to return sincere thanks for the valuable services which you have rendered to this Diocese during your residence in it, and to testify my high regard for you personally, and my admiration of your many good qualities.

Wishing you every blessing, I am, Rev. dear Doctor,

Very faithfully yours,

M. A. Corrigan, Archbishop.

P. S.—I have not yet named your successor. Will you please prepare and send me a statement of the financial condition of the church, as far as it may be known to you? Mem.— Please let me know when you propose to leave.

ST. ANDREW'S CATHEDRAL,
LITTLE ROCK, ARK., June 27, 1890.

Dear Doctor:— Most willingly do I agree to your taking a vacation till September. My only fear is that you will become dissatisfied with our poor, miserable Arkansas, where there is nothing for a person of your energy to do. I don't think you can die of the dry rot; yet, except you open up a new field for yourself, I do not know how you will be able to content yourself here.

I inclose you a letter from Bishop Ireland. Of course if you should wish to become affiliated to his Diocese instead of Little Rock, I am always ready to yield to your wishes.

I was from home — in Memphis — when your letter and telegram arrived, or you would have had an earlier answer.

I hope to be able to get away from here for New York about August 1st.

Believe me, yours faithfully,
EDWARD FITZGERALD.

ST. PETER'S CATHEDRAL,
325 West Eighth Street.
CINCINNATI, O., December 21, 1899.

Miss Emily Callaghan, Walnut Hills:

Dear Miss Callaghan:— This is the earliest time since my return home that I have free, to express to you and all the family my condolence in the death of your reverend brother, Dr. Callaghan.

He rendered great services to this diocese for many years, and he devoted himself so affectionately to soothing the sorrows of our holy Archbishop. He deserves

well the gratitude of all of us. And to me personally he was most kind, on my arrival, in many ways, particularly in giving me his own room, and contenting himself with a poor room in the fourth story. By many titles, then, I feel indebted to him. I offered the Holy Sacrifice for him last Wednesday, the 20th, and I will offer at least twice more as soon as I can after the Christmas festivals. Of course in offering for the deceased I make remembrance of the living, all who were near and dear to him, particularly yourself and your sisters.

I wish to all of you all the blessings of this holy season, and I ask your prayers.

Your servant in Christ,

† WILLIAM HENRY ELDER,

Archbishop of Cincinnati.

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452 MADISON AVENUE,

NEW YORK, Christmas Eve, 1899.

Dear Miss Callaghan:— A holy and a happy death is a crowning blessing, and one most to be desired. I never saw any one near his agony so peaceful, so humble, so entirely reliant on the Divine Goodness, as your reverend brother.

Let us hope he has now the reward of a true priestly life. What supreme consolation to see our Lord, the Divine Babe of Bethlehem and the Good Shepherd!

May our Lord grant us all the grace of a holy end.

I am, dear madam, very respectfully yours,

M. A. CORRIGAN, Archbishop.

TO FATHER CALLAGHAN'S MEMORY.

The following beautiful threnody, in memory of Rev. James F. Callaghan, D.D., was written by a life-long friend and classmate:

"There rest and sleep until the Life saith Rise!
Hard by where we in boyhood strolled,
Ere death bestrode the wold,
Rare heart of gold,
Ere life proved hearts as fire the metal tries.

"Vain is death's victory, for on the prize,
Eternal life, thou hast laid hold;
Reward so manifold,
Eyne, heart of gold,
Naught like e'er saw, naught like could heart devise.

"Death quells the quick, but he that daily dies
Joys in his victory, enrolled
Among life's victors bold,
Mate, heart of gold,
E'en more than conquerors in deathless guise.

"Secure of glory now that glorifies,
Compeer of those of heavenly mold,
And to the full consoled,
Look, heart of gold,
Look, how dull hearts love vanity, seek lies.

"Ah, weak, leer words that wordless worth outvies!
Great, leal, generous, good, whole-souled —
How much more is untold —
Ah, heart of gold,
No more — no more to meet beneath the skies."

BOOK II.

SERMONS AND LECTURES.

PENTECOST.

"Whatsoever is born of God overcometh the world; this is the victory that overcometh the world, our faith" (First Epistle of St. John, iv. 5).

The church was born of God. Nearly nineteen hundred years ago it * * * from a voice that came from heaven; a sound of * * * mystic melody, a sound compared to which even the music of the angelic choirs, prostrate at the foot of the throne of God, is but the weak, incoherent prattle of little children. It was a sound gloriously rich and beautiful, throbbing with the personal power and personal light and personal love of the Divine Spirit. It came on the rushing wings of a mighty wind. It came clothed in beauty. It came incarnate, in fire. It came to brood with the flashing force of God's grace and strength over the embryo church, even as the same Spirit brooded over the dark waters of a primal world; even as it brooded at the moment of the Incarnation over the sinless soul of Mary. It brooded over those whose voices, echoing that voice from heaven, were to fill the world with the glad tidings of a divine religion. At the sound of that voice, tuned "to mystic strains beyond the skies," the church of Christ sprang into full life, confronting, like young David, the Goliath of the world. From that moment there was a glow of beauty upon the face of that church which never wanes. Within her bosom there is a heart of fire that never dies. From that moment the tongues of those whom Christ called to be his apostles in every age, consecrated to the preaching of the mysteries of heaven, share in the wondrous eloquence, the lofty wisdom, the dauntless zeal, of that

first Pentecostal day. At the sound of that voice from heaven appeared in the world a new and unknown race of heroes, armed only with the sword of truth, trusting solely in the shield of divine faith, ranged for battle with a pagan world under the banner of the Crucified, to build a world-wide kingdom for Jesus Christ. Nerved by that voice from heaven into an enthusiastic daring, to which mere human courage can show no parallel, the apostles of our Lord and their successors, the commissioned teachers of the world, the heaven-inspired rulers of the souls of men, marched over the wreck of pagan religion and pagan civilization, over the moldering ruins of pagan grandeur, beneath skies often hung in black, over lands stained with blood, through the bristling columns of embittered savage foes, amid sounds of woe on every side. They marched to the music of the voice of Catholic faith, onward, ever onward, combating, bleeding, dying, yet ever victorious. The sound went forth, and the words of Christ's apostles, as a continuous battle-cry, against heresy and unbelief to the ends of the world. Through eighteen centuries it has never been silenced. From that day to this, the apostolic army, first recruited from poor, illiterate fishermen by the shore of the sacred sea, has never been conquered. High and clear that voice rings out above the shouts of the Roman populace, when they doomed the Christians to the lions. High and clear it rings out, when the great subtle heresies of the early Christian ages would silence with their jarring voices the clear trumpet notes of Catholic faith. High and clear it rings out above the crash and din of a falling empire, whose arms had embraced the world. High and clear it rings out above the barbaric cries of warriors that pour like a resistless flood from the depths of Asia and Europe.

* * *

There was a double remedy for this widespread degradation of heart and intellect. First, Christianity heralded the truth in the words of St. Paul, that woman was the glory of man, and the Christian wife sanctified the unbelieving pagan husband. Secondly, upon the dying empire of Rome descended the German barbarian, who professed a religious veneration for woman. The combination, the close union of these two elements, Christian on one side and Germanic and chivalric on the other, contemplative in part and heroic in part, gave origin and power to a purer literature and gave holier inspiration to song never before heard in the world. This is the source of the loftier strains of the earliest Christian literature. To it * * * and Dante and Aufaldo Ceba owe their wonderful poetic energy and unfading literary glory.

We can easily see how the parallelism, or rather the contrast, between Christianity and paganism, extended itself to all the feelings which spring from relations existing between different members of the family. There is little need of reasoning or comparison to show that filial affection must be profoundly modified by the custom of daily prayer of the child for the parent. It is prayer alone that gives to the heart of the child something more of tenderness with love, than nature teaches and demands. As the warmth of its affection is enlarged, the sense of gratitude grows, and the tie of love becomes stronger as well as purer. The expression of that filial love in the language * * * as the divine favors of the apostle who was wrapped to the third heavens; a life so full of miracles that he seemed to bend all nature to his will; a life so fragrant with ceaseless charity that in his person the Good Samaritan seemed again to walk the earth; a life so rich in its fruits that heaven owes to it the salvation of millions

of souls; and as long as the glorious company of Jesus shall live the debt will ever be growing; a life winged with such lofty enthusiasm to extend the glory of God, that in a few years he circled the earth with his own flame of divine love; a life so enduring in its appointed work, that it is interwoven like threads of gold in the whole history of the church for three centuries. Such a life is revealed in all its greatness to God alone * * * of a blessed immortality. It is not a society organized to increase material comfort and mere earthly happiness, nor to add to mere natural culture and social refinement, nor to add to the luxuries of life and to enlarge material prosperity. It was not written in the commission of the apostles that they were to build a railroad from Joppa to Jerusalem or stretch a telephone wire from Dan to Beersheba. But it was organized to make men worthy citizens of heaven.

Then linked necessarily with this religious organic body, owing to it its birth, its form, its beauty, its Christian life, laws, literature, science, art, all that elevated it above the stature and reach of corrupt dead paganism, was a political organism. The world had become Catholic in faith, and that faith gave to the world a political society, a fabric wrought of the divine justice, which the church wielded, and the divine mercy which its tender lips preached. The world became Catholic, and in turn the Catholic Church bestowed upon the world the priceless gift of Christendom. Here, then, you see the twofold work of the Church of Christ during centuries, showering the divine blessings that it carried with spotless hands upon the individual and upon * * * Latin writer has said that God has given to man a lofty brow and commanded him to look towards heaven; not simply towards the heaven that lights the world, but the higher heaven of which even a pagan

dramatist could speak with praise — the heaven where divine truth has an eternal seat, and divine love a fitting home — the heaven that flames with the perfections of God. From that source comes the greatness of the saints which the natural world can never rival. Theirs is the greatness of life, of which the Son of God is the perfect model; and hence before that greatness, mere human gifts, however splendid, bow themselves to the dust of earth, from which they spring in confessed inferiority. Their greatness is identified with the greatness of St. Paul, and he tells us whence it came: "I live, no, not I, but Christ liveth in me." What a large and * * * Humanity went forth to nurture, to heal the multitude. The voice of that church silenced the schools of religious falsehood, of hydra-headed heresy, as it answered the long unheeded, despairing cry of the poor. As it broke the fetters of ignorance with its hands of divine love, so it melted the chains of the slave. The hearts of all then echoed the confession of Peter: "Thou art Christ, the Son of the living God." This was the victory of faith over the intellect, the will, the body and soul of the individual. What was its victory over society? Every page of the history of the Christian world records the story that can never die. The church made the dogma of the divinity of Christ the corner stone upon which the new political organization was built. Human law was thus stripped of its pagan cruelty and clothed with mercy. Pagan despotism disappeared, to give place to the liberty with which Christ has made us free. All civil power in the formation of this new society had its sanction from heaven to preserve peace and order and happiness. It lost that sanction, its sacred character, to be scorned, resisted and destroyed, whenever it violated the rights of conscience or clashed with the law of God. The Catholic

altar was thus the source of all religious and civil liberty. The poor became the brethren of the Man-God, and carried in their hands his eternal claim to a portion of the wealth which he had given to the few. The curse that paganism had fixed upon the brow of poverty was blotted out. Labor put on a badge of divine honor, for it wore the beauty of the scars and seams of the hands of the Carpenter of Nazareth. The slave mounted the throne of St. Peter to rule not only the bodies, but the souls of men — the supreme ruler of Christendom. Democracy thus received its first recognition, and before the sanctuary of God all barriers of caste and race and rank were leveled forever. Out of such elements Christendom was formed and knit together. The center of this organism, the great heart from which it received its life and strength, was the heart of Christ. The great power which formed it from the social and political chaos, which followed the burial of paganism, was the same divine Spirit that brought the world out of primal darkness, the same Spirit of God that formed the church. The great hands that built this vast political edifice were the hands that wore the fisherman's ring, the hands of the vicars of Christ. This is the second victory that overcometh the world. The prophecy of the captive seer of Juda is fulfilled. The stone cut by unseen hands from the mountain — that is, the new kingdom of God enwrapped in the mystery of the Incarnation — has revealed itself, destroyed all other kingdoms, and over their graves has raised Christendom, the kingdom of Christ. Turn with me now to the third victory, of faith, which crowns and completes the other two; a victory which proclaims the Vicar of Christ to be not only the wise creator, but the defender and savior of the Christian world; a victory that the feast of the Rosary will commemorate until the clouds shall part, to

show the last, the eternal victory of the Cross; a victory whose soul of gladness swept three centuries ago from the land where St. Paul had boasted of the resistless power of the Cross, to the doors of the Vatican, where the obelisk tells that vision and hopes of the apostle of the Gentiles. * * *

Never was this constant divine watchfulness more emphatically revealed than on that hour when the waters of the sea swallowed the hopes of the relentless enemy of Christendom at the battle of Lepanto. The sixteenth century was finishing its course. Christian Europe was torn and rent like a land scorched with volcanic fires. Nations that had given for centuries loving loyalty to the See of Peter were torn by heresy from the arms of their benefactor, to whom they owed all their greatness. Doubt and unbelief had taken the place of faith. The political as well as the religious world was in turmoil. The reformers had kindled the firebrands of war. The new attack upon the church did not follow in the path of the older heresies which had been fought and killed. The religious outbreak of the sixteenth century was but a brutal roar against the all-supernatural authority in the world. It outstripped even pagan lawlessness in teaching that the individual and society had a right to rebel against divine authority, which God had established in the world for its guidance. It was a new doctrine that law and liberty were by nature foes, for an inspired apostle had taught that "he who looks into the perfect law of liberty is free indeed." It was a new doctrine sounding in the ears of Christendom, and yet it was older than creation. It was the creed which the first anarchist preached to the rebel angels. But that doctrine sounded the knell to Christendom. The keystone of the structure was the undisputed power of the Vicar of Christ over Christian Europe. When the

hands of the impious moved this from the place where God set it, the Christian world was shaken to its center and shaken to pieces. The divine basis upon which Christian society had rested securely was then upheaved and broken. Obedience to authority was mocked, as Christ was mocked in Pilate's hall, spurned and trampled in the dust. Communism is thus the legitimate offspring of Protestantism, and the first seed principle of the Reformation finds its full poisonous growth in the doctrines of modern socialism. As in the darkness of the Crucifixion, the Son of Man was redeeming the souls of men who nailed him to the cross, so in that sad, dark hour, when Europe was marking the face of the Church of Christ with new wounds of ingratitude, the Vicar of Christ saved it from Moslem destruction.

The prophet of old saw, in swift-running vision, the wrath of God that was to be poured out upon faithless, disobedient Israel. There rose from the sea a cloud, floating in the bright sunlit air, in size only a human span. He looked again, and with the speed of the lightning's flash, that cloud had filled the horizon, and from its dark bosom it poured its flood of vengeance, like the waters of pent-up ocean. So fell upon Christendom, again and again, the fierce, insatiable wrath of the armies of Mahomet. Out of Arabia's sea of sand there first appeared a small cloud, a handful of followers, their weapon, the sword of fanaticism. But avarice and lust soon gather legions to their standard. The cloud of war against Christian Europe moves swifter than the eagle's flight. Its shadow falls over Palestine and its sacred places, that moan in vain, in the ears of Catholic Europe, their repeated desecration. The blighting curse falls upon the shore of Africa, once the garden of Christian faith. The soil of Catholic Spain felt the pressure of the conquering Moslem foe, and they bathe

the plains of France in blood. The gleam of the scimiter is flashed back from the golden shores of the Bosphorus. New Rome becomes the capital of the Moslem Empire, and the religion and law of the Koran are enthroned in the sanctuary of St. Sophia. Beaten and routed, these enemies of Christ are never disheartened. The hope of destroying the Christian world only wanes in the breasts of one generation, to be quickened into life in the hearts of another. Against divided, distracted Christendom, their hosts, counting on certain victory, are again marshaled. The flame of enthusiasm that burned so bright in the souls of the Crusaders, has long since expired. Like the seven thousand of Israel that had not bent the knee to Baal, a few, mindful of the glorious deeds of other days, mindful of the blood and treasure so generously given to save Christian Europe, answer the call of the sleepless watchman of the Vatican. But he, true to the memories of his predecessors, trusts more to the arm of God than to the powers of man. Like Moses upon the mountain, he invokes the aid of heaven for those who battle for the honor and glory of heaven's King. Louder than the din of battle, ring in the ear of God the swelling voices of faith, asking the never-failing protection of the Mother of God. Stronger than cleaving sword and crushing battleship is the Rosary, with which thousands arm themselves in the streets and churches of Rome on that day, when in the distant East the cause of Christian Europe was won. Before darkness has settled upon the face of the deep, and upon successful Christian arms, the Vicar of Christ prophetically announces, in the strains of a Te Deum, the victory, that makes this day ever a feast of joy for the Church of God. If Christian Europe was saved from the unspeakable Turk, it was the fifth Pius, now enrolled among the canonized saints of God, who saved it. The

fame of this third triumph of the faith endureth forever. Is it not appropriate, in harmony with the unfailing love and loyalty of the Catholic world, that this day, radiant with its glad memories, should be consecrated to a special remembrance of the Holy Father; that the prayers and offerings of the faithful should bear witness in the midst of an unbelieving world to their unswerving faith in Him whom the successor of St. Peter represents, and to their deathless gratitude for the blessings which the Vicar of Christ has conferred from age to age upon the world? What return has Europe, once Christian, made to him for the long, almost endless, bead roll of his services, for his toils, sorrows, sacrifices, martyrdom, in its interest? Is not its requital the saddest, most painful page in the history of the world? To-day, robbed of his own city, the central sanctuary of Christianity, the sacred heirloom of the Catholic ages; a prisoner in the hands of men whose ancestors he saved from the degrading yoke of the Moslem; with heart bowed in sorrow over the awful riot of sacrilege that rages around and that sweeps over the Church of God; showing in his meekness, when even his own people have turned against him, the perfect image of his Crucified Master: this man of sorrows should stir your hearts with feelings of increased loyalty and devotion. His sufferings are the penalty which he pays for his fidelity to the high and holy office which God has given him, to teach and guide, by the light of divine truth and the law of divine justice, nations as well as individuals. The enmity of the political power of this world directed against the Vicar of the Church is the logical outcome of the religious principles that were set in motion three centuries ago. The rulers of this world were taught to usurp the place of Christ, to substitute their will for the law that was thundered from the summit of Sinai, and proclaimed

with more impressive eloquence by the dear lips of the Word made Flesh on the summit of Calvary. The Vicar of Christ refuses to submit to the political anti-Christian tenets of the modern world, to subscribe to false social principles which would destroy every feature which Christian faith has given to human society, and which raised it above the level of paganism. Again he stands before the world, as her Divine Master in Pilate's hall, confronting the power of Caesar, bearing witness of eternal truth. Again, as before, Barabbas, now crowned with gold, is preferred; and to the Vicar of Christ, is given the portion of the Crucified. There can be no fellowship between light and darkness, truth and error, Christ and his enemies. And yet while we send to-day the sympathy of loyal Catholic hearts to the worthy successor of St. Peter, we know that the days of mourning shall surely be followed by a day of victory. The triumphs, associated with this day, blend themselves with the triumph that is sure to come. The Church of God enters the Garden of Gethsemane, but never the garden of the sepulchre. It drinks of the chalice of suffering, but never of the chalice of death. Sufferings come and go like clouds passing over the face of the sun, leaving behind a renewed glory. Apostate nations may strive to crucify Christ and consign him to a tomb, in the person of his Vicar; to place upon his lips, consecrated to teach the world, the seal of death. But when his enemies think him dead, and are guarding what they deem his last resting place, like his Divine Master he will prove the immortality of the See of Peter, sing the alleluia of a divine deliverance, and add another to the triumphs of the Church of God. This is the victory that overcometh the world, our faith.

On this day it is also well to remember that political enmity is not directed alone and single-handed against

the Church. There is another form of hostility — sharp, keen, subtle — which many who would shrink * * * and grace that can only diminish these ills of life and make them bearable in the hope of unclouded, eternal happiness beyond the grave. Jesus Christ came into the world not to abolish poverty, but to wrap himself in its garments, and by the touch of his sacred flesh change a curse into a blessing. He came but to heal; not by abolishing all suffering, but to choose it as his portion, that this choice might give to every wound a heavenly balm, and bring to every pain divine consolation. He came not to abolish death, but to submit to its dread stroke, that his disciples might be cheered, in the darkness and desolation of death, with the light of immortality that he brought to light. His Divine Church was appointed to give to this world the unfailing light of supernatural truth, the unfailing strength of divine grace; to be the tender, pitying mother, as she has been in all times, of the poor, the weak, the oppressed, the sorrowing; not by reversing the teachings of Christ, not by making ease and comfort and earthly pleasure the highest good and happiness of a human soul; but by offering, for patient submission to the penalties of sin, an eternal compensation. As this intellectual enmity to the Church is found everywhere, you are reminded to-day of the intellectual loyalty you owe to her. That loyalty is manifested by listening gladly, obediently, to its voice, to the teachings of the Vicar of Christ. You know that the Son of God did not come to experiment with men. He came as a lawgiver as well as a peace-giver. You believe that human history and human society find in him its center and its life. We come into the world, and find this system of truth organized and established and called the Church. We are not sent into the world to make changes in it. Our business is not to

dispute its teachings, but to hear; not to question, but to obey. To hear and to obey, that is the sign of our loyalty; the proof that we have formed no alliance with its enemies. To extend as far as we can her sway over others, to lend ourselves freely and gladly to the furtherance of her ends — such is the dictate of gratitude. To inspire others with a love for the Church — this ought to be the lofty aim of every Catholic. The second proof of our loyalty is a love for the doctrines of the Church, and a desire to acquire a better and more exact knowledge of them. In these days, your religion is challenged on every side, and it is just as * * * of doctrine. It is a human-divine society, which stretches back to Christ, and through him to the beginning of the world. This great society has a history, and those who belong to that society ought to know something of that history. Its pages are the most wonderful, the most interesting, the most picturesque, as well as the most inspiring, in the world. There is not a line in them that does not brighten the intellect, or move the heart, or inflame the will to good and great deeds. The enemies of Christianity have been forever striving to mutilate, blacken, and defile those pages. The Christian saints and martyrs, the grandeur of whose lives converted Ignatius, are made to appear as demons or impostors. There has always been a vast conspiracy against the whole truth of Catholic history. The conspiracy exists to-day as strong and as aggressive as it ever was. And in the face of all this warfare what are Catholics, who esteem themselves intelligent, doing? How few even once a year open the history that tells of the deeds of God, done by the saints. Would you even lay down a worthless magazine or newspaper to read the pages that are all aglow with the light of the victories of the Cross? Let the sacred memory of this

day inspire you with a love of that knowledge that is "allied with immortality." Through the possession of that knowledge, your loyalty to the faith and to the Vicar of Christ will be deepened. From this strengthened loyalty will come new triumphs for the Church of God.

[This sermon was prepared from notes taken by a priest of St. Louis.]

GOD AND MAMMON.

"No man can serve two masters; for either he will hate the one and love the other, or else he will hold to the one and despise the other. Ye can not serve God and Mammon" (Matthew vi. 24).

A few years ago a young man, highly gifted, possessed of all the learning that one of the most famous schools could bestow, asked himself this important question, which, like a restless voice, kept ever speaking to his heart: "Is life worth living?" To that query the responses of earthly wisdom were as bewildering as they were unsatisfactory and fruitless. It was the old, painful story of the blind leading the blind. He felt that "unseen hands of consecration" were laid upon his life, but the jarring teaching or the false religion in which he had been trained, could not explain the meaning or the purpose of the sacred gift of human life. He listened to the loud trumpeted philosophy of these modern days, and it gave only an uncertain and perplexing sound. He knelt at the shrine of modern science, which tells man that human life is only the consciousness of the present moment; that man is but a machine or organized matter; the soul but a function of the nervous system: and this boastful science only mocked the yearning of his heart to read the riddle of human life. He groped in darkness, and no light came. He questioned every oracle of truth, but the oracle that sounds ever with the clear, piercing voice of God: his living, teaching Church; and these little systems of knowledge, with their deepened lights, only deepened the agony of his soul.

Held captive by the beauty of human wisdom, he would not seek in reverence and prayer a divine guidance to reach the unerring knowledge of the purpose of life. Halting a while in the quicksands of doubt, he threw himself with a cry of despair into the arms of unbelief. With his cultivated intellect untouched, unpurified, by the light of faith, he was helpless as a child, in the presence of the enigma of human life.

How sadly true does the fate of this bright young soul, and of thousands blessed with the same gifts and blighted by the same blindness, make the saying that "knowledge cut away from love and faith is but some wild Pallas from the brain of demons." Like a young child's, his footsteps must be guided by a higher hand, moving with wisdom side by side.

The least, the humblest, the most unlearned among you know, from the teachings of your Catechism, that life is worth living; that God stamped upon its golden face an inestimable value; that he gave it to each one of you for your own work to render service to one legitimate Master. Life is more clearly defined for even the most untaught among you, than for the moral preacher of pagan Athens, who read upon every line of the volume of life the duty of following God, and making him the beginning, middle, and end of all things.

Since life has been clothed with the great honor of serving a Divine Master, it is, for the pitifulest of all the sons of earth, not an idle dream, but a solemn reality. We come into this breathing world to work, and God has assigned to each individual a task that he has assigned to no other. The nations of the earth have their mission — yes, their mission — the material universe, from the highest limits of its power and beauty, down to the lowest extreme of comparative insignificance, has its mission. Work, making life a harvest to

reap, like the wheat's fruitful ear; the striving to an end, is written upon all God's creation by a Master's hand.

Therefore, all true work, all lawful service, is of a religious nature. It is the explicit confession of the sovereignty of a Creator; it binds the universe to the throne of God. The swift revolutions of the heavenly bodies; the incessant currents and counter-currents of the air we breathe; the ebb and flow of the restless seas; the earthquake that shakes and rends the earth; the migration of lower animals from one region to another; and then, to come up higher in the scale of creation, the restless activity of man's soul and body — an activity that begins at the moment of union of soul and body, and ceases on the part of the body when the immortal spirit has left its house of clay — what do all these phenomena of eloquent nature proclaim, but the fact that all forms of life have a work to do, an end fitting their nature to strive for, an end which, when reached, will make toil give place to rest, and cause seeking to be swallowed up in enjoyment!

Work may be defined to be action directed to the attainment of a certain object. God works in creating the world, because he acts for a definite end: his own glory. It is thickly strewn with the beauty of his own life. By its indisputable claim, that he is master, it enlists all men in it, as his army of servants. God is happy, infinitely happy, in his work; and so will men be happy in proportion to their finite natures in doing the work which God gives them, rendering to him an undivided, unbroken service.

Unfortunately, every moment the devil and the world, with more direct and persuasive eloquence — that world which the gospel calls Mammon — are endeavoring with mournful success to hide that claim of God. Why impose a service? They have a work to

do: a work of their own choosing; a work diametrically opposed to the work of God; a work full of harrowing care and bitterness of heart; a work whose recompense is eternal death. God works for the salvation of souls, and calls each one of us to the same holy service. The service of Mammon leads to their ruin. Man must necessarily join one of these two masters; but work he must.

Examine the character of these two masters, these two kinds of work, and the nature of their recompense; and then you can decide with which master you will take service. Looking out upon this busy earth, Mammon worship seems to have its own way. Its work is thriving. Men flock as eagerly to have a share in it, as we saw them gather, not many years ago, in hungry crowds, to dig the gold of California or Australia. The service of a divine Master looks thinly supplied when compared with the laborers whose hearts are centered in the marts of commerce, and fashion, and the resorts of sin.

Worldliness, which is the livery of this service of Mammon, is to-day the greatest enemy of God. Everything around us breathes of worldliness. Men worship this world, its honors, riches, and pleasures, as if this world were heaven. To keep oneself unspotted from this world is a lapsed commandment. The absorbing mania for making money, for keeping up to the fashion of the day, for doing and working for the same earthly prizes as others do; the exclusive interest taken in politics, the wars, the literature, and even the crimes of the world, as detailed in newspapers, magazines, and books of light reading — all these things betray an excessive love for the present life, a practical belief that the life turned into a slavery of the soul, into a blind alley leading nowhere, is the only one worth living.

Men reveal a total forgetfulness of the mastership of God.

The world — that is, the great mass of human beings who labor only for this life — works very hard. The servants of Mammon are indeed wiser in their generation than the children of light. The service of Mammon takes no repose day or night. It knows no Sabbath of holy rest. It is restless and forgetful, and forever in motion. It counts no day a holiday, but that on which it has added to its store of wealth, gained some long-desired place of honor, or gratified its sensuality with some new invention. It fulfills the saying that there is no rest for the wicked. It is tossed about like a wave of the sea, foaming and thundering, and finally dashing itself to pieces against the rock.

The servants of Mammon are at work early in the morning, even before the children of God. The bell and whistle of the engine are heard in the twilight before the bells of the church "have sprinkled the air with the holy sounds of the Angelus, or rung their chimes for holy Mass." Before the incense of morning prayer has ascended from Christian hearts, the smoke of many a factory chimney has gone curling up to heaven. Before the blessed candles have been lighted upon the altar for the sacrificial work of the divine Master himself, the red glare from the furnaces of the manufactories has pushed its dingy light through the waning shades of night. Before the priest at the altar has drained the chalice of salvation, many an intoxicating draught of sin has passed the lips of the world's votaries.

Sadness steals over the heart of a Christian when, standing in the gray of the morning on one of the hills overlooking a great modern city, he looks down upon the valley beneath. A faint hum comes up to his ears as the huge thing casts off its chains of restless sleep,

and arouses itself to its plodding work. Lights move hither and thither; cars start out on their journey; there is the noise of vehicles and the babel of human voices. Everywhere there is motion, work. Men's thoughts are busy, their hands are busy, their feet are busy. It is clear that the modern city is no place for idlers. Every man has a work to do, and seems bent on doing it.

What is all this bustle for? It must surely, if men are intelligent beings, be directed to a great, lofty, ennobling and satisfying end. Go down, enter the streets, and accost the first man you meet. "Well, friend, why are you so anxious, so hurried?" "I must needs be about my business," is the short, quick reply. "And what is the object of your business?" "Why, of course, to advance myself in the world; to make my fortune; to get a great name; to enjoy the good things of life." "And what then?" "Why, then I shall be happy." "Are you certain? Many a man has made a fortune, and gained a name; and found, at last, that the game was not worth the candle; that all earthly compensations of life, at the end, are like Dead Sea apples, fair to the eye, bitter to the taste. They never satisfied the soul, made for a higher service. Many have received all this reward in the service of Mammon, and found, at last, that the wages of such a life were a cheat and a lie."

Those who work for Mammon can not be slothful. To get a large share of this world's goods requires all the energies of man's mind and body. Hence the character of Mammon's work is harassing. It prematurely wears a man out, and hence it is, that in great commercial States men die at a younger age. The brain thinks so fast and the heart beats so quick, that a mighty fire of excitement is created, which quickly burns away the ties that bind soul and body together; and that is death.

It is pre-eminently true in the service of Mammon, that the race is to the swift and the battle to the strong. He who can not keep up to the rushing tide of life will fall behind, to be crushed to death beneath the feet of those who are hurrying on at headlong pace.

Now to be working always, to be journeying on without ever coming to a halting-place, is surely a miserable life. The servants of Mammon will confess, in moments of reflection, that there is no wisdom or solid joy in such occupations. Their only refuge is to plunge deep, deep down in the torrent of business, pleasure, or excitement; or to have recourse, when the service of Mammon galls beyond endurance, to the other dreadful alternative — an alternative which leads from the misery of earth to the misery of hell, from the ended service of Mammon into the never-ending service of Satan — that alternative which grows with the glamour of the worship of wealth — the alternative of suicide.

To what end, then, is all this service of Mammon directed? To gain a glittering but delusive happiness. We must have happiness of some kind. It is the law of our nature. It is as natural for us to seek it as to breathe the air. No man ever did, no man ever can, seek to be miserable. There have been, it is true, some misanthropists in the world, men hating their fellow-men, and hating themselves for being men, thus to all appearances making themselves unhappy. But in truth these misanthropists find a morbid pleasure in feeding on their own gall and bitterness. They are happy in what would make men of common sense miserable.

We seek happiness in life. The question is, Where are we to find it? We freely admit the fact that there is a great deal of happiness in the world's service. Whether it be true or false happiness is another question; but that it confers some happiness as long as it

lasts, there is no denying. It is well enough to talk, may you say what you will, of the emptiness of the honors, the pleasures, the riches of the world, to those who never tasted their sweet but often poisonous cup; to those upon whom the world frowns; to those whom the red rod of suffering is driving by force into the arms of God. But the world does not always frown; it can smile at times, and there is a mysterious charm in the smile, such as glitters in the eye of the serpent, when it fascinates the unresisting bird, keeping it spellbound to one spot, until the serpent has coiled itself for the deadly spring.

Those upon whom the world smiles have a happy time *as long as it lasts*. The world seems to take the making of some men's destinies, the molding of some men's lives, altogether out of God's hands, setting itself up as their God. It has predestined some of its children to lofty places of honor in its kingdom. With lavish hand it pours treasures of gold and silver into their laps. It makes them merchant princes, such as were the traders of Tyre in the olden time. Their ships are on every sea; the precious stuffs of foreign lands are stowed away in their magazines.

"We talk of human life as a journey," says the philosopher of this century; "but how variously is that journey made. There are those who come forth girt and shod and mantled to walk on velvet lawns, and smooth terraces, where every gale is arrested, and every beam is tempered. There are others who walk on Alpine paths of life against driving misery, and through stormy sorrows, over sharp afflictions — walk with bare feet and naked breast — goaded, mangled, and chilled."

Go tell the slave that the world is full of misery; but tell it not to his worldly master, who has peace in his possessions. His experience will contradict your

doctrines. Tell the man who was yesterday heir to a kingdom, and is to-day a homeless exile from the throne of his fathers, of the hollowness of worldly grandeur; but tell it not to the ambitious and successful plotter. Tell the gray-haired old man tottering on the brink of the grave, for whom the world has lost all charm because he has lost the power of being charmed — tell such a one of the shortness of life, and its fleeting vanities, its shining but fragile bauble, and you will find an attentive listener; but tell the same truths to the young man and maiden, in the full heyday of youth, the future lying like a fairy land before them, the blue sky of their prosperity unspotted by a single cloud, the glad light of hope in their eyes, the delicious music of praise in their ears, the incense of flattery rising like a cloud around them — tell these pet children of fortune, of the disappointments that must ever accompany the service of Mammon, and what will be your answer? With the well-bred gracefulness of worldly politeness they may assent with their lips, but in their hearts they disbelieve you. For them the world is full of joy; for them the world has become a very heaven.

Tell the broken heart of manhood, that has mingled in the cup of worldly pleasures, and found remorse rearing its snaky head amidst its roses — tell such a one of the anguish that entwines itself with the service of Mammon, and his experience will confirm the truth of your teaching. Tell the heart that has lavished all the riches of its affection upon earthly objects, and been robbed of them by death, or something worse than death — tell such a one that God alone is deserving of all the loving service of an immortal soul, and that heart will echo your words. But the divine sharpness of that truth is unheeded by the man whose home is a happy home. It is a happy world for him, too happy for

the good of his own soul; he makes it his heaven and his God.

To such a class of men, there seems to be an exaggeration, an unreality, in the teaching about the opposition between the service of God and Mammon. It doesn't come home to them. It doesn't fit their case at all. It contradicts their experience. Their faith may prevent them from contradicting, with their lips, the teaching of Christ, that no man can serve God and Mammon; but in their hearts and practices, they do contradict it. They get to look on the morality of the gospel — taking up the cross, the beatitude of poverty, the contempt of riches and honors — as something very beautiful in theory, but quite irreducible to practice in this workaday world of ours. This morality, they think, sounds very well when printed in books. It reads like a romance when its spirit is embodied in the liturgy of the Church, in her sacred music, her statues and paintings. In her stately ceremonies, it delights the senses and satisfies our natural appreciation of the beautiful; but when this morality is to be put in practice, the happy worldling scouts at it, as unreal, and opposite to the dictates of common sense.

Is not the train of thought, running in the minds of a large number of Catholics, something like this: religion is a very good thing; to be servants of Christ is undoubtedly a divine obligation; it is quite right, and even necessary, that a man should practice religion; that he should go to Mass on Sunday, and listen with becoming attention to a sermon; that he should now and then approach the sacraments. But they can not see how they are bound to fit and shape their lives to the apostolic mandate: "Whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." Religion is good in its own time and place; but it must not rule all

times and places. It is an insolent instructor when it enters the mass meetings of politicians, the camp of the soldier, the counting-house of the merchant, the office of the doctor or lawyer, the workshop of the mechanic, the parlor of the lady. It is well enough for priests and nuns to hold and believe that the service of God and Mammon can not be united. It is in the line of their profession; and men applaud them when they practice what they profess. But we are wiser, and can perform the feat which Divine Wisdom has declared impossible: we can give allegiance to both masters.

Thus argue often the votaries of Mammon. They are happy; some of them will continue to be happy all through life, and die peaceful deaths. The cheat and delusion continues to the end. The soul will arouse itself from the benumbing things of the rewardless services of a life that is gone, only when it stands, empty-handed, face to face with the Judge whom Mary Magdalene called Master.

We grant, then, there is some happiness in the constant pursuit of all that is embodied in the word "Mammon." Our Lord spoke truth to the apostles: "Ye shall weep and lament, but the world shall rejoice." Unless there was a kind of delight in the feverish excitement of an election, men would not plunge so madly into the turmoil of politics, devoting to it money and health, staking, at times, their character on the issue, dragging their religion, itself, into the war of words. Unless the merchant found some happiness in watching the fluctuations of trade, and in gathering its gains, he would not tie himself down, day and night, to the counting-house. The world, though getting old, is ever young. It has not lost the invitingness of its charms. The middle-aged acknowledge its power, as well as the stripling entering on life.

It is this very consideration, that the service of Mammon is so alluring, that should give greater weight to the divine warning against it. The sins that arise from the temptations of the flesh are gross, glaring, and palpable. Of themselves they strike us with horror; but the particulars that go to forming the state of a Christian soul, called worldliness, are often quite innocent of themselves. It is not a sin, but a duty, for a man to make an honest living; it is not a sin, but a duty, to observe the proprieties of social life — to speak, dress, and act as becomes one's station in life; yet these things often tend to that service of Mammon which the gospel forbids. Men get so engrossed in the search for wealth, so absorbed in the requisitions of fashion, that they forget they have souls. Often they do not know it, or will not confess it, and yet the life and love of the world is as strong, as full, as binding, as slavish, in them, as it was in the heart of a proud old pagan at the coming of our Lord.

May not this be one reason why there are comparatively so few conversions to the Church in our days? Protestants and unbelievers set up a high standard of morality for Catholics. They expect more from them than from others. When they find them intensely worldly, as fond of the loaves and fishes of official patronage, as fond of money, as fond of praise, of flattery, as fond of all kinds of good cheer as those who do not claim any religious belief, they conclude that any form of heresy is as good as Catholic faith; that all religion is a sham; the ministers of religion a set of hypocrites, who deliver beautiful sentences on poverty, and the service of a poverty-loving God; and that people and priests are proud, lovers of themselves, greedy of money, and all the good things of this world.

It is no use to disguise the truth, to shut our eyes to the light, to deny that these things are said of us. They who differ from us, in belief, watch us with a jealous eye, and they judge us not by our words, but by our works. Our actions should be directed to give to life its only as well as its highest value; to serve one Master, Jesus Christ, so that its toils and its sorrows may be followed by the reward which he only can give — unbroken peace, eternal rest.

HONORING THE SAINTS.

An indiscreet vanity introduced among the pagans the custom of celebrating the day of an unlucky birth, when, at once both mortal and sinful, they suffered the infirmities of the soul, whilst they lamented those of the body. A prudent charity has established among Christians the custom of honoring the memory of the saints, when heaven has opened to receive them, and when, after leaving the relics of mortality on earth, they soar like eagles, to renovate their youth with the rays of eternal light and beauty.

God has chosen them among all nations and tribes and people in order that the glory of his name may be universal, and that every nation may have its apostles and prophets; that his Gospel may be preached throughout the world, and that everywhere may be seen the witnesses of his truth, the miracles of his grace, the models of his holiness. We honor them separately during the course of the year, and we honor them all in general on the day of their common festival, in order that, being convinced of the great truths of revelation by so great a cloud of witnesses, we may admire the grandeur of God in the excellence of his glory, the richness of his goodness in the diversity of his callings and gifts, his fidelity to his promises, the sweet secret workings of his providence, in the ways which he opens to every one for his individual sanctification. It is just, since the saints are rejoiced in heaven (Luke xv.) at the conversion of sinners, that sinners should rejoice at the happiness of the saints. We feeble creatures, who groan, as yet, here below, under the yoke of vanity, even without willing it; who live in continual disquietude in the

midst of our passions, as in the midst of a perfidious and rebellious nation; and who combat under the standard of Jesus Christ, suffering and humbled,— should we not look up with holy emulation to those vanquishers of the world and inheritors of a peaceful immortality, who taste the fruits of their labors and reign eternally with Jesus Christ? The Church commands us to honor and praise them, when their sanctity is consummated. Honor is the reward of virtue, the recompense of merit. Men who pierce not the secrets of hearts, who know not the excellence of grace, nor the eminence of charity, nor the worth of a soul redeemed by Jesus Christ, ordinarily attach honor to earthly dignities, to external advantages, to the transient employments of the world. It is thus the world judges of the world, and vanity tries to honor itself. But religion, according to the rules of the Holy Ghost, considers neither the birth nor fortune, nor the other favors of the world, and attaches no honor but to sincere and unaffected piety. "I know that there is a kind of honor which is due to God alone" (Tim. i.). The canticle of our deliverance must be sung only to the Lord. There is a name before which every knee must bend, in heaven, on earth, and in hell. (Phil. ii.) As there is a God who is sovereignly great, so there is a supreme worship and submission which must be rendered to him alone.

But God is pleased to communicate to his saints a portion of that glory which we render them, by their union with them. As they participate in his happiness and perfections, he wishes them to have a share in that honor which their virtues and sufferings have won. We therefore call saints those whom God, from the bosom of his eternity, predestined, whom he consecrates by his grace, whom he makes to shine in his Church like planets in the skies, for the glory of his

name and the support of his truth; in a word, whom his providence has conducted upon earth, and who are crowned by his love triumphant in heaven.

These are the words of God according to St. Paul. (Eph. xxiv.) He makes the tears of penance crystallize in their eyes and efface their sins. He teaches their self-love to endure the rigors of mortification, and he extends their honor to the relief of the unfortunate. He forms a purity of will that renders them humble and obedient. He employs their talents, their natural qualities, for those ends which their salvation or his own glory may require. The subjects were given by nature, polished by wisdom, consecrated by God, for the building of the temple. Hiram was inspired to furnish the wood from the cedars of Lebanon. Solomon had the wisdom to erect the house of the Lord, and God reserved to himself the glory of its sanctification.

That God, who has thus formed them by his grace, wishes that we should honor them, and he will honor them himself according to the words of Jesus Christ: "*Honorificabit eum Pater meus*" (John xii. 26). He will honor in them his own name and his own mercies. He will manifest not the excellence of their nature, but the merit of his grace. He will reflect the rays of his eternal splendor in the bodies of the just made perfect. It is from this source we derive the religious respect we render the saints. I say religious, because it has a reference to God. It is not acquired or natural qualities which distinguish them during the course of this mortal life that we honor in them. This would be profane and worldly homage, which we every day render to merely human virtue.

We honor not in St. Rose, St. Lucy or St. Agnes that beauty which is often a fatal gift, the cause of spiritual death, but we honor in those Christian Virgins

the innocence of Jesus Christ, the charity which the Holy Ghost enkindled in their hearts, the power of God in the infirmity of their sex, and the purity of the spouse in the chastity of the heavenly nuptials. We honor in the Augustines, the Jeromes, the Chrysostoms, the Xaviers, not the learning which excited the admiration of the world, nor that distinguished rank to which birth entitled them, but the ardent zeal for the glory of God, which, like an impetuous fire, not only burned in their own hearts, but served, and does still serve, to inflame the universe. We admire in these illustrious saints the greatness of his power who can arm the hands of sinners with the bloody instruments of penance, can teach an Augustine to break the fetters of sin, a Jerome to fly from the seductions of Rome, and exchange the pomp of courts for a cell in the wilderness. We admire in a Xavier that indefatigable zeal which, after tearing him from his friends and every earthly tie, prompted him to seek the salvation of India in hunger, in war, in pestilence, in shame, in nakedness, in death. What do we honor in the apostles? Is it the gift of cures and miracles? Miracles were wrought by the magicians of Pharaoh, by Apollonius, and others. As for us, we only respect the vocation of Jesus Christ, the Holy Ghost with which he has filled them, the zeal he has given them for the salvation of souls, the share they had in preaching the gospel, the labors they sustained, the death they endured for his love and glory. This is the honor of religion which we render the servants of God, and which he has commanded us to pay them. He says to them: "He that receiveth you receiveth me, and he that receiveth me receiveth him that sent me. He that receiveth a prophet in quality of a prophet will receive the reward of a prophet. He that receiveth

a just man in the name of a just man, shall receive the reward of a just man."

The saints are still united to us; if it is a justice and duty to honor them, it is a justice and wholesome practice to invoke their intercession; as the memory of the virtues they have practiced merits our admiration, the credit they have acquired with God should excite our confidence. Let us not here discuss the unprofitable controversy by what means the incense of our prayers ascend to heaven; how far the knowledge or the power of their intercession extends; by what kind of mysterious revelation they learn our wants and sufferings, and by what bonds of love and compassion they are united to earth. Let us rather show that it is a useful and salutary practice to invoke them.

I know that there is an invocation of grace of redemption that can be addressed to God alone. God alone can create the clean and upright heart by the power of the Spirit and the efficacy of the Word. Thou alone canst give to barren plants the fruits of faith and love. They belong not to him who plants nor to him who waters, but to him who giveth the increase. God alone diffuses his charity in our hearts through the spirit that is given us, both to will and to do. Thou alone can apply the seal of our salvation with the blood of your Son Jesus Christ. Whoever will invoke the name of the Lord, says the Prophet Joel, he will be saved. "To which of angels or saints has God said at any time, Thou art my Son; this day have I begotten thee," asks the apostle. (Heb. i.)

But there is an invocation of assistance and of prayer which is addressed not directly to him who can illumine our souls with his own light, and inflame our wills with his own love. It is thus St. Paul invoked the faithful of Ephesus who were still living, exhorting

them to employ themselves with constant vigilance and perseverance to pray for all the saints, and for him, that God may open his mouth and give him words to announce boldly his Gospel. (Eph. vi.) He addresses the same invocation to the Thessalonians (xv.) and to the Colossians (iv.): Pray for us. But if it is just and pious to say to them during their mortal life, Pray for us, would it be idolatry to say it to them after death? St. Paul recognized but *one* mediator, Jesus Christ. If, then, it be an outrage to the mediation of Jesus Christ to invoke the prayers of our fellow creatures, how will Protestants exonerate St. Paul from the charge and imputation of idolatry? This doctrine is founded on that article of faith which Protestants as well as Catholics pronounce when they recite the Apostles' Creed: "I believe in the communion of saints." There is among the children of Jesus Christ a bond of union, sympathy, charity, by which, as being members of the same body, the happiness and salvation of one becomes the happiness and salvation of all. Every one should regard himself in some manner as the accomplice of his brother's guilt or the sharer of his brother's sanctity. If God says the soul of our brother is in our trust and keeping while here upon earth, will he exempt the saints in heaven from all solicitude for the salvation of their brethren? Is the idea of a glorified state so mean in the Protestant mind as to induce the belief of the impossibility of our being assisted by the saints; and instead of being an impediment to the repose or a diminution of the happiness of the blessed, to be solicitous for the salvation of their brethren on earth? Can it not be, on the contrary, their highest, most exquisite delight to see the God of their love glorified in the penitence and conversion of sinners? In the church where the chaff is mingled with the wheat there is a

collection of common frailties and wants, where every one brings his desires, his weaknesses and necessities. There must also be a common treasury of helps and prayers, to which every one must contribute according to the spiritual wealth which God has given him. Hence come the praises of God, with which the sacred temples re-echo; hence come the canticles of Zion, when all the voices of the faithful are mingled into one; hence come the plaintive moanings of the Dove, the invocations of eternal mercy upon those whom the seductions of the world have lured from the fold of holiness and unity.

* * * "The husband of Mary, of whom was born Jesus, who is called Christ." "Remember," says the illustrious solitary of Clairvaux, "the great Patriarch, sold formerly in Egypt, and know that the Spouse of the Virgin was not only the heir of his name, but likewise of his chastity, innocence, and grace. The former received from God the gift of interpreting the dreams of others; the latter was made the confidant of the secrets of God Himself. The former preserved the superabundant grain not only for himself, but for all the people; the latter had committed to his care the living bread from heaven, not only for himself, but for the whole world. There is no doubt," he adds, "that the new Joseph was the wise and faithful servant whom the Lord set up as the solace of his Blessed Mother, the fosterer of his own Person, and the aid of the Angel of the Great Council on earth."

Shall I now interrogate the seraphic Reformer of the Carmelites? "I do not remember," she says, "to have asked anything of St. Joseph which was refused; nor can I think without wonder of the graces which God has granted me by his intercession, or of the perils of soul and body from which he has delivered me. It seems that God gives to other saints the power of helping in some particular necessities, but I know by experience that St. Joseph helps in all. Were I," she continues, "at liberty to write all I could wish, I would relate with great pleasure the many obligations I owe to this great saint; and others to whom I have recommended this devotion have experienced its advantages as well as I." So convinced was St. Theresa of the

efficacy of St. Joseph's power, the care which he continues to exercise over all the family of God, that she dedicated thirteen monasteries to God, in his name; and when her own name, after her canonization, was substituted in one or two instances, it seems as if her joy in heaven suffered some diminution for a moment, as she rebuked these convents for the change of name. In a vision to the venerable St. Isabella of St. Dominic, she commanded the glorious name of St. Joseph to be replaced. One testimony more will make our proof complete and edify the devout clients of St. Joseph. It is St. Francis of Sales who pays the tribute. He kept in his breviary the image of no other saint; he spoke of him with the most tender affection; he was the first that had a church built in his honor; he consecrated to him the pious order of the Visitation, which he had established, and he required of all the novices, embracing his holy institute, to take St. Joseph as their spiritual master and their guide in prayer, assuring them that he would infallibly conduct them to that mystic mount of aromatic spices, where the Savior himself dispenses his greatest favors to his elect.

But why recur to the sanction of authority, the testimony of saints, however eminent, to warrant this exalted idea of St. Joseph? The constellation of his virtues is itself a sufficient luminary for our guidance, and the place that he occupies is of so near approach to the Son of Righteousness, as to be incapable of admitting, much less borrowing, the light from any other source. Let those who have never thought of his prerogatives, let those who never humbly aspired to imitate his virtues, let those who never experienced the efficacy of his intercession, conceive surprise or express distrust for the justness of the praises we feebly try to give, and the power of the intercession we are assembled to im-

plore. You, at least, who so fully represent the Holy Family, do you commemorate most piously, to-day, the privileges and virtues of your patron, and let the humble prayer, the deep invocation of many a grateful heart ascend, with the merits of the Divine Victim, in meet thanksgiving to the Almighty.

In the enumeration of the privileges of St. Joseph, let us not forget that he was sprung from the royal house of David; that he counted among his ancestors, patriarchs, kings, and Pontiffs. Let us pass by the eulogium of his rank and confine ourselves to the last words of the genealogy of St. Matthew. It will be above all praise, if we consider him as he is styled by the Evangelist in the admirable simplicity of inspiration: "Joseph, the husband of Mary, of whom was born Jesus." (Matt. i.) Husband of Mary! The virtue of the contract of marriage consists in the union of husband and wife — a union so perfect as to resemble the union between the soul and body, and which is so strong that only the power which can separate the soul from body can dissolve it. Hence it is that God exalted marriage to the dignity of a sacrament, and that we regard the earthly goods, the honor, the interest, and the affections of those whom that indissoluble bond has joined as the common treasure of both. This right is specially recognized with respect to earthly goods by the civil law asserted in the husband — *Quia omnia quae sunt uxoris sunt viri,* says St. Bernardine of Sienna.

You now begin to perceive the extent of the application of this principle, to which I add this reasoning of St. Paul, on the infinite love which God the Father manifested for man by giving him his Son. Is it possible, asks the great apostle, that God, after giving us his own Son, could refuse us anything? And why should we not reason in the same manner with respect to the

admirable consequences of the marriage of the Blessed Virgin with St. Joseph? Is it possible that, having loved Joseph so far as to give herself to him, she could have reserved from him any of the rich treasures of grace and titles to glory with which God honored her as suitable to her dignity? Thrice happy, then, was the day when, espousing Mary, Joseph obtained a right to the rich dowry: the fortune of nature's gifts and graces and privileges and glory's crown, she brought him. "I believe firmly," says the saint I have last quoted, "that Mary gave to Joseph all that she could communicate of the magnificent treasure of her heart." Now this is in conformity with the principle of equality established by God himself, when, beholding Adam, the lord of nature, and beautiful above all his fair creation, he said in the counsels of his divine wisdom: "Let us make him a helper like unto himself," and consequently we are authorized to believe, that He who framed this fair alliance, filled up the measure of Joseph's wants to qualify him for his nuptials with so great a spouse. Hence a pious Abbot, Rupert, has said that as the Holy Ghost is the essential bond of the union of the Father and Son from all eternity, he vouchsafed to be, in time, the conjugal bond that united the purest souls God ever formed in this life. Can we conclude this pious induction from a fact, a principle, which is incontestable, therein, by a beautiful thought of the Doctor of Grace, which is easily brought to bear on the subject before us? Considering the happiness of the church which Jesus Christ came on earth to espouse, St. Augustine exclaims in a transport of astonishment and joy: "How enviably happy is thy lot to be betrothed to a King and a God — *Regi nubes et Deo.* You were sick; he gave you health. You were poor; he gave you wealth. You were deformed; he

made you beautiful — *Ab illo sanata, ab illo dotata, ab illo decorata.*" This with the necessary qualifications Mary did for Joseph. She cured him of the fever of concupiscence; she enriched him with the most precious graces; she beautified his soul with all virtues.

Among the prerogatives possessed by the quality of spouse of the Blessed Virgin, the most beautiful beyond contradiction is that of Father to the Incarnate Word. Although the name of father belongs not to Joseph by right of nature, yet by what other name can a child call the husband of his mother, with whom he has contracted a real affinity? Here law and custom, faith and reason, the Gospel and the world, unite their voices to secure to Joseph a name, a title, as glorious as it is venerable. St. Cyril, Patriarch of Jerusalem, shows us all its excellence, when he says that the name of father is more honorable to the First Person of the Blessed Trinity than the name of God itself; because the name of father supposes necessary and evident relations with the divine Son, who is consubstantial with himself, or equal to him in nature and perfections, whereas the name of God announces only those accidental relations to his creatures which are as nothing in his divine sight. It is true the Lord declares formally in Scripture there is no other God but him; nevertheless his jealousy concerning the holy name of God has not extended so far as to interdict the application of it to his servants, whom he himself calls gods, when by his grace he adopts them as his children, or clothes them as his ambassadors with his power. But he is so attached to the name of Father of his only Begotten Son, that it is incommunicable to all in heaven or on earth, except to St. Joseph. It is not all to bear a great name and to be decorated with a great title. The main honor lies in the discharge of its obligations. Therefore it is not, as with the shadow

of a mighty name, that St. Joseph is distinguished. He faithfully acquits himself of all the duties of a father. He so exerts a father's ministering care that, by contributing to the subsistence of the Redeemer, he co-operates in the salvation of mankind. God the Father gave divinity to him, Mary gave him his humanity, but the labors and cares of St. Joseph supported the life of the Savior, enabled him to reach mature age, filled the veins of the Divine Victim with that precious blood which was one day to be shed for the redemption of all.

The glory of St. Joseph has not yet reached its highest point. Besides the fulfillment of the august functions of father to the Son of God, he has the exclusive privilege of giving to the infant Savior a name at once expressive of the splendor of his origin and the luster of his mission. From all eternity Jesus Christ proceeded from the bosom of his Father, but he received not from him a name. He appears in time a Virgin's Son, but the Blessed Mother must not name him. An angel brings from heaven the mystic name at which every knee must bow in heaven, on earth, and in hell; but only he who is clothed with a father's authority can give it to the Son of God. In virtue of this solemn act, than which, after the eternal generation and temporal birth of Christ, there is none more sublime in the history of our Redeemer's life, St. Joseph contracts a new affinity with God the Father, with God the Son, and with the Blessed Virgin Mother of God. How honorable is this last prerogative to St. Joseph. From all eternity God had no authority over his Son, because the Word was God. But with the plenitude of time he acquires it in a sovereign degree, because the Word assumed a nature essentially subject to God, and it is this paternal authority he communicates to St. Joseph.

THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

We are in the midst of a great festival—these twelve days of joy from Christmas to Epiphany, ringing with that cry of Catholic faith which, on the Incarnation, the beloved disciple drew down from the heights of heaven. From sunrise to sunset, there is a stir of gladness in spite of evil days, in spite of great suffering, and still greater danger, in all the Church of God. And whence comes all this joy but from the divine fact which the gospel of Christmas-tide declares: "The word was made flesh and dwelt among us." Morning by morning, in the Holy Mass, the Church recites this great charter of its incorporation and of its existence. Morning by morning, it bears witness to the divine, permanent, and immutable presence of the Man-God dwelling in the glory of grace and truth. In the Blessed Sacrament is the Incarnation perpetually present, manifested to faith, and, I may say, to sense, and applied to us by the same Divine Power by which the Incarnation was first accomplished. The Word — that is, the eternal wisdom or intelligence of the Father, co-equal, co-eternal, consubstantial, personal, the only-begotten Son, God of God, Light of light, true God of true God — in all the infinity of divine perfections was made Flesh,— assumed our manhood with body and soul into the unity of his Divine Person, and the flesh and manhood became the flesh and manhood of God, the root and productive principle of the new creation of God. From this natural body of Jesus in the manger of Bethlehem springs forth the Eucharistic or Sacramental, by which we are renewed in soul and body; and next the mystical body, or the Church, in which the Head is united by a vital

and substantial union with his members, namely, the one holy and only Church of Jesus Christ, the tabernacle in which he dwells, according to the word of the Evangelist. He made his tabernacle both in our humanity and in the midst of us, and in this visible tabernacle of the Church, ever expanding in all the world, perpetual throughout all ages, the Word made Flesh dwells under the canopy of the heavenly court, manifesting the glory of the Father in the sacraments of his grace, and in the infallible doctrines of Catholic faith. And this brings me, to-day, to a truth which falls in naturally, first with the feast of Christmas, secondly with the subject of this evening's lecture on the sacrifice of the new law, and lastly in order, but first of all in importance, with the consecration of this province to the Sacred Heart of Jesus Christ, the life-giving center of that divine harmony which reposed in love for us once in Bethlehem, and evermore in the silent, narrow imprisonment of the tabernacle. The truth to which I refer is the perpetuity of the presence of the Incarnate Word in the Blessed Sacrament, as the basis of an order of divine facts in this natural world. They spring from it, rest upon it, are united to it, so that where the Blessed Sacrament, the Incarnation perpetuated, is, they are: where it is not, they can not be. For example, in the natural order the creation is the basis, and the perpetuity of creation is the center of the whole order of natural facts, springing from the omnipotence of God, by which the natural world was created and is always preserved. Men believe in these natural facts — in the laws, powers, and active forces of nature, in the succession of day and night, of seasons, tides, and growths; but they are so immersed in things of sense they will not believe that there is a higher order of supernatural facts in the world, more permanent, more unchangeable,

more unerring, of which Jesus Christ in the Blessed Sacrament is the center and source. The Blessed Sacrament is the Word made Flesh personally present in the midst of us, as he was personally present to the shepherds of Juda. He is seen by faith, received in substance, known by consciousness, and adored in his glory. It is Jesus present, both God and Man, in all the fullness of his incarnate Person. As God, he was always present in the world. All things were made by him, says the magnificent credo of the beloved disciple, and without him was nothing made that was made. From the beginning of creation, the Word, that found a cradle in a manger, pervaded all things by his presence and power. He was, therefore, always personally present in the world, but not as the Incarnate Word is present now. His presence in the Blessed Sacrament is the fruit of his incarnation. It is the perpetuity of the same presence as that with which his disciples were familiar in the three years that he conversed with them. When he said, "I will not leave you orphans, I will come to you," they understood him to promise that he, the very same who spoke to them, would return to them. He was to come back in all his personal identity of flesh and blood, in all the tenderness and sympathy of his Sacred Heart, the same gentle Master whom they had known, with whom they had eaten, drank and conversed — whose words they had heard, whose miracles they had witnessed, whom they had seen multiply the loaves of the wilderness, as the shadow and the promise of his sacramental love. It was in this sense the disciples understood his words when before his ascension he said: "Behold, I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world." They understood him to promise to them a true and personal presence, which should continue all they had before possessed of the

nearness of the Man-God. Therefore it is that he said: "It is expedient for you that I go"; for the coming of the Paraclete has brought with it, in its flame of love, the universal presence of the Sacred Heart of Jesus Christ, not in one place only, but in all the Church, and not transiently and for a moment, but abiding in grace and truth in our midst until the end of time. It is this which forms the center of faith as well as the center of devotion of the visible Church on earth — Jesus manifested, I may say, in the Blessed Sacrament, Jesus dwelling in the tabernacle, over whose divine presence the whole visible Church rises in its majesty and beauty throughout the world, as this glorious Cathedral rose here a quarter of a century ago, the shrine of the Sacred Heart of the Man-God — the ciborium of the Incarnate Word. In all the world the same sacramental presence is the center of the same ritual of divine worship. Before it, day and night, hangs the light in witness of the perpetuity of the mystery of Bethlehem, and in witness of the incessant love throbbing in the treasure of the altar, that ever gives glory to God, and pours its divine peace over the troubled lives of men. Before him, all who pass, bow down; about his presence stand, as before the altar of the Lamb in heaven, seven orders of ministers, to serve in degrees of approach to his person. The presence of the Word made Flesh offering himself for us in the Holy Mass, in which our weak, stammering prayers are mingled with the pleadings of the Sacred Heart, and become transfigured and divine. The Holy Mass is the worship of the Universal Church. All springs from the Blessed Sacrament or relates to it — the center, the source of all worship. Such is the personal presence of the Incarnate Word. I have said that this Incarnate Word is *seen* by Catholic faith. St. John says again in his inspired, dogmatic song: "That which

was from the beginning, which we have seen with our eyes." They saw Jesus; we see him not; but in what did his apostles see more than we? They saw Jesus, and Jesus is God. They saw, therefore, God manifest in the stature and fashion of our manhood. They saw the manhood, but the God-head they could not see. They saw his divine works; they saw his glory — the glory of his transfiguration, of his resurrection, of his ascension. But the glory of the only begotten of the Father is the *essential* glory of the eternal Son — his infinite wisdom, goodness, power; but these glories no eye of flesh and blood could see. What they saw, we see, with one distinction. The eye of divine faith pierces the veil of the tabernacle, and we see the glory of his grace and truth; we see his works of supernatural power, and the perpetual operations of his love. There are three faculties of sight: sense, reason, faith. Each has its sphere. Sense, unless misdirected, is infallible in its reports; reason elevates and corrects sense, has a range of its own, a higher realm, a wider jurisdiction; but Catholic faith is above both, corrects both, and is supreme and infallible in a sphere which is divine and eternal. The Jews, who saw the Incarnate Word by sense, knew that he was man, believed him to be the carpenter whose mother they knew. They wondered at his words, saying: "Whence has this man letters, having never learned?" Sense carried them no further. Nicodemus by *reason* knew him to be a teacher sent from God, for no man could do the miracles he did except God be with him. But St. Peter knew him to be not only a man and a teacher sent from God, but illumined by faith, declared: "Thou art Christ, the Son of the living God." In like manner we know the presence of the Incarnate Word in the Blessed Sacrament. Sense reports to us that what we see has the aspect of bread;

reason tells us that everything has its proper substance. Sense can not penetrate beyond the appearance; reason alone can pass the boundaries of sense. Such is the report of both reason and sense upon the unconsecrated host. But reason, elevated by faith, knows the Incarnate Word and his revelation and his promises of presence and power. It knows that Jesus has ordained the perpetuity of his own priesthood and of his own divine action, by which the bread and wine pass by elevation from the order of nature to the order of divine power, where faith alone is supreme. Reason, elevated and corrected by infallible faith, knows the Incarnate Word personally present, in all the fullness of his Godhead and manhood, under a veil which is visible to sense as the garment he wore, which was not himself, and yet was the pledge of his presence and the channel of virtue which went out of him to heal those who touched its hem. While he was on earth, his Godhead lay hid — his manhood was visible; here, both are hid, and only his vesture is revealed. When our sense and reason tell us the Blessed Sacrament is visible, then the same reason, by the light of faith, tells us that Jesus is present, and we behold his glory as truly as the beloved disciple the glory of the only begotten of the Father, the Fountain of all grace, the divine Teacher of all truth.

There are two intellectual worlds always in presence of each other, always in conflict — two schools of thought, two teachers contending and irreconcilable, two pathways of religion, which diverge from one another and lead directly to or from the eternal truth as it is in the sacramented Man-God. One is a world of substance, of divine realities — the Catholic Church, ever kneeling in lowly worship around the Sacred Heart on the altar, that gives to it its divine sacrifice and its spiritual life. The other is a world of religious

shadows, which has always existed by its side, sometimes has sprung up within it, but has always been cast out. In the beginning there were teachers of this shadowy religion who denied the reality of the manhood of Jesus, and taught that it was a phantom merely, a heavenly vision, not flesh and blood taken from his Immaculate Mother. And so in a later form of shadowy religion we find Protestantism denying the substantial presence of Jesus in the Holy Eucharist, teaching that it is but a sign and memorial. Having denied the sacramental body of our Lord, it was but logical that they should deny his mystical body, the Church; that they should deny its visible perpetuity and unity, that live and radiate from his living presence on the altar. It was logical that they should teach that the Church is only a body invisible, impalpable, withdrawn from sense, hovering in an unseen world. It is no wonder that the religious posterity of this heresy should deny, as they are now doing, the Incarnation, the mystery of Bethlehem. So men have been led away into bondage, into a world of shadows, of unbelief, because they have rejected the unerring guidance of the divine Teacher of the tabernacle. All divine truths are a series — links in the same supernatural chain; they hang upon the same thread of divine veracity — the substantial Incarnation, the substantial Flesh and Blood of the Incarnate Word in the Blessed Sacrament — the substantial regeneration of soul and body by the union of the members with their Head. Break this line anywhere, break it as Protestantism has done, at its center, wounding the Sacred Heart on the altar, as the enemies of God wounded it long ago on Calvary, and all revealed truth disappears into a world of words and figures, driven beyond the frontier of the Church of God.

The presence of the hidden God which is seen by faith, we know also by a supernatural consciousness, which gathers all the powers of the Catholic soul into a loving worship of the Sacred Heart of the Word made Flesh. What is this loving consciousness of the nearness of God, which the tabernacle is teaching ever in silent eloquence, but what we read in the Gospel when Jesus walked in another form with the disciples from Emmaus. They at first knew him not, and yet their hearts burned within them. They knew him afterwards and were conscious of his presence. And when his disciples sat around him in the morning light, by the sacred sea, and he distributed to them the food he had miraculously prepared, they knew him. John, with his greater love, had known him from the first, and Peter, with his greater faith, had cast himself into the sea to go to him. Nevertheless their sense was dazed and their reason overcome by the nearness of God. So when from the ocean of his divine love, that beats within the walls of his Sacred Heart like the music of heaven, he gives this miraculous food that quickens unto everlasting life, we durst not ask any more than the disciples, "Who art thou?" knowing, like them, that it is the Lord. The consciousness, born of Catholic faith, fills us with a certainty of his divine presence, too great for words; it is infallible and all-sufficing.

And lastly, to close the golden chapter of St. John, which the Church unfurls in Christmas-tide as the heraldic banner of our God and King in the Blessed Sacrament, the Word made Flesh is adored in the glory of the only begotten of the Father. We worship him here as the shepherds worshiped him in Bethlehem, as the disciples worshiped him upon the mountain in Galilee. The Catholic Church, which by divine faith knows and teaches the mystery of his presence, adores him here,

in all the world. It has adored him from the beginning; it will adore him till he comes again, and sacraments shall pass away into vision. In this constant adoration of the prisoner of love, is contained the whole power of grace and truth, whereby we are sanctified, for Jesus on the altar is the center of all the sacraments and supernatural graces, which flow from him throughout the Church; and the worship we offer to his sacred Humanity, aflame with the love of his Sacred Heart, is the divine worship of God in prayer and praise and thanksgiving, and oblation of ourselves in body, soul, and spirit, as to our Creator and Redeemer, our Teacher and Master, our Brother, Kinsman, and Friend. This worship admits us to a singular intimacy. We speak with him as friend to friend, face to face, opening our hearts to his Sacred Heart, and conversing with God as one who knows all we are, by personal experience and human sympathy, and is divinely tender and infinitely pitiful.

All other sacraments are transient and pass with the action by which they are effected; but the Sacrament of the altar is permanent, and sets before us the Incarnate Word, as the object of prolonged contemplation. St. Paul says that "God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, has shined in our hearts to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." These words have a special fulfillment in the Blessed Sacrament. We behold his glory, both as God and Man — his sanctity, justice, love, pity, long-suffering, as God; his humility, generosity, patience, compassion, as man. He is the pattern of all perfections, set before us, that we may learn what the letter of no law can teach us — the perfections of the Sacred Heart; that from it we may draw our motives as well as our measures of love to God; that by gazing

on it, we may grow into the same likeness. "For we," says the apostle of the Gentiles, "beholding the glory of this Lord, with open face, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, as by the Spirit of the Lord." All this is contained in the adoration which is offered to Jesus, ever present in the fullness of his divine personality: the King, Lawgiver, Teacher of the Church. In ten thousand sanctuaries he offers himself day by day to the Eternal Father, and his disciples adore him with a service that rests not day or night, with a living consciousness of the divine power and glory of his presence. Such, then, is the center of the supernatural order of grace and truth — the Church on earth. It is the fountain of all its jurisdiction, of all its divine action on mankind. It may be, therefore, truly said, that when the Incarnate Word is present in the Blessed Sacrament, then is present all that God has ordained for the salvation of men. The Blessed Sacrament binds together, with the divinely strong cords of the Sacred Heart, all the divine facts by which we are redeemed. The incarnation of the Eternal Son, his office as Head of the Church, the indwelling of the Holy Ghost, united by an eternal union to the body, the institution of the seven sacraments — all these are divine facts, permanent in the world and imperishable, because sustained by the same power from which they flow. They are sustained as a perfect whole, a unity in itself, by resting upon their center, the presence of the Incarnate Word; they are enshrined in the Church, which is one, visible, universal sanctuary of God with men. What, after all, is the doctrine of the Real Presence, of the mystical body of the Church, reigning in heaven, or purifying beyond the grave, or suffering upon earth — what are all these but outlines and reflections of an order of divine facts, springing from the Incarnation, in which are verified

the close of St. John's hymn to the Man-God: "We beheld his glory, the glory of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." This it is that accounts for the immutability of the dogmas of Catholic faith, in the midst of an intellectual world of change, where nothing holds its form for half a generation or half the lifetime of a man. The shadow can not vary, when the substance which shapes it is changeless, and the light of the Sacred Heart, which casts it, never wavers. Not so those religious bodies that have lost the perpetual presence of the Incarnate Word in the Blessed Sacrament, that have broken the order of divine truths which the Incarnate Word revealed, and have mutilated his mystical organization. They can not remain without change. They are in process of dissolution, because the life of the Sacred Heart has been withdrawn. Their members may be saved one by one, as men are picked off a raft or from a reef; but the ship is gone. There remains no living body to be recovered from the wreck. As when the sun departs, all things sicken and decay, as when life is gone, the body returns to the dust, so where the Blessed Sacrament, the heat and life of soul, is not, all dies. Ah, how many grand cathedrals, for ages so filled with the glory of the Incarnate Word, that the faultless beauty of human art in which they glistened was lost to the eyes, bright with Catholic faith, in the divine beauty and radiance of the Eucharistic Presence, how many are to-day as desolate and dead as the olden temple that has crumbled into dust! The light of life went out of them, when heresy desecrated them, and their glory faded, when the Watcher of the tabernacle departed. The Scriptures may be read there as a part of human worship, but there is no divine teacher to interpret them. They stand like open sepulchres, and we may

believe that the angels are there saying in lamentation deeper than that of Jeremiah over the ashes of the Jewish sanctuary: "He is not here. Come and see where the Lord was laid." Protestantism took for the basis of religion, not the perpetual Incarnate Word in the church, but the Bible. A written book was erected in the place of the living Teacher, so as to exclude his supreme, living voice. But it is precisely this basis that Protestantism has finally trodden under its feet, so sure is it, that the Incarnate Word in the tabernacle and the Written Word can not be put asunder. They come and go together.

The solemn consecration to the Sacred Heart which is to take place on the first dawn of the new year, the consecration of this promise of this archdiocese, in its spiritual head, clergy and laity, of houses of prayer and charity, and homes of Christian families, should fill our hearts with an increase of devotion for that Sacrament where that Heart, unchangeable, within that kingly abode, beats with the same love as on that memorable night when it gave to the world this angelic manna, and sealed the record of this divine gift with a prayer. If you would share in all the blessings of that consecration, prepare yourselves to receive worthily on that day this best gift, that God, on that night, drew from the sacred treasury — the gift of his own body and blood, as the food of your souls. Make it, in the future, the support of your supernatural life, in sacramental communion, as often as you may — in spiritual communion as often as you can — in daily visits to the Adorable Presence. These habits of faith would be the highest worship that we can offer to the Sacred Heart; they would make us true disciples of the Blessed Sacrament. Then our relation to the Sacred Heart would be, in daily life, the measure and motive of our thoughts and actions.

We should begin every day with the remembrance of this glorious Sacrament, and go out from the presence of the Incarnate Word to daily work, and in the evening return to that remembrance, before we lie down to rest, that it may be no longer said, what the Evangelist penned in sorrow: "He came unto his own, and his own received him not." Rather so live that his own words may be fulfilled in us: "A little time and ye shall not see me; and again a little while and you shall see me, because I go to the Father." He is gone to the Father, and yet he is here, and we see him, and behold the glory of faith with which he crowns our altars. But in a little while, after a few years, like the present dropping noiselessly into eternity, we shall see him as he is. Here he is veiled, but the veil grows finer year by year; a sense of nearness, growing more lively and sensible, until, as I hope it shall be said of all of us, "Whom not having seen, you love, in whom also now, though you see him not, you believe, and believing shall rejoice with joy unspeakable," waiting for the time when the sacramental veil shall melt entirely away and we shall see him face to face.

[From the *Catholic Telegraph*, November 16, 1882.]

DEATH OF REV. JOHN BAPTIST O'DONOGHUE.

"To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain" (Philippians i. 20).

Three years ago, a young man, well-born, finely educated, with brilliant prospects, with talents approaching to genius, asked himself the question which the hearts of millions have been asking throughout the ages: "Is life worth living?" Seeking for an answer from the oracles of human science, interrogating the records of human experience, which told him that brief human life was torn with many a pain, and darkened from the cradle to the grave with clouds of sorrow, his lips broke into a moan, as bitter and as painful as ever came from the human heart, over the worthlessness of human life. Deprived of the light of Christianity, he measured human life by the time of a few years; he judged of its value and design by merely natural earthly standards. So measured, so weighed, we agree with this brilliant scholar — Life is not worth living. But when life so short, so trivial in itself, is illumined by the light of revelation; when the pages of human life are traced by that "wisdom allied to immortality"; when mortal life is viewed in connection with immortality, for which it is a preparation, then we are forced irresistibly to the conclusion — Life is worth living. To give it this largeness of value, to enrich a few passing years with this blest immortality, the human soul must draw to itself the supernatural life of him who brought immortality to light. To receive this light of Christ, and to hold it,

is distinctively to be a Christian; to win the reward of the Sacred Humanity, is his sure, well-grounded hope. This makes the wide difference between the estimate of human life weighed by the mind of a scientist, and the mind of the apostle, who, in spite of the unnumbered sorrows and countless toils that filled his own life, could still exclaim, with a thrill of joy: "To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."

The life of Christ is threefold — ministerial, sacrificial and spiritual. He was a Priest, clothed with an eternal priesthood. He came not only to redeem by one act of sacrifice, but through a continued priestly life, and priestly ministry, to offer a sacrifice through all time, and to apply the merits of his sacrifice to all generations of men. In this way was fulfilled the eternal decree that broke the silence of heaven before angels were created and the earth was made: "Sacrifices and oblations thou wouldst not, but a body thou hast fitted to me. Then, said I, Lo, I come — for at the head of the chapter it is written of me — to do thy will, O God." The voice of the psalmist only echoed the music of this eternal decree when he sung: "Thou art a priest for ever, according to the order of Melchisedech." Therefore the primal design of the Sacred Humanity was to give it power to offer to God an infinite sacrifice and a perfect worship. Through a continual priesthood, he clothed others who are associated with him, by grace in his priestly life, with his own power, his own dignity, his own glory. It was therefore not a figure of rhetoric, but strict, literal truth St. Paul employed, when he said: "To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."

It was the new and strange power of that life, that was ever impressing itself on St. Paul, as the most new and hidden of mysteries, that he, who had been a persecutor of Christ, should be not merely united with him

through the grace of baptism, but made one with him — *alter Christus* — by the seal of ordination. He was clothed with his office, and with the office were conferred all its beauty and all its power. He read in his own soul the beauty of that priestly life, as St. John read it through the rifted clouds, describing it as the central splendor of heaven itself. He saw in heaven the pattern after which the earthly altar is built, and the model after which the Catholic priesthood, running unbroken through the ages, is formed. But he who stood before the altar was the Word of God, and the victim offered by that priest was the Lamb slain from the beginning of the world. The beauty, then, of the Catholic priesthood is not earthly, but divine. It is robed with the dignity of the Son of God himself. Truly, then, might St. Paul, speaking as a priest, seeing with the eye of faith his supernatural inward glory, find that union between himself and the great High Priest so close, so intimate, that he saw the whole priestly life of the one, transferred as an everlasting possession to the other. What St. Paul saw in himself, every Catholic sees in the priest. Frail, weak, sinful, though the priest may be, he carries on his shoulders a weight of glory that angels never bore. "For the Son of God, in coming to fulfill his priestly office," saith St. Paul, "took not of the angels, but of the seed of Abraham hath he taken hold." Thus not only humanity received its crown, but the priestly office of the human race drew its dignity from the very throne of God.

All the decrees of God harmonize, part answering to part, with unerring logic and divine precision. The infinite beauty and dignity of the office of Christ are not only revealed in him as the priest, but as the sacrifice. To make them correspond, the sacrifice should be no less pure, no less holy, no less acceptable in the

sight of God than himself. The writing at the head of the chapter in which God decreed the Incarnation, invoked his own self-immolation. The victim of the new altar was to supersede the altar which was made after the pattern Moses saw on the mount. The gift which his Divine Hands were to offer must be, in beauty and dignity, the perfect reflection of himself. The life that flowed in his veins, as a priest, must flow also as a sacrifice. If, then, the beauty and the dignity of Christ, as a Priest, is continued, so also is the beauty and the dignity of the victim which that priesthood offers. Fitly, therefore, did the earthly life of our Lord end in a priestly act, and fitly, therefore, was the priestly act united with the bestowal of the same exalted sacrificial power upon others.

How strikingly, how beautifully, the sacrifice of the Mass identifies the glory of Christ and the glory of his ministers! Around the Catholic altar hangs the sacred memory of the Holy Thursday. On the lips of the priest is the full power of the Son of God. The words of the priest are as fruitful as — nay, more fruitful than — the words of God, out of which creation sprang. For, standing in the place of the Divine Priest, repeating the words of that Priest, that which God made by his creative act earthly and finite, he makes divine and infinite — a little bread and a little wine become the glorified Body and Blood of Jesus Christ. What the angels see beneath the sacramental veils, and what Catholic faith discerns yet dimly, is in its beauty but the reflection of the matchless glory which the sacrament of orders impresses upon the soul of other Christs.

To the priest alone is given the awful power which God alone can give, of pardoning offenses against his law; of opening the gates of heaven to sinful men, and making them companions of the angels who stand ever-

more before his throne. The demons obey and tremble at the voice of the priest, in baptism, in exorcism; nay, God has made himself obedient to the command of his priests. Not only is grace given by their words and ministrations, and the individual united to God, but by them society is molded, and formed, and developed, and preserved. Out of the wellspring of their power have flown all the blessings of Christian civilization.

From beginning to end the life of the priest is a copy of the sacrifice of the Son of God. As he said in the beginning, "I come to do thy will, O God," and evermore sought not his own will, but the will of him who sent him to labor and suffer and to finish his work by dying; so, by the priest's *Promitto* at ordination, he vows away his whole life to work and sufferings, till they are completed by death. Only when Christ bowed his head on the cross and said, "*Consummatum est*," was his sacrifice and obedience perfect; only when the priest breathes forth his soul can he say, It is finished. To only One has been given the full measure of success in life; he alone who died in shame and suffering had a perfect triumph; he alone could say in the full meaning of the words, *Consummatum est*, and he alone could taste in all its fullness the joy of deliverance.

> "One word — one happy word —
> We note the clouds o'er Calvary float,
> In silence, till or fleck or spot
> In the immaculate sky is not;
> But on the Cross peace falls like balm,
> And the Lord's soul is yet more calm,
> Thou, the *Commendo* of his psalm."

So, when in his last hour the priest commends his soul to his Creator, can he truly say: "To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."

If the priest's life has both the beauty and the power of the great High Priest, great are his obligations and responsibility. He must follow more closely than others the charitable and the sinless life of Christ. He must be the model of the flock in those virtues which, even the infidel confesses, were found without flaw only in Jesus of Nazareth. He must follow Christ, going about doing good — the golden sentence containing the full history of the life of one who lives over again the life of Christ. To such a priest the words of St. Paul are not only divinely true, but inexpressibly sweet.

But every priest must necessarily fall far below the ideal expressed in the words of the apostle. You are bound, in justice and in gratitude, to pray for the soul of your departed pastor, that the venial faults which dimmed the glory of his priesthood may soon be purged away. Guided by Divine Wisdom, the Church consecrates to the memory of the faithful departed the month when death is strewing broadcast over the earth the sear and yellow leaf — when the winds are freighted with the moan and the wail of the stripped forest — pathetic symbols of death. Thus she chooses this season for special prayers for the faithful departed. Drawing out the idea of the Incarnation, she consecrates the months and the seasons throughout the year to special devotions. Earth and time and all things with them, consecrated through the Sacred Humanity and its earthly years, have become, in a certain sense, sacred. If our great Cardinal Newman could say, speaking of God's creation —

> "All is divine that thy hands have made,
> From the days that they worked to the days that they stayed,"

we may truly call earthly things divine, since the very slime of the earth has been divinized, not by a transient

touch, but permanent union. Divinest of all things on earth is the life of a priest; more glorious than creation's morn is the day of ordination; sweet is the eve of the day when he enters into his rest and receives from the Master the rich reward given him to whom "to live is Christ, and to die is gain." May this be the guerdon of you all, as we believe, with an assured hope, it is of your pastor, and may you be followers of him in his virtues and their recompense, as he was of Christ.

One parting thought I leave you to keep and to ponder in your hearts. To-day is the feast of St. Martin, the uncle of St. Patrick, the patron saint of your native land and your pastor's. It is told of him that once, having nothing else to give to a beggar, who asked an alms in the name of Christ, he cut his cloak in two and gave the beggar half of it. The following night our Lord, robed in it, appeared to him, saying: "This is the cloak with which Martin clothed me." So clothe with the robe of your charity the unfortunate man who is now stripped of the habit of grace, and is poor and wretched and naked indeed, for he is under the most awful sentence that can be uttered in this world — excommunication from the Church of God — the unfortunate man who robbed you of your pastor, and your pastor of his life.

[From the *Catholic Telegraph* of July 6, 1876.]

RELIGIOUS CELEBRATION.

In all the churches of the Diocese, as the Archbishop desired, a High Mass was celebrated, followed by the Te Deum, to express the heartfelt gratitude of Catholic citizens. Never, we are sure, was the grand Ambrosian hymn sung with more fervor. At the Cathedral the Archbishop pontificated; Rev. Dr. Pabish was Assistant Priest; Rev. Mr. Petier, a visiting Japanese Missionary, Deacon; Rev. A. Quatman, Sub-Deacon, and Rev. W. J. Halley, Master of Ceremonies. After the Gospel, Rev. J. F. Callaghan ascended the pulpit. We give by request a brief abstract of the sermon as it appeared in the columns of the *Cincinnati Enquirer*, with some additions:

As the descendants of the early martyrs, said the preacher, when they visited their sacred tombs in the Catacombs, or paced the blood-stained arena of the Coliseum, recalling the memory of the glorious battles of the faith, and the former weakness of the Church with its subsequent strength, might have envied those who won, by the swift and sharp pain of their conflict with paganism, the martyr's palm and a heavenly crown; so it might be said, that every Catholic citizen feels some regret, joining heart and soul in this glad festival of the nation's birthday, that he did not live just sufficiently early to see the weakness of the Church in this land a century ago, that so he might more keenly feel, in the contrast with the present, the great things which God had done for it. He would thus more deeply appreciate the gift of civil and religious liberty, which spread its white and protecting wings over this fair land, when the

memorable charter of human rights, the Declaration of American Independence, was signed. Oh, if our fathers in the Catholic American Church could have foreseen that millions of Catholics, of various races and tongues, would assemble in every quarter of this heaven-blessed Republic, as we are met this day, openly and fearlessly, in churches, many of which rival in splendor the long work of Catholic ages; if they had seen Catholic faith, as we this day see it, keeping pace in its progress with the gigantic strides of our national greatness; mingling its sacred song of religious thanksgiving with civic joy; crowning with the fairest garlands of gratitude the memory of those who pledged lives, fortune, and sacred honor to purchase for us the rights of freemen — if they could have foreseen all this, they would have confessed that all their sacrifices were repaid a million-fold. But for us, my brethren, who do see this prosperity; for us, proud to-day of our common country; proud of its history of a hundred years; proud of its growth, swift and matchless, springing from freedom's soil like the vision of the fabled city, rising perfect and complete from the ocean's depths; proud of the faith which has won so goodly a heritage on American soil for us, it is eminently fitting that we should, on this day, thank God for those benefits which have been multiplied with every passing year of our national life. As these memories throng upon the Church, that never forgets a benefactor, its tributes of praise for those whose heroism made this marvelous growth possible, come unbidden to her lips. She offers, to-day, in return for the future welfare of the Republic, that which is beyond all price, the pleading Blood of Jesus Christ, the Divine Creator, and Preserver of all true freedom. And we, my friends, who are obedient to her voice as the messenger of God, whose hearts ever beat in sympathy with every throb of

her eternal life, are showing by our presence at this Eucharistic sacrifice, uniting our prayers with the sinless thank-offering of the New Law, that we have learned the lesson of love of country which the Church always teaches and sanctifies. We are showing that we are ruled by the same loyal spirit, as those Catholics whose fidelity to the infant republic in its darkest hour never for a moment faltered or swerved. We are showing that we love, what the founders of the Republic sought at the cost of wounds and death, that is, *true* liberty. I say *true* liberty, for none of the hateful crimes of license, thank God, hovered with foul wings over the cradle of American freedom. It did not come into the world with the brand of iniquity upon its forehead. The American colonies did not grasp at the prize of independence, as many another nation. When the bonds of expression were loosened, when liberty in radiant youth and beauty was offered to them, they did not turn upon her and rend her, and present to a horror-stricken world the hideous, revolting farce of licentious anarchy, flaunting in the bloody robes of slaughtered freedom. The colonies were taught by their two centuries of battle, with forest land and savage, the stern lessons of manliness and self-denial. Moreover, their antecedents in the mother country were Republican. Deniers of the divine right of Tudor and Stuart to tyrannize; deniers of the divine right of a man-made Church to dictate to conscience, they came to the new world bearing with them all the elements of a truly liberal government. The Colonies fell from the parent stock, as luscious, over-ripe fruit falls from the parent tree. Their ideas of liberty were Christian, because they were transmitted as a precious heirloom from Catholic forefathers. They were drawn from the compact of Catholic society; they were transplanted from England, but they were the product

of the ages, when that land of apostasy was, in the Catholic language, "an Isle of Saints and Our Lady's Dower." They were a transcript of the natural rights of man, copied from the constitution and teaching of the Catholic Church, the mother of all liberty.

The preacher, in support of the statement that the leading principles of American liberty owed their origin to the doctrines and polity of the Catholic Church, showed how closely and intimately they harmonize, in the broad equality of men which both maintain, in their elective systems, and in their deliberative assemblies, at the same time showing that the Catholic Church was not allied to any particular form of government. If she were so, she would be unfitted for her divine mission to teach *all* the nations of the earth. The ark of God, even when it seems to be on the verge of destruction, needs no civil protection, needs no support and no patronage from any government. Nevertheless, it was she that eighteen centuries ago startled the world with the doctrine that all men were equal; that within her domain, vast as the universe, there was neither Jew nor Gentile, bond nor free. In her sight Onesimus and Philemon were equal. To the master and the slave she preached the same gospel, taught the same commandments, and offered the same reward for fidelity, the same title to heaven. Her offices and dignities were open to all who could claim them, not by worldly rank or wealth or social position, but by merit alone. As illustrations of this truth, Adrian IV., a beggar boy, and the great Sixtus V., a shepherd boy, once wore the Tiara, and ruled the Church of God. The resemblance of the elective systems, in both, was shown in detail from the ceremonies of priestly ordination. From this argument the conclusion was drawn, that the Catholic Church must be, as all history attests, as the annals of our Revolutionary

struggle eloquently proclaim, the firm friend and potent defender of civil liberty.

True, the first mission of the Church is to make men citizens of heaven, to prepare them for another world; but as she has gone forth to perform this blessed task, her path has been strewn with the countless blessings she has scattered upon this world. Everywhere she has planted beneath the shadow of the cross, the symbol of spiritual freedom, the flowers of human happiness, and the richest and fairest of her temporal gifts to man has been civil liberty. On this day, above all others, it is well to recall this historic truth, that it may paralyze the tongue of slander with the force which the memories of the Revolution give to it.

The preacher, retracing the history of our land, and the enfranchising work of the Catholic Church in the Old and New World, gave a merited eulogy to his brethren of the Catholic faith who shared in the dangers and trials of the Revolution — such men as Sullivan, Barry, Carroll, and others whose names are inscribed with honor in the diptychs of the nation. We look back to Catholic times, said the preacher, to find the foundation of that liberty which America now enjoys. The Catholic's measure and appreciation of liberty are not so contracted as the view of a certain Presbyterian preacher, who last Sunday, in this city, offensively as well as falsely, called the United States a Protestant country. Every liberal feature in our government came from the mind and soul of men who long ago recited the Catholic Creed and knelt before Catholic altars. The first Magna Charta of human rights was penned by Catholic hands, was sanctioned by a Cardinal of the Roman Church, and was presented on the plains of Runnymede. What was begun on that field of liberty, was finished in Independence Hall in 1776.

Once more, it was the Catholic who first unfurled the banner of religious liberty upon the shore of America; Catholics were the first to practice on American soil that liberty which the Puritan, the Quaker, and the Episopalian denied to all others. The colonial history of Maryland alone was free from the polluting stain of religious persecution. When Catholic citizens are told with insult and in the language of falsehood that their Church is incompatible with free institutions, they can point to the graves, which contain the sacred ashes of patriotic Catholics who fell in our struggle for civil liberty. They can tell their defamers, that of those who were traitors to the cause of American Independence, not one was a Catholic.

In conclusion, the preacher said that the breath of true and honest national life came only from heaven, and that life was preserved only by the virtues which the Gospel of Jesus Christ enforces. When these virtues fail, the fabric of freedom totters and sinks into decay, and all its fair creatures perish. Obedience to God's law is the pledge of the endurance of the principles of 1776. War against God and his ordinances, is the sword of death pointed at the heart of the Republic. War against religion, of which we already hear the mutterings, is war against the liberty of the American citizen, against the peace of American society. The only power which can successfully meet the shock of infidelity, the monster enemy of all liberty, is the Catholic Church. She stands to-day where she stood one hundred years ago, in its pristine glory and strength, on the side of the Republic, in the front rank of battle, pledged by its doctrines, by its reverence for all civil authority, to save the endangered ark of American liberties. She alone can save it. The congregation was earnestly exhorted to live as citizens, as worthy mem-

bers of a Church that fostered all civil virtues, and never forget that they belonged to a Church which first struck the shackles of slavery from the human race, never joined hands with the oppressor, and which gave all its support, through good report and through evil report, to the Declaration of American Independence.

[This Lecture was delivered on St. Patrick's Day.]

IRELAND AND HER WRONGS.

Nations, like individuals, have their peculiar prominences of character and fortune. They arrest the earliest attention of the observer; win with special sympathy and reverence, in the progress of their eventful history. In this category, we behold Ireland, the subject of our present lecture. There are indeed anomalies in her existence, unparalleled, which render her singularly interesting. Other nations, like her, felt the iron heel of the invader; like her, they wore the chains of bondage in tears and blood; like her, they endured, in poverty and humiliation, the spoliation of their treasures and the abasement of their honor by an alien race. But they reached the term of their probation, or mitigated, by some vicissitudes, the hardships of their state. As civilization spread its beneficent influence over Europe, they cast off their fetters and emerged into comparative freedom.

But that unhappy island, which God has blessed with the elements of physical prosperity and the attribute of moral greatness, and man has cursed with his vices and misgovernment,— Ireland, after centuries of oppression, is still the unrespited victim of her enslavers; an exception to the changed aspect of the Christian world, a sad antithesis among the nations. In an age of boasted enlightenment, under the empire of a people who vaunt their pre-eminence in civilization, amid evidences of past wrongs, and acknowledgments of present miseries, she seems doomed to an unaltered fate, a conquered and

down-trodden country, insulted in feelings and fortune, as in position; a principality rather than a kingdom, a province and not a nation, a tributary and not an independent people.

Her children are instinctive freemen, yet hereditary bondsmen; her lands are eminently fertile, yet give no nourishment to her starving population; her resources are ample, yet shamefully misapplied; her energies are confessedly great, but devoted to strangers; her destinies are high and promising, yet unaccomplished and clouded in darkness.

We read the history of mankind, and mark the amelioration of their social and political condition. Can we fail in the relationship of humanity to deplore this calamitous and unmerited state? As Americans, we must sympathize deeply with Ireland in her woes, and denounce her despotic rulers to an indignant world. In fine, as companions and brothers of the exiles, we bend together over the records of the past, that, mingling our tears, we may feel renewed interest in the theme of Ireland's sufferings; that we may awaken mankind to a sense of her wrongs, and multiply our efforts to vindicate her fame, redress her grievances, and deliver her from the thraldom which weighs her to the earth. . . .

There was a time when Ireland was clothed with a garment of light, and her glory was acknowledged by an admiring world. Religion was magnified from sea to sea, and lavish treasures were strewed over the island of her benignant rule. The Druid altar was displaced by the Christian shrine, the temples of idolatry were consecrated to Jesus Christ, and basilicas, worthy of the name, threw their holy shadow over the land. The sacred rites which solemnize the worship of the true God, rendered the earth vocal with his praise. The

abbey, with its venerable piles and picturesque domain, beautified the knolls and lowlands and secluded dells. Within the monastic abodes, the pure and contemplative spirit conversed with God; and the sinner, in those hallowed retreats, bent in lowly repentance before the Cross of Christ. The student frequented her halls of learning, and prosecuted his researches into the mysteries of the sacred and classic lore. Amid the profound barbarism which covered the rest of Europe with the shades of night, Ireland was gloriously entitled, with the heritage of her holy patron, to the name of "Isle of Saints and Scholars." The lovers of learning hastened to the salient fountain to slake their thirst, whilst her scholars spread themselves over the continent; and, even to this day, they are held in grateful memory, as the benefactors of the strangers among whom they dwelt. I can well conceive the elation of the heart of the Irishman, who, proudly looking back to this brilliant era of our country's greatness, points to the eminence which Ireland then attained among nations. I admit the justness of that complacency, in which the Christian and the patriot and the philosopher of every clime may share. It was her own work, the fruit of her generous and untiring energy, the victories which her dauntless spirit had won.

Why, alas! must we mourn them as things that were? Why have her primeval glories fled? Why has darkness settled on her paths, and the ivy clustered over the ruins of her classic halls, and the silent cloisters of her once peerless abbeys? Why has a moral pestilence winged its flight over her desolate plains and stricken her people with incurable ills? Why are her children enslaved, impoverished, powerless, and undone? Ah, unhappy daughter of the sea! Lone mother of saints

and scholars! Beauteous, but disconsolate island of the West!

> "Thy temples, flamed o'er all the land,
> Where are they? Ask the shades of them
> Who, on those dark and bloody plains,
> Saw fierce invaders pluck the gem
> From Erin's broken diadem.
> Ask the poor exile cast alone
> On foreign shores, unloved, unknown."
>
> — Lalla Rookh.

If you open the pages of English history; if you inquire of an English author or tourist the cause of the downfall of Ireland, and the sources of her present miseries, you will doubtless find,— what the instinct of tyranny prompts, and the consciousness of wrongs inflicted suggests,— calumny, superadded to injustice, and the ruin of Ireland's name, effected in union with Ireland's temporal prosperity. You will read that the Irish people are ignorant, indolent, seditious, vindictive, superstitious.

When Rome, in the days of her vaunting ambition, found a queenly rival in Carthage, to contest the empire of the world, she waited not for just causes of offense to sweep that rival from her path. *"Carthago delenda,"* was the cry of her Senate —"Carthage must be destroyed"— and that cry was the watchword of her future policy. And when, at length, her iniquitous triumph was complete, and a brave nation was buried beneath the ruins of once prosperous cities, Rome wrote an epitaph of calumny on its tombs, and blackened the character of her victim with the stigma of Punic faith.

Such was the system adopted by Rome's great imitatrix, England — England, distinguished by the same exalted genius, the same rampant pride and ambition,

the same limitless rapacity and luxury, the same remorseless cruelty in the accomplishment of her designs.

I admire the spirit of her free institutions; I admire that manly independence with which she fling defiance in the teeth of tyrants; I admire the indomitable energy which she displays in the maintenance of a righteous cause: but I impeach her before the world's tribunal, for the ruthless selfishness with which she tramples on the rights of other nations; for the dark devices of her policy, in fraud and violence, by which she holds in bondage some of the finest realms of earth.

Ireland for ages has felt her iron scepter, and yet mankind are seemingly unaware of the grave wrongs which she has borne in this frightful misrule. Let us examine for a while this example of hideous injustice in the distressed land of St. Patrick.

Ireland is reproached with the ignorance of her children. And who but England, with her haughty pretensions of learning, has inflicted this curse on the Irish people? Who but England has striven with fiendish skill and perseverance to wall back the tide of primitive darkness? Exclusive of the ravages of war, from the time of the Norman invasion, which broke on the quietude of the student and the scattered elements of science; exclusive of the wanton desuetude of monasteries and the expulsion of the learned inmates by bigoted oppressors; exclusive of the hate effected by the blind fanaticism of a ruffian soldiery, who, in hatred of Popery, mutilated and crushed every relic of art, letters, and elegant scholarship, we mark on the pages of history the infamous efforts of the English government to complete this work of vandal desolation.

"It was," says Webbe, in his analysis of the antiquities of Ireland,—"it was till the time of James I. an object of the government to discover and destroy every

literary remnant of the Irish, in order the more fully to eradicate from their minds every trace of their ancient independence."

This was but a part of that monstrous system which subsequently persecuted science even in its humblest progress and in its obscurest retreats. Do you know what were the enactments which met the sanction of enlightened England? Listen:

DISABILITIES IN REGARD TO EDUCATION.

"If a Catholic kept a school or taught any person, Protestant or Catholic, any species of literature or science, such teacher was, for the crime of teaching, punishable by laws of banishment: he was subject to be hanged as a felon.

"If a Catholic, whether a child or an adult, attended in Ireland a school kept by a Catholic, or was privately instructed by a Catholic, such Catholic, although a child in its early infancy, incurred a forfeiture of all its property, present or future.

"If a Catholic child, however young, was sent to a foreign country for education, such infant child incurred a similar penalty; that is, a forfeiture of all right to property, present or prospective.

"If any person in Ireland made any remittance of money or goods, for the maintenance of any Irish child, educated in a foreign country, such persons incurred a similar forfeiture." (O'Connell's Memoir on Ireland, p. 15.)

Think of these atrocious statutes; and then judge of England's foul hypocrisy, when, tearing out the eyes of her victims, she scoffs at their inability to see the glorious light of day! Judge of her crime against knowledge, when, after having banished the prelate of

Ireland, proscribed her priesthood, denounced her scholars, she persecuted even unto death the poor lover of science, who secreted himself in his lowly hedge school, and imparted the first elements of learning to the peasant boy. Judge of her innocence, when, to this day, she excludes Catholics from her universities and denies the Irish student the collegiate honor which may open his pathway to fame; when, year after year, the banner of bigotry is raised in the halls of her imperial parliament, to withdraw from Maynooth, the only ecclesiastical establishment supported in Ireland by government, the pitiful appropriation which it receives.

The Irish people, it is said, are poor and indolent. Their destitution and rags offend the refined tastes of their English scorners. So did the poor Lazarus disgust Dives of the Gospel, who drove the beggar from his door. But who has induced this state of frightful destitution, of hunger and nakedness, in a land of singular fertility? Who, by the absence of landlord, and the prostration of trade, manufactures, and commerce, has deprived thousands of willing hearts and sturdy hands of the means of employment and subsistence? Who, by the seizure of Catholic tithes, once a happy and adequate provision for the poor, has made in a population of 8,000,000, no less than 2,300,000 persons dependent on casual charity? Who has thus sinned enormously against God and man? England, the crime is at *thy* door.

"We meet with abject poverty," observes a late foreigner tourist in Ireland, "in the most beautiful and fruitful regions; for Irish poverty is none of nature's working: it is the work of men; the work partly of cruel laws enacted by Englishmen." (Kohoe, page 54.)

Apart indeed from the consideration, that from the early spoliations of Elizabeth, James, Cromwell, and

William III., nine-tenths of the whole Irish soil are held through fraud, treachery, and violence, by families of English descent, whilst the original proprietors are beggars in their native land, what were the just dispensations of the penal code, to lessen the poverty of the Irish?

DISABILITIES IN REGARD TO PROPERTY.

Every Catholic was by act of Parliament deprived of the power of settling a jointure on any Catholic wife; or charging his lands with any provisions for her daughters; or disposing, by will, of his landed property. On his death, the law divided his lands equally among all his sons.

If the wife of a Catholic declared herself a Protestant, the law enabled her not only to compel her husband to give her a separate maintenance, but to transfer to her the custody and guardianship of all their children.

If the eldest son of a Catholic father, at any age, however young, declared himself a Protestant, he thereby made his father strict tenant for life, deprived the father of all power to sell or dispose of his estate; and such Protestant son became entitled to the absolute dominion and ownership of the estate.

If any other child, beside the eldest son, declared itself at any age a Protestant, such a child at once escaped the control of its father, and was entitled to a maintenance out of the father's property.

If any Catholic purchased, in money, any estate in land, any Protestant was empowered by law to take away that estate from the Catholic and to enjoy it without paying one shilling of the purchase money.

If any Catholic got an estate, in land, by marriage, by gift, or by the will of a relation or friend, any Prot-

estant could by law take the estate from the Catholic and enjoy it himself.

If any Catholic took a lease of a farm of land as tenant, for a life or lives, or for any longer term than thirty-one years, any Protestant could by law take the farm and enjoy the benefit of the lease.

If any Catholic took a farm by lease for a term not exceeding thirty-one years, as he might still by law have done, and by his labor and industry raised the value of the land, so as to yield a profit equal to one-third of the rent, any Protestant might then by law evict the Catholic, and enjoy, for the residue of the term, the fruit of the labor and industry of the Catholic.

If any Catholic had a horse, worth more than five pounds, any Protestant tendering five pounds to the Catholic owner, was by law entitled to take the horse, though worth fifty pounds or one hundred pounds or more, and to keep it as his own.

If any Catholic being the owner of a horse, worth more than five pounds, concealed his horse from any Protestant, the Catholic, for the crime of concealing his own horse, was liable to be punished by an imprisonment of three months and a fine of three times the value of the horse, whatever that might be. (O'Connell's Memoir, page 5.)

Add to all this, the despotic power of the Irish landlord to eject, at any moment, and under any caprice, his tenants from their humble abodes. These abodes are often rude and comfortless; but they were built by the father or ancestor, and transmitted as a sacred inheritance to the son; or they were raised by the present occupant, in hard yet pleasant labors, and are endeared as the work of his own hands, the home of his wife and children, the scene of his mingled joys and griefs. How

often is he wounded in his affections by the unfeeling proprietor! Instances are given, even of recent date, when the poor "tenant at will," who had incurred the displeasure of his barbarous master, even under the pressure of famine and disease, saw the cabin of his father unroofed over his head, his dying parent and his wife, about to become a mother, cast forth like the beasts of the field—homeless, helpless, friendless, utterly destitute, to perish by the wayside, in the ditch, or on the barren moor. (Example of Plunkett, Prot. Bp. of Pantry — Bp. of Orleans' sermon.)

Add to all this, the intolerable burthen of tithes. The Irish people are obliged, not only to support their own clergy, but, impoverished and oppressed, they are constrained to contribute to the maintenance of an ecclesiastical hierarchy, the enemy of their faith and of all their rights and liberties. Eight millions of Irishmen, of whom six millions are Catholics, pay as much to their Protestant Bishops as fifteen millions of Englishmen, who are mostly Protestants. (Kohoe.) Think of this, and think, too, how often, when the tithe proctor in the name and in the presence of his Reverend patron, distrains the poor widow, the sick peasant, the ruined farmer, the lamentations of the stricken family are smothered by brutal outrage; and the feeble resistance, prompted by affection, overpowered in the life-blood of the offender! Let the wail of Rathcormac sound forever in our ears, when, before the cabin door, the widowed and childless mother, red with the blood which sprang from her own veins, kneels by the corpse of her murdered son, and with broken heart lifts up her voice, in a strong cry for justice, to her only helper in that land of tyranny: a righteous God! If the Irishman is at times vindictive, are not enormities, such as these, enough to goad him to madness and outrage,

when he is wounded in the tenderest sensibilities of his soul? If, unhappily, he trusts to his own right arm to redress his wrongs, is it not because his appeals to justice are reputed mutinous complaints; because he is regarded as an alien and an enemy to the land which gave him birth?

But the Irish are seditious! Aye! this is the plea for past despotism; the warrant of future oppression. It is the cry of the Spartan against the helot; of the Roman against the gladiator; of the Irish ruler against his bondsmen. It is the cry of banded tyrants, when the clanking of the chains of their unquiet slaves sounds harshly in their ears. Can the Irishmen forget that his country is his own, by the ordinance of God and nature's law? That, before the invader came, he was a freeman on his native plains? Can he forget that he was robbed of his property, disfranchised of his civil rights, persecuted for exercising the religion of St. Patrick, and driven to the fastnesses of the mountains, to escape contumely and outrage and death? Can he forget that numberless cases are on record, where a murderer who had slain an Irishman, pleaded an abasement, that he could not be guilty of felony, since he had slain a mere Irishman, not descended of fine, privileged blood or families; and that, this plea being accepted, he was mulcted only in a pecuniary fine?

But these are the horrors of ancient days. These evils were perhaps subsequently corrected. We now come to that interesting period of modern history, when enlightened England having, through asserted love of liberty, expelled James II. and enthroned William of Orange, boasted in the face of Europe that she was the freest nation on the earth. The Irish people, still loyal to their sovereign James, fought gallantly in his defense, and before the walls of Limerick, worsted William in a

disgraceful defeat. A treaty was proposed by the new monarch and accepted. To obtain the allegiance of the Irish to the crown, he pledged "the faith and honor of England," for the equal protection, by law, of their properties and liberties with all other subjects; and, in particular, for "the free and unrestricted exercise of their religion." The Irish scrupulously complied with the stipulations of the treaty on their part. How were their honor and credulity requited? Limerick opened its beleagured gates; the strongholds were given up; a brave army of thirty thousand warriors embarked for France; the Catholic gentry and people returned once more confidently to their homes. And then England, to her everlasting shame, violated all her pledges and nefariously broke a solemn treaty. The pretended patriots of England who had just sundered their chains, forged them anew, to manacle their Irish brethren. Then a horrible code became the law of the land. What were the personal disabilities which it inflicted on the people of Ireland? The law rendered every Catholic incapable of holding a commission in the army or navy; or even of being a private soldier, unless he solemnly abjured his religion. The law rendered every Catholic incapable of holding any office, whatsoever, of honor or emolument in the State. The exclusion was universal. A Catholic had no legal protection for life or liberty. He could not be a judge, grand juror, sheriff, subsheriff, master in chancery, barrister, attorney, agent or solicitor, or seneschal of any manor, or even gamekeeper to a private gentleman. A Catholic could not be a member of any corporation, and Catholics were precluded by law from residences in some corporate towns. Catholics were deprived of all right to vote for members of the Commons House of Parliament. Catholic peers were deprived of their right to sit or

vote in the House of Lords. Almost all these personal disabilities were equally enforced against any Protestant who married a Catholic wife, or whose child under the age of fourteen was educated a Catholic, although against his consent.

In denunciation of this fiendish code, the eloquent Burke says: "It had a vicious perfection; it was a complete system, full of adherence and consistency, well digested and well disposed in all its parts; it was a machine of wise and elaborate contrivance, and as well fitted for the oppression, impoverishment, and degradation of the people, and the debasement in them of human nature itself, as ever proceeded from the perverted ingenuity of man."

There was one means to escape these detestable disabilities: equality with the men who fattened on their spoils. What was this? It was treason to their religion and their country! The renunciation of their glorious faith and tame acquiescence in a tyrannic ruler!

"Unprized are her sons, till they've learned to betray;
Undistinguished they live, if they shame not their sires;
And the torch that would light them, through dignity's way,
Must be caught from the pile where their country expires."

If, unwilling to avail themselves of these base expedients, they remonstrated, pleaded, clamored for the restoration of their rights, they were pronounced seditious: If England had leisure and power, she trampled on these seditious subjects; if she were embarrassed, she conciliated them by installments of justice. Thus, when the American Colonies declared their independence, England was alarmed, lest the example might be contagious; she relaxed the penal code and granted certain privileges to the Catholics. * * * When the French Revolution threatened her dependencies and cast the giant arm of republicanism over her monarchy,

she again modified the infamous code; yielding to fear, but not to a sense of justice. In the beginning of this century, to secure her possessions in Ireland, she abolished its native Legislature, and, in the midst of domestic dissensions which she herself fomented, she accomplished, by means of terror, torture, violence, fraud, and avowed corruption, which Protestants and Catholics denounced, the hateful Union. That Union entitled the Irish people to all the rights of Englishmen, in a perfect equality of religious and civil franchises. For twenty-nine years the Catholics claimed their religious rights in vain. They became seditious; they united in a resistless phalanx, and by legal means demanded their dues in a redress of grievances. It was conceded by the bill of Catholic Emancipation; because England could not then conveniently punish the refractory, the seditious petitioners. The Irish have labored to secure an equal participation in the elective franchise, an adequate representation in Parliament, a reform of municipal corporations, the abolition of tithes. And, when they see that they have labored in vain; when by constitutional measures they seek to annul that Union, which was a mockery of their hopes and a bond of legalized oppression, they are again declared seditious; they are indicted for conspiracy, and the leaders of the Irish nation are immured in prison for their love of country and lawful resistance to the despotism of England.

What yet remains in the vocabulary of her enemies to complete the ruin of Ireland's character? Oh, her people are superstitious! Superstitious? What does that mean? It means that they will not barter their God for gold, nor sacrifice the religion of their fathers for the perishable honors of earth! It means that they cling with fond tenacity to their faith, proscribed and persecuted as it is, like their own ivy to their ancient

towers. England has even striven to extinguish this vestal and immortal fire; and, in violation of her solemn pledges, she has exercised against its guardians the ferocious statutes of her penal code.

DISABILITIES AND PAINS IN REGARD TO RELIGION.

"To teach the Catholic religion was a transportable felony; to convert a Protestant to the Catholic faith was a capital offense, punishable as an act of treason.

"To be a Catholic regular, *i. e.*, a monk or friar, was punishable by banishment, and to return from banishment, an act of high treason.

"To be a Catholic Archbishop or Bishop, or to exercise any ecclesiastical jurisdiction, whatsoever, in the Catholic Church, in Ireland, was punishable by transportation: to return from such transportation was an act of high treason, punishable by being hanged, emboweled alive, and afterwards quartered."

This was the policy of England! Enlightened England! Liberal England! Religious England! She exiled the prelate of the Irish; she hunted their priests with bloodhounds, and offered the same bounty for their heads that she gave for the heads of wolves; she demolished their chapels and seized on their magnificent churches for her own worship; she drove the poor Catholic to the wild hills and desolate moors, to receive instruction and the consolations of religion from his hunted pastor. Did the experiment succeed? Oh, no! Why? Because England warred with God: she raised her bloody hand against Him, and, like Julian the apostate, smitten on the fields of Parthia, she was obliged to cry out in despairing tones: "Christ, Thou hast conquered!" Yes, the experiment failed! Of the Irish, as of the ancient Israelites, equally oppressed, it could

be said in the language of Scripture: "But the more they oppressed them, the more they were multiplied and increased."

Their religion, like their own shamrock, sprung up and flourished, the more it was crushed under foot.

"In no country," says Kohoe, a German Protestant, —"in no country has Protestantism tyrannized over Catholicism as in Ireland: yet the Irish are the most genuine Catholics in the world" (page 50). Ah! the Irish ever exclaim in thankfulness to the God of their fathers, with the Apostle St. John: "This is the victory which overcometh the world, our faith." But what is that faith? Is it a wicked superstition? Does it produce, does it encourage demoralization of the Irish? Or does it exalt and ennoble the character of the people? The faith has much to combat, not only in view of the frailties of humanity, the same in Ireland as elsewhere, but because of the vicious consequences of misgovernment for many ages. But look at the fruits of that faith, in one respect, which has made Ireland the marvel of the world!

In the year 1838, Father Mathew, a humble friar of Cork, one of those monks for whose apprehension a reward of £20 had been formerly offered, instituted a Total Abstinence Society; three months after its formation it had enrolled 5,000 members. In 1840, the number was 1,000,000; in 1842, 5,000,000.

"It may be questioned," says a Protestant writer, "whether history can present a parallel to this great moral revolution; or whether any man ever acquired so great and bright a name in so short a time. Political fabrics and religious dogmas were often crumbled together or been utterly extinguished in a surprisingly short space of time; but where shall we find another example of a nation rising, at the call of an individual,

to shake off a vice, to which it had long seemed to be peculiarly wedded; to struggle not against privileged classes or priestly domination, but to root out its own evil habits and devote itself to a strict system of abstinence? A whole nation is here doing what a few monks had strength of mind to do in the Middle Ages." (Kohoe, 26, 27.)

"What is the result? In three years, there was a reduction of one-third of the duties on spirits; one-eighth on wine; one-fourth on foreign spirits; whilst in Scotland and England, in the same time, there was a constant increase in the consumption of spirits." (Kohoe, 29, 30.)

But a happier result was marked in the diminution of crime. In three years, the number of criminals diminished by twenty-two per cent. and the number of murders reduced more than one-half. In 1839, the convictions for murder were 286; in 1840, 159; in 1841, 120. A comparison of statistics shows, that in England, for this period of three years, the number of crimes increased almost as much as it diminished in Ireland.

Thanks, then, be to God! Let England persecute, impoverish, calumniate. "This is the victory that overcometh the world, our faith." It is that faith which has exiled the Irishman from the land whose green fields are dear to his heart, and borne him over the wide tempestuous seas to distant climes. It is that faith for which he is willing to renounce the endearments of home, that elsewhere he may live a freeman and a child of God.

> "Oh! he would rather houseless roam,
> Where freedom and his God may lie,
> Than be the sleekest slave at home,
> That crouches at the conqueror's cry."
>
> — Lalla Rookh.

It is that faith — the faith of his fathers and his fathers' God — which he cherishes wherever his fortune may be cast; which, in the conflict of the elements and the carnage of battle, in the tumult of society and the quietude of domestic life, in joy or sorrow, in sickness and in death, whispers comfort in his ear, and bids him look upward to a happier home, where the malice and the power of the oppressor can reach him no more!

Ireland has suffered deeply, she has suffered long! Shall her sorrow be without alleviation and her wrongs without end? We hope and pray: yet a while, and the Providence of God will execute his wise and equitable desires.

Nations, like individuals, are amenable to His justice; and in this world he exacts a fearful retribution of a proud and wicked and tyrannic people. If the past law guide us in our estimate of things to come, we hope largely that justice will be done to Ireland. As the Israelites, led from the bondage of Egypt to the delights of Canaan, had to pass through the waters of the sea, and sojourn for a while amid the sorrows of the desert, to expiate their sins, and possess their souls in patience; so do we hope and pray that the Irish people will be led from their present captivity, through many trials, to the home for which they sigh, the freedom which they love. Sons and daughters of St. Patrick, let the memories of this blessed day be your trust and consolation! Fear not, falter not, pause not, in the onward march, under the leadership of your great and glorious Apostle, whose spirit hovers over your lives, whose prayers seek your happiness, whose example instructs and animates all his children, in the obligation of religion and your state of life. Fling out bravely the banner of your faith; nerve heart and arm for conflict unto death; press side by side in generous companion-

ship of your virtue and home affections, till the victory shall be won, and your nation, redeemed and regenerated, shall stand, in its native hills, to chant the hymn of jubilee, that the hour of tribulation is past, that Ireland is disenthralled — once more, the isle of saints and scholars, the gem of the Western sea!

INFLUENCE OF CATHOLICITY ON CIVIL LIBERTY.

NOTE.—This lecture is published from a copy of the original manuscript; and the copyist failing to note the text in connection with the authorities referred to in the margin, we give these authorities in the order in which they were written in the margins. Those acquainted with these well-known authors will have no difficulty in making the connections.

The following are the references: Digby, Vol. I., pp. 129, 170; Dublin Review, Vol. XV., pp. 11, 12; Digby, Vol. I., p. 171; Dublin Review, Vol. XV., pp. 51, 52; Burke, p. 215; Balmes, pp. 271, 294, 475; Kendrick, pp. 243, 300; Guizot, p. 218; Digby, Vol. I., p. 134; Guizot, pp. 124, 132, 135; Spalding, pp. 140, 141, 149; Digby, Vol. I., pp. 140, 151; Balmes, pp. 137, 138; Guizot, pp. 270, 279, 233; Balmes, pp. 137, 138, 293; Dublin Review, Vol. XVIII., pp. 428, 430; Digby, Vol. I., p. 151; Dublin Review, Vol. XV., p. 55; Dublin Review, Vol. XVIII., pp. 29, 37, 47, 48; Balmes, pp. 219, 294; Dublin Review, Vols. XV., p. 47, XVIII., pp. 18, 27; D'Aubigne, pp. 296, 297; Spalding, p. 142; Digby, Vol. I., pp. 132, 136; Balmes, 272. THE COMPILER.

The Catholic Church adopts neither the spirit nor the interests nor the pursuits of this world. Nevertheless, divinely appointed and constituted by Jesus Christ to promote the temporal and the spiritual welfare of mankind, she exercises, in her teaching and practice, a certain rule over their external relations, to reach this end. Recognizing man as a social being, she sustains the authority of civil government, because all power comes from God, and society can not subsist without it. She sanctifies obedience on the part of the people, because it is the principle of order and the dictate of conscience. What shall be the form of that government, whether administered by one or few or many; what the extent of that obedience, in the greater or less civil rights,

she does not determine. But while she admonishes the people to submit to legitimate dominion, she reminds rulers of their obligation to denounce all despotism as hateful to God, as injurious to men. It is, therefore, an interesting question, how far this spirit of Jesus Christ, through the agency of his Church, has affected the outer world and influenced the temporal destinies of mankind; whether or not Catholicity for eighteen hundred years has been compatible with liberty.

* * *

At stated intervals, the Bishops of our entire country, or a portion of it, convene in what are called, respectively, national or provincial councils. And, in great emergencies, the episcopal body meets to consult and publish decrees in ecumenical councils. Their decisions and statutes require the sanction of the supreme pontiff or head of the Church. Accustomed to these forms of the Church, and guided by her spirit, it is not surprising that the Catholic priesthood are animated with a love of liberty. They have a perfect republic; an elective and responsible head; the principles of election and representation continually carried into practice; the study of the classic language of Rome, with its eloquent pleadings for liberty; a connection with the queenly city where Cicero inveighed against tyranny, and Brutus imbrued his hands in the blood of tyrants.

Add to this, that they owe their office neither to the favor of monarchs, nor the patronage of republics, nor the clamor of popular caprices. Dependent on God, by their election, for the powers which they exercise; and by the vow of celibacy made independent of the gifts of fortune; united in affection with their brethren in all parts of the world, and laboring in a glorious cause for an eternal reward, they maintain a position respect-

ful to society, yet free from all servility, and sharing in its joys and griefs with an unbought sympathy; and whilst their hearts are alive with the mingled emotions of religion and patriotism, they are ready (though no politicians, who degrade their ministry by subserving the interests of party, or courting or affecting popularity, or the favor of rulers) to pour out their blood in a generous libation for their God and their country. What has been the conduct of the Catholic priesthood in their relations to society? First, they have labored to establish a moral influence derived from the religion which they teach; to effect, therefore, a complete separation of the temporal and the spiritual authority, they have promulgated this cardinal doctrine:— that in the distinction of the outer and the inner world, of thought and mere physical force, the spirit must triumph over matter; that man can not exercise any dominion over truth and conscience; that religion is beyond the control of civil power; that the Church is independent of the State; and that the great questions of moral law are not to be settled by political tribunals. They echoed, in the ears of despotic rulers, the words of the apostle: "We must obey God rather than man." Guizot acknowledges, that to the Catholic Church mankind are indebted for this signal and unappreciable blessing, the very foundation of civil and religious liberty. It was a sublime effort of human wisdom against arbitrary power, to accomplish this separation of the spiritual and the temporal authority. The separation served as an equipoise in civil governments; it became a check on absolutism in marking clearly the limits beyond which sovereigns could not lawfully pass. It was the rudder of the ship of state to direct and control its movements. We shall see in the sequel, if the alternative principle is equally productive of good.

Will it be asserted that while the Catholic Church was achieving this triumph over physical force, she sought only her own aggrandizement, at the expense of the interests of humanity? Such a charge is refuted by the voices of history. * * *

At the close of the Middle Ages, political society bore the image of its mother, the Church, in her own divine organization. The democratic element, rejected by the haughty aristocracy, and unstained by the monarchy, was a creation of the priesthood. The clergy elevated the people by preaching the dignity of man; it exalted the people by raising the lowliest to the highest dignities; it strengthened the people by the diffusion of light, by the patronage extended to the arts and sciences, industry and commerce.

Who revealed to the world, when vassalage obtained on every side, and popularized that parent truth of public and private liberty, that all men, whatever may be their social condition, are the children of God, equally dear to his heart and entitled to his favor; are all destined to reign with him in the fullness of his glory? It was the Catholic Church, by the ministry of her priests.

Who is it that, from age to age, opens the sanctuary to all worthy candidates, the lowest and the highest; invites them with her authority, and bids them, in her name and in the name of God, proclaim, with apostolic freedom, the truth in the ear of the rich, the noble, and the powerful; reminds them of their obligation and denounces their vices which scandalize society? It is the Catholic Church.

It is the Catholic Church which, passing from the individual to the family, the germ of all social organization, has taught and applied with unwavering virtue, monogamy or the indissolubility of marriage, as well as the dignity and domestic influence of woman; which

curbed parental despotism; enjoined the sedulous care and education of children; labored for the mitigation of the evils of servitude, without abrupt, fanatic, unjust, mischievous efforts to separate master and slave. It is the Catholic Church, then, acting on the State, that defined the respective rights and duties of the people and their chiefs, so as to pursue the happy medium between tyranny and rebellion; and then protected, under the Ægis of Justice, the liberties of all its component parts, the family, the municipal and commercial corporations, the judicial body, the nobility, the sovereign himself. She thus established the union which Tacitus attributed to the reign of Nerva: "The union of authority and liberty, seemingly incompatible." ("Res olim insociables miscuisset, imperium et libertatem.") It is the Catholic Church which gave to society an admirable code (Balmes, p. 137. Digby, Vol. I., p. 133. Guizot, pp. 78-133. Digby, Vol. I., p. 118) of jurisprudence, and offered to barbarians, who formed kingdoms out of the ruins of the Roman empire, the model of civil government. Communes gathered around the monasteries and adopted their democratic discipline. Their assemblies were assimilated to the general chapters of the clergy, and were guided in their deliberations of the religious synod, which, frequently recurring, kept before the eyes of the world the elements of truth, order, and justice. Elective chiefs, like laical abbots, exercised executive power.

In the established monarchies, the sovereign convoked the prelates and barons and representatives of the third estate, or commonality. These were his counselors, and under the guidance of the Church, they knew and firmly maintained their rights. Historians tell us that the Catholic Church, in the ages of faith which preceded the sixteenth century, was exceedingly

dear to the people. There is no mystery in this, for the Church spread through all parts of the social system, and, sharing in their varied fortunes, was eminently the Church of the people. She was the model, the support, the comfort of the people. She was the parent of the poor and the humble; the instructress of the laity in their civil rights; the guardian of their characters; the mediatrix between them and the monarchs; the denouncer of all their wrongs, the active and indefatigable redresser of all their grievances. She taught all men, both by precept and example, a love of rational and well regulated liberty.

The Catholic Church rejected the absurdity that "monarchy is of divine right." The acts of the Pontiffs and the writings of her theologians testify that, under God, the people are the only legitimate source of civil authority. In the eighteenth century, Pope Zachary, writing to the French nation, says: "The prince is responsible to the people whose favor he enjoys for whatever he has: power, honor, riches, glory, dignity; he has received from the people, and he ought to restore to the people what he has received from them. The people make the king: they can also unmake him." St. Thomas of Aquin, Cardinal Bellarmine, and other Catholic divines maintain that civil governments are not of divine right; that their authority resides in the people. As the natural inference from this doctrine, theologians asserted the right of the people, under certain conditions, to depose the sovereign (see Balmes) who had abused his trust; to overthrow government which had oppressed the people. So argued professors of divinity at Paris and Salamanca.

So far we have seen the theory which the Catholic Church clearly, distinctly and consistently exhibits in the maintenance of popular rights and liberties.

It becomes us now to inquire how far this theory has been applied, and what are the facts which prove the benignant spirit of her constitution.

In the primitive ages of Christianity, the Catholic Church sent her apostles to combat the despotism of pagan emperors by announcing, with a fearless voice, the supremacy of the only true God, and the rewards which his justice will render to every man according to his works; that we must obey God rather than man. She sent her martyrs to seal with their blood the charter of man's rights, and with a last cry of the heart, against their sanguinary persecutors, in the words of St. Augustine: "To shame and change their cruel laws." She sent her glorious apologists, Justin, Tertullian, Origen, Arnobius, Lactantius, to compose those solemn protests against tyranny, which, stronger than the nervous invectives of Demosthenes and Cicero against Philip and Antony,— which made the imperial despot, even on his throne, recoil from and tremble at the very image of his hideous wickedness. When, after three hundred years of persecution, the Church received the emperors into her bosom, she bade them respect her rights and the rights of her children. The Emperor Valens assails the Nicene Creed. St. Basil, in defiance of threats, in disregard of prospective spoliation, exile, and death, interposes with the heroical firmness of a Catholic Bishop, and gains a splendid triumph for the truth. The Emperor Theodosius, in a paroxysm of rage, deluges Thessalonica with the blood of seven thousand of its inhabitants. Amid the deep and mournful silence which pervades the empire, the voice of one man only is heard,— the voice of Ambrose, the saintly Bishop of Milan, who denounces the atrocity and forbids him entrance to the Church, until the guilty emperor has done ample penance for his crime against the laws of God and the

rights of man. He opposes Valentinian in his unjust demands. He says: "A Bishop, with the gospel of Christ in his hands, may be slain, but not conquered." The Emperor Arcadius arrays himself against St. Chrysostum, Bishop of Constantinople. He bids him retire from the Church. What is the answer? "I received the Church from God, for the salvation of the people; but as the city is yours, if you wish to execute your will, expel me by force." When Attila, surnamed "the Scourge of God," rushed like a mountain torrent against Rome, with his barbarian hordes, who had the courage to confront this formidable foe and avert the calamity which imperiled the Imperial City? It was the great and holy Leo, the Supreme Pontiff. * * * The Emperor Marcian proposes Loos, contrary to the ecclesiastical canons. Three hundred Bishops, at the Council of Chalcedon, rise majestically from their seats, repudiate his interference, and maintain the independence of the Church. * * * Even at the tomb, the oppressor can not escape the punishment which he deserves. When the obsequies of William the Conqueror were celebrated, the Bishops, says the historian Thierry, denied him the honor of Christian sepulture, in consequence of his usurpation. * * * Who has not heard of St. Thomas à Becket, the Archbishop of Canterbury, whom Henry II. despoiled of his goods, expelled from his See, exiled from his friends and kindred, and at length, by the agency of his minions, murdered on the very steps of the altar, because the Archbishop would not succumb to a tyrant's will, and surrender the immunities of the Church which that tyrant at his coronation had sworn to maintain! * * *

Who has not heard of that aged Pontiff, Pius VII., who, torn inhumanly from his home, and cast sacrilegiously into prison, defied the colossal empire of Na-

poleon, and refused to abate one iota of the principles, or sacrifice the liberties of the Church, to gratify the absolutism of temporal power. The Emperor Alexander, in their interview at Tilsit, boasted to Napoleon of the homogeneousness of the Russian government, and the unreserved submission to his ukases, of his bishops, archimandrites, and priests. The conqueror of Austerlitz no doubt envied the Czar, for on a certain occasion, in allusion to the Supreme Pontiff, he said to the head of the university: "Monsieur de Fontanes, I was born out of my age. Alexander the Great could, without opposition, proclaim himself son of Jupiter; but I find a priest more powerful than myself, for he holds the empire of thought, whilst I will, only over matter."

Who has not heard of Archbishop Affre, the martyr Bishop of Paris, during the last Revolution in France? He and the illustrious Bonald, Cardinal Archbishop of Lyons, when the people had overturned the throne, not only gave in their adhesion to the new government, in the name of the French clergy, but published noble circulars to all France, urging "submission to the republic." Archbishop Affre, accompanied by his clergy, in one of his interviews with the king, Louis Philippe, had in his address demanded "not the protection of the government, but freedom for the Church." The king was incensed. In a subsequent interview, the monarch, failing to overawe and control the Archbishop, said in high indignation. "Archbishop, remember that mitres have been crushed." "Yes," replied the dauntless prelate, "but remember, Sire, that crowns have been dashed in the dust."

Who has not heard of Gregory XVI., when he confronted Nicholas, the late autocrat of Russia, and abashed that modern Attila by his sublime attitude of defender of the oppressed people of Poland, when he

reminded him of his accountability to God for the crimes he had committed against the rights of man and liberty of conscience?

The American Declaration of Independence announces our "inalienable right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." Who first preached, commended, maintained these rights? The Catholic Church. Who has transmitted to us trial by jury, taxation with the consent of the taxed, habeas corpus, and all the guarantees of the great charter of England? The Catholic Church. At the coronation of William, Archbishop Aldred exacted an oath, that the new monarch would govern his subjects with justice and clemency. When William Rufus violated his royal word, Archbishop Lanfranc remonstrated against his usurpations, and died prematurely, as historians tell us, through sympathy with the oppressed. It was a Catholic Archbishop, Stephen Langton, who stood by the side of the Barons of Runnymede, and instigated them to demand the great charter of the pusillanimous John — a revival of the charter, granted 150 years before, by Edward the Confessor. Another Catholic Archbishop induced Henry III. to confirm Magna Charta, which his father had infringed. * * *

To estimate the influence which the Catholic Church exercised over sovereigns, in defense of civil liberty, we should read the ceremony of coronation and the oath prescribed by the rituals. (Kenrick's Primacy, pp. 235, 236. Dub. Rev., XV., p. 26, note ——.)

In the whole range of English history, as well as in the history of all Christendom, as long as the Catholic Church held prominence and jurisdiction, you will find the duties of the monarch distinctly mentioned at his coronation, as well as the rights of the people; and when he dared to violate his oath, the Church is prompt to

impeach him for broken faith, and sanction the struggles of the people to recover their liberties. When, in the Middle Ages, the thunder of the Vatican smote the palaces of royalty, and sentence of deposition was pronounced by the Pope, it was the last resort, to protect, against the aggressor, the franchises of the people. Men in modern times, ignorant as well as ungrateful, loudly protest against this papal interference. They do not understand the state of feudal society; the directors of public sentiment; the necessity of this check; as they do not appreciate the benefits which have accrued to our fathers and ourselves. Protestant writers, Guizot, Voight, Huster, Boruke, Bancroft, admit that the Supreme Pontiffs were the conservators of the liberties of Europe.

In the contest between Gregory VII., and Philip I. of France and Henry IV. of Germany, the Pontiff employed a temporal power which public opinion and the consent of monarchs awarded him; and he employed it in vindication, not only of the rights of the Church, but of the rights of the people who had appealed to him, as their only protector and releaser of numberless wrongs.

In both instances, the Pope enumerates the enormities which the sovereign had committed in violation of their oaths against the people. The same may be said of the contest between Alexander III. and Frederick Barbarossa. The latter was an oppressor of the free cities of Italy, and, as such, the Pontiff condemned him. Voltaire remarks that the sacking of Milan, one of the most horrible events recorded in history, would suffice to justify all the Popes did against him. In testimony of their gratitude to the Pope, for his defense of their liberties, the Italian republic built the city of Alexandria, in Lombardy, near the famous field of Marengo.

The liberal and protective policy of Alexander was common to his successors; and under their auspices, Venice, Genoa, Florence, Pisa, Sienna, Milan, and their sister republics flourished during the feudal ages. An historian writes, that the free cities were more precocious and vigorous in Italy than in other parts of Europe. Their downfall was owing to the wars of the Guelphs and Ghibellines: the Guelphs fought for the independence of Italy; the Ghibellines sought to subject it to the sway of Germany. The Pontiffs were true to Italian nationality, and labored strenuously to expel the invader. They bade the people battle for their rights. If the tyrant triumphed for a time, the Pontiff, like the father of the Horatii, dared to say for his vanquished children, "Let them die," for out of their blood would rise up new hosts to combat, and from defeat would issue eventual victory. Liberty can not perish. What, even to this day, has been the glorious aim of Pius IX., but to restore to Italy her pristine honors and to shake off the foreign yoke which galled and oppressed her? Who but he awakened the lethargic people and breathed into their expectant hearts the desire and a longing for liberty? Who but he, in the singular generosity of his great soul, came forward, spontaneously, to sacrifice on the altar of patriotism his temporal prerogatives? His native land, awakened and quickened into immortal existence, might prove an exemplar to the world, and establish civil liberty on an eternal basis, in the brotherhood of nations. He is the victim to his own magnanimity. The recipients of his bounty riot in their ingratitude, and, like the warmed viper, bite the hand of their benefactor. What then? These degenerate sons of Italy will live their day, die, and be forgotten; or will be remembered only, as we gaze on the mountains of execrations which mankind will heap on their remains,

as stones are cast on the graves of murderers. But the liberators — Pontiffs of Rome — shall live in immortal story. The name of Pio Nono shall be the watchword of the oppressed, and on his tomb shall be engraven the sublime word chiseled on the Cathedral of Sienna, "Libertas."

The Catholic Church has been unceasing, as well as ingenious, in her efforts to improve the social state of Christendom. During the fierce and bloody wars which ravaged Europe, she built up every bulwark to defend the weak and persecuted. Guizot and Michelet, whose testimony can not be suspected, extol her noble exertions in the cause of humanity. She secured the right of sanctuary to the oppressed, and shielded, against all enemies, persons who fled for refuge to the temples of God; she enacted stringent canons against the wanton waste of human life in the tourneys; she proscribed the superstitious modes of testing by fire and water; she instituted the truce of God, which arrested all hostile operations during the latter part of each week. The major part of the European nations were serfs, subject to the tyranny of the robbers. Their condition was abject and pitiable. The check of a wise and discreet legislation remedied this evil of the social system.

The Church was ever on the alert to defend the liberties which she had happily established. When during the Middle Ages the ominous Crescent appeared on the horizon of Europe, it portended the ravages of a merciless foe, who had sworn the destruction of the religion of Christendom, and the ruin of the civil liberties of her followers. The Moslems were steadily advancing toward the heart of Christendom, and Italy, Spain, France, Germany, Greece, had felt the tread of the infidel invader. Where was the hope, the stay, the defense of Europe in that hour of darkness and peril?

In the heart of the Catholic Church. The Pontiffs, with a holy enthusiasm, united the distracted nations around them, and with consummate strategy, poured the martial hosts of the Crusaders into Asia. The contest was long and fierce. Man grew wearied and despondent. But the voice of religion was not hushed, nor its spirit subdued. Again and again, on high and cheering, was uttered the prayer: "Falter not, brave hearts; on, on, for the cause of Christendom and the liberties of nations." The battle was renewed; blood and treasures were lavished in the holy wars; but at length the Cross was triumphant over the Crescent, and the world was free.

Those were blessed ages of faith which secured to man, through the Catholic Church, the blessing and enjoyment of civil and religious rights. If the rights have not been perpetuated, if they have been curtailed, if they have been excluded from certain countries, the cause must be sought apart from the influence which Catholicity exercises over society. I intrench a few minutes longer on your patience, to discuss my subject under this new aspect.

In the sixteenth century, a mighty and fearful revolution clouded the nations of Europe. Let us regard some of the effects it produced. It is unhappily demonstrated that in all the countries where Catholicity had been abolished, civil liberties perished with it, and in those countries where Catholicity still flourished, the force of example, from without, abridged the franchise of the people. This may seem an extravagant and groundless assertion, but history substantiates it.

When Henry VIII. violated justice, honor, and every virtue, by repudiating Catherine, his lawful wife, he found an unconquerable enemy in the Catholic Church. How did he accomplish his object? By monopolizing

all power, by declaring himself head of the Catholic Church, by uncatholicizing England. Had Cranmer been as unpliant as Wolsey, would the king have perpetrated this grave crime to the scandal of Christendom? Had the resistance of Cardinal Pole, Bishop Fisher, and Sir Thomas More been general among the clergy and magistracy, would Henry VIII. have trampled all law under foot and torn in pieces the charter granted and confirmed by his royal predecessors? Would a Catholic Parliament of the olden times have condemned (to use the words of the sentence against Anne Boleyn) "without form of trial, to be hung or quartered, according to the good pleasure of the king," 70,000 Englishmen, whose only crime was to displease the capricious tyrant, the foulest monster that ever disgraced the annals of Christian monarchies?

Would the English nation under Catholic sovereigns have abandoned to scullions and minions countless abbeys, hospitals, colleges, fine endowments for the support and protection of the poorer classes: the suppression of which produced that frightful number of paupers in England, unequaled in any other country, whom $50,000,000 annual alms can scarcely save from starvation?

I have not time to pass in review the gross and unparalleled despotism of succeeding reigns; the monstrous pretensions of Elizabeth and the Stuarts, which made kings and queens divinities in England; enslaved the nation by their absolute will, and preached passive obedience, with blasphemous impiety, under the most unjust exactions. English history presents a sad picture of debasement among all classes, from the reign of Henry VIII., when the sovereign grasped the sword and the crozier, the scepter and the crown, the "head of justice," and the keys of heaven.

But I ask, What is the representative government in England at this period of vaunted civilization? The despotism of an aristocracy. In the House of Commons (the Liberal branch), composed of 658 members, are 376 connected by birth or marriage with peers, 63 officials, 140 military men, 135 magistrates, 108 pastors of church livings, all more or less connected with the government and bent to continue abuses.

What is the elective franchise? A freehold and the payment of annual rent give the right of suffrage; so that out of 28,000,000 of freemen, only 1,000,000 can vote. In England, one of seven male adults has this privilege; in Scotland, one out of eleven; in Ireland, one in seventeen. A small number of proprietors hold an iron will over 14,000,000 of operatives, whom an industrial bondage reduces to a worse condition than Southern slaves.

What more? Four millions of paupers doomed to hunger and want, kept in union workhouses, beyond which the laws do not permit them to breathe the air of heaven. I do not speak of the hierarchy appointed by laymen, or ministers of the crown, nor of plurality of benefices, overgrown endowments, immense revenues and tithes, oppressions unknown in Catholic times, when "Merry Old England" was free.

What is the political liberty of Germany? Guizot, after speaking of the general effects of the revolution in the sixteenth century, says: "The emancipation of the human mind, and absolute monarchy, triumphed simultaneously throughout Europe." And adds: "In Germany there was no political liberty; the Reformation did not introduce it, it rather threatened than enfeebled the power of princes; it was rather opposed to the free institutions of the Middle Ages, than favorable to their progress." But perhaps there is an improvement in the

present day. Let standing armies, censorship of the press, excessive taxation, subjection of the ecclesiastical power to the secular, oppression of the Catholic religion, long and arbitrary imprisonment, and other despotic acts, flowing from the usurpation, by the sovereign, of the spiritual and temporal power, give evidence; with the correlative facts of popular discontent and social disorders, and revolutionary struggles in the nation, to wrest from its rulers the grant of restoration of civil rights. The same picture of the decline of political liberty is exhibited in Holland, Denmark, Sweden, Switzerland, and in unhappy Poland.

In Catholic countries, the force of foreign example militated against political liberty. Europe being no longer united by the bonds of a common faith, the check of Papal interposition which kings and people had invoked, to maintain the equilibrium of power, was dispensed with. Pontiffs declined this umpirage, sovereigns became more jealous of their prerogatives, more distrustful of popular institutions. Then began the centralization of power, sure, for evermore, of the downfall of national independence. The Italian republics were abolished; the States-general in France were discontinued; the Corteses of Spain, despoiled of their vigor and influence. The violent commotions, excited by anti-Catholic parties in other parts of Europe, and some insurrections in their own dominions, offered a motive and a plea to Louis XIV. and Philip II., to build up the system of despotism; and both in France and Spain, after the sixteenth century, the civil power at the same time invaded the rights of the Church and restricted the liberties of the people. * * * In Austria, Joseph II. pursued the same iniquitous course; a worthy successor of Henry and Otho and Barbarossa, who had warred in feudal times with the Holy See, he

scorned all reclamations of the Pontiff and profited by the example of his neighbors to introduce a fatal absolutism detrimental to the rights of the Church and the rights of the people. (Piedmont.)

From the review of historical events, (confirmatory of the truths I proposed to you,) on which you have looked with a kind and patient attention, deserving of my grateful acknowledgment, I am led irresistibly to one conclusion. Give men such a spirit, organization, and record as the Catholic Church possesses,— that is, give them by the light of the Gospel a profound and uniform knowledge of their rights and duties; fortify the public conscience by a love of virtue and sense of responsibility in time and eternity; strengthen and verify this religious sentiment by the separation of the temporal and the spiritual power, by the establishment of a hierarchy divine in its teachings, and unmolested in its government, by the negotiation of its supreme chief, ruling with primitive and universal authority, and independent of all political power; in one word, make a nation truly Catholic in mind, heart, and conduct, and you will erect against despotism an impregnable barrier, and exhibit, with a halo of light, the benign influence of Catholicism on the civil liberties of mankind. If the Son of God (through the Catholic Church) "shall make you free, you shall be free indeed." (John viii. 35.)

"Modern governments," says Jean Jacques Rousseau, "owe to Christianity the stability of her promises, and the escape from frequent revolutions; it has spared them oceans of blood. This is evident from the comparison of ancient and modern governments. As religion enlightened the mind, she softened the manners of nations, and expelled fanaticism." (Letter VI. upon abuse attributed to religion.)

"Place before our eyes," says Montesquieu, (Esprit des Bois, 24, 3) "the continued massacre of kings and chiefs among the Greeks and Romans; and, on the other side, the destruction of people and cities by these very rulers, and we must admit that we are indebted to Christianity for political rights in governments, and international laws in war, for which we can not be too grateful."

Hear the noble words of Tertullian: "The Emperor is great only inasmuch as he acknowledges his Master in heaven. He belongs to God who made him emperor; before he was emperor, he was a mere man. The power which God has deposited in your hands should not be dishonored by tyranny, but regulated by the law." (Apostle to the Gentiles, 30, 87.)

Hear St. Chrysostom: "The throne of God is holy, because He reigns with justice and holiness and purity; let kings remember that He reprobates injustice, fraud, violence."

Hear St. Gregory of Nazianzen: "Respect your people, O emperors; recognize the great mystery of God in your person. He governs alone in heaven; He shares his power with you on earth. Act therefore as his vicegerent in the government of your subjects."

Hear St. Ambrose: "The emperor is in the Church, but not above the Church. A good emperor seeks the protection of the Church."

Hear St. Augustine: "When princes command things, conflicting with the laws of Jesus Christ, we must recognize but one Master who is in heaven; we must prefer the authority of the eternal Ruler to that of the temporal ruler."

Pope Gilasius marked the two powers. "It is the right of kings to be judges and arbiters of human things; but they have no right to preside over divine

things. Jesus Christ has distinguished the functions and duties of the two powers, the royal and the ecclesiastical. He willed the emperors to refer to the Pontiffs, to obtain everlasting life; that by their laws and authority they should secure to Pontiffs temporal peace and tranquillity."

Maurice of the Theban legions says to Emperor Maximus: "We are your soldiers, and we owe you military service; but our first chief is in heaven; we can not obey your orders and violate His; we dare not renounce a master who is also yours." (Sabastier, p. 131.)

CHARACTER AND TIMES OF PIUS IX.

If the virtues of the great and good are the common property of mankind; if their beneficent lives are the manual in which we read the duties, hopes, and destinies of our race, I think I can offer you, this evening, no loftier and more grateful theme than that which I propose to discuss: — the character and times of the present Supreme Pontiff, Pius IX.

Visit for a while that beautiful land, in which Providence has cast his checkered lot: Italy, fruitful in classic memories and storied monuments of faith; Italy, over which Pio Nono sheds the light and warmth of a generous spirit, when he strenuously seeks to bless its people with a wise and paternal sway, in defiance of the evil tendencies of the age, and the counteracting devices of wicked and ungrateful men.

Giovanni Maria Mastai Ferretti, born in 1792, at Sinigaglia, in Italy, received as the scion of a noble family, an education which qualified him for a calling, secular or ecclesiastic. Resigning, by the advice of the saintly Pontiff Pius VII., the military profession, he devoted himself, with the sentiment of a pious and religious heart, to the peculiar studies and functions of the clerical state. The first years of his mission were spent among the young, the poor, the miserable. Rome at this day recalls, with affectionate memory, the testimonies of that self-sacrificing heroism; and men, taught by him as charity boys, are now eminent by virtue and learning, and owe to his zeal their elevation from the ragged school to high official station.

From the midst of these humble, but most useful labors, Providence transfers him to novel and untrodden

ground. The plenipotentiary of Chili, after the disruption of the ties between Spain and her South American colonies, having addressed an earnest prayer to Rome to settle ecclesiastical affairs in that country, Pope Pius VII. took the request into consideration, and finally commissioned Monsignor Muzi, as vicar apostolic, and Canon Mastai as his companion. The language of the venerable Pontiff, in the brief, transmitted to the President of Chili, is highly complimentary to Mastai: *"Nobis apprime carsus, nostro polissimum consilio ad id numeris electus est."* "He was appointed to this office mainly at our own suggestion, from the great affection which we bear him."

With reverses and dangers on land and sea, the Papal delegates reached their destination; and after a year's sojourn in South America, returned to Italy. Pope Leo XII., who held Mastai in great estimation, enlarged the sphere of his duties and promoted him to honors of the Church, of which he had proved himself worthy. In 1827, he was made Archbishop of Spoleto, whence Pope Gregory XVI., in 1832, translated him to the Episcopal See of Imola.

Subsequently, this Pontiff created him Cardinal. I have hurried over this portion of the history of Mastai Ferretti. There are doubtless many incidents which we would delight to trace; excellence of character which we would fain develop, bright spots in that moral landscape on which the eye would fondly linger, as it lies in its sweet and mellow repose. But as these epochs are but the avenues to that ample range on which he is destined to act, I content myself with noting the influences which they exercised, in their diversity of events, on the character of the future Pontiff and the measures of his princely career.

As circumstances are the matrix, in which man is molded for good or evil, we are not surprised that Mastai's familiarity with the common world, at the beginning of his priestly labors, deeply impressed its effects on his affectionate and compassionate heart. In the streets and public squares, in the poor schools, the hospitals, the asylums, the recesses for penury and crime, he saw miseries to be relieved, wants to be supplied, sorrows to be alleviated, errors to be corrected, vices to be reformed; and this contact with the hard trials of life, to which the Catholic priest in his ministrations can be no stranger, lifted his soul in earnest desires for the amelioration of suffering humanity, and occupied his benevolent heart with practical designs for its accomplishment. The sequel has disclosed the treasures of that pure and benign heart, which are lavished on the indigent and distressed.

No one can approach Pio Nono without a thrilling sense of his genuine goodness. It is stamped on the broad, serene brow, it beams from the soft and loving eye, it spreads eloquently from the smiling and amiable lips. It breathes an atmosphere of kindliness, sweetness, and purity, in words and actions. It opens his palace and his heart to all alike, great and humble, rich and poor, simple and learned. Kings, princes, cardinals, prelates, priests, friars, servants, all are welcomed.

A French Grenadier sought an audience, to get the Pope to say mass for his comrade, killed in the Crimean War. The story runs thus: An honest, French Grenadier in Rome, hearing of the death of a comrade in the Crimea, went to the Pope, and touching his cap in military salute, said, "Mon Pape, I have a favor to ask; I want you to say mass for the soul of my fellow soldier." "Well," said the Pope, "it may be done, if you answer my questions. How long since you went to

confession?" "Mon Pape, I am an old soldier, and I tell you I have not been for a long time." "Very well; but listen, my son." "Mon Pape, I am a good Christian." "Prove it then," replied the Holy Father; "go to confession and come two days hence, and I will say mass for your comrade, and give you communion." The old fellow was caught; he shrugged his shoulders, bowed to the Pontift, and all was right.

Example of the valet of Cardinal Gousset, Archbishop of Rheims: When the Cardinal was about to leave France, he found his valet sick; the poor fellow had not been able to have an audience of the Pope. He declared that he must see the Holy Father. Escaping from his sick room, he rushed to the Vatican and told the officer in command of the palace his purpose. "But, my good man," said the chief, "you must put your name down in the list for receptions, and in a few days you will have this reception." "That is out of my power," answered the valet; "my master leaves Rome, and I must see His Holiness to-day." It was useless to tell him this was impossible, or against rule. As he persisted, so singularly, the officer told the Pope; he, pitying the servant, ordered him to be admitted, received him graciously, gave him beads for his aged mother, and dismissed him highly pleased. Search, meanwhile, had been made for him, in fear that an accident had occurred. The Cardinal himself came to inquire about him. "Oh, Your Eminence, I've had an audience of the Holy Father." As this was seemingly impossible and contrary to all usages, the Cardinal thought him light-headed and discarded his tale, till the valet showed him the beads he had received, and His Eminence found that the Pope had really gratified the poor fellow, in disregard of rule or ceremony.

The realities of the outer world in its many phases are unknown to men who pursue at home a secluded, monotonous routine of duties. The Almighty gave to Mastai the lessons of singular experience. He permitted him in his visit to America to run personal risks, to know the hardships, labors, and sufferings of man in every state; to witness the convulsions of society agitated by political storms; to admire the grandeur and providence of God in the marvels and government of the universe.

Careering over the tempestuous ocean in a small, frail, inconvenient vessel; traveling amid casualties and strange adventures; feeding on wild and meager fare in the mud-hovel of the savage; prostrated on a rude pallet by devouring fevers; standing in the midst of seemingly limitless savannahs, or gazing, from the acclivities of the cordilleras, on the majesty of nature in her multitudinous forms of mightiness and beauty; moving in society where new and unpolished modes displaced old formalities, or ministering to strangers in their spiritual and corporal necessities, he failed not to draw, from this extraordinary discipline, wisdom to enlarge his mind and heart. We ask not with the poet, why he was subjected to this ordeal. *"Iot volvere cagus Insignem prelate virum tot a dire labores."* God willed that he should be in thoughts and feelings a cosmopolite; a man of the world, in the sense of St. Paul: "All things to all men, that he might save all;" the magnanimous legislator, the father of Christendom, the enlightened ruler of Rome. Behold him in the beginning of his public career.

The position which he held as Archbishop of Spoleto and Imola served still farther to determine his character and fit him for the high administrative duties which he was commissioned to discharge. Spoleto

stands on a frontier line which then divided the disaffected and loyal provinces of the Papal States. Against this city marched two thousand insurgents with the ferocious will and predatory habits of brigands. They breathed ruthless menaces against the inhabitants. The clergy and laity crowded round their beloved Archbishop, and fervently besought him, as he was most obnoxious to the rebels, to fly to some distant asylum. The gentle, but heroic prelate refused to abandon his flock. Nay, more, declaring that these unhappy men were doubtless the victims of distress and objects of compassion, he resolutely, but with all the winning suavity of his manners, went forth to meet them with charitable expostulations. He told them with confiding frankness that he was Archbishop of Spoleto; that he pitied them as his suffering children; that he came to supply their wants and assuage their sorrows. Amazed at his moral courage, and overcome by his amiable gentleness, they paused in their course of havoc; laid down their arms, and secured by him in their necessities, returned peacefully to their homes.

ANECDOTE.

An agent of the police went to Mastai, Bishop of Imola, and having furnished him with a list of the names of some of the insurgents, and the places of their retreat, requested him to transmit the information to the government of Rome, that they might be apprehended. Mastai took the paper, read it attentively, and then, with a fixed and smiling eye, said, "My poor child, you do not understand my profession, nor yours. When the wolf is about to attack the flock, he is careful not to notify the shepherd of his design." And then, to the consternation of the informer, he cast the paper into the fire. At the earliest opportunity he dispatched a trusty

messenger to apprise them of their danger, and supply them with money to cross the frontier of Tuscany and escape into foreign countries.

We now reach a memorable period in the life of Mastai. The death of Gregory XVI., the reigning Pontiff, is proclaimed, and the Cardinals meet in order to elect a successor. To his surprise and consternation, the retiring and unambitious Archbishop of Imola (who was comparatively a stranger in Rome, where he had neither palace nor equipage of state,) receives the majority of votes. Overwhelmed with this result, in view of the majesty of the office, and the responsibility of the trust, he sought with tears to decline the tiara; alas! eventually for him a crown of thorns! But overruled by the voices of the Sacred College and the people, which he regarded as the oracle of God, he submitted to the sublime but onerous charge, and was enthroned, amid joyous acclamations, with the title of Pius IX.

On his accession, Pius beheld the social ocean heaving and foaming. The spirit of mischief was lurking beneath the waters. Voices clamored for reform, and men of superior intellect and patriotic forecast thought the period had come for the renovation of Italy. Pius had two paths before him, widely diverging: concession and coercion. He was a legitimate sovereign and held in his hand the crozier scepter, not only to guide the tractable, but to compel the contumacious.

His experience in Romagna, however, had not predisposed him to adopt a harsh policy. He boldly proclaimed an amnesty, and recalled, to their country and homes, the insurgents exiled by his predecessor. The amnesty heralded a new era: of concession on the part of the prince, of loyalty on the part of his subjects. Acting with good faith, the Pontiff advanced calmly but steadily in the career of feasible improvement; of

organic changes, in the administration of justice and finance. "When the present Pope came into power, he immediately entered on the work of reformation, to the great surprise of Rome, Italy, and the world. There is no reason to doubt that he was hearty in his efforts for the welfare of his subjects. He began as a patriot prince, actuated by sentiments of kindness and justice." *(Epis. Recorder.)*

Unhappily his benevolent designs were frustrated by extraneous and untoward circumstances. Paris, in 1848, is suddenly convulsed by revolt; Louis Philippe is hurled from his throne; the French republic rises out of the ruins of royalty. Naples, Tuscany, Piedmont, were shaken. Insurrections occurred, and the rabble, vicious and ignorant, demanded radical changes in the State, persuaded that France, the inspired model-maker for all Europe, charters the catholicon for all grievances. The Romans, an imaginative and impressionable people, vain of their descent, and boastful of their ancient republic, were affected by the widespread frenzy. They exacted a national constitution, unreflecting that a new code is not the offspring of popular whims and commotion, but the work of calm judgment, consultation, and experience. Pius IX., whilst he remonstrated against their folly, and lamented their precipitancy, which accelerated measures of relief and denied him time to consolidate his wise and equitable reforms, was constrained to hearken to the insane outcry and yield to the disloyal pressure.

The master-spirits, who ruled these unquiet and dangerous positions of society, were the Italian exiles, ultraists like Mazzini, whose object is the realization of a system, infidel and lawless, drawn from Rousseau's "Social Contract." The avowed aim of their principles, and the invariable tenor of their lives, is to disturb order

and subvert all power not their own. From the commencement of the reign of Pope Pius, they conspired covertly against him, until circumstances enabled them to unmask their treasons and boldly accomplish their nefarious ends. An English anti-Catholic writer (*Blackwood*, Vol. 33, No. 4) thus succinctly describes the spirit and designs of the radical party in Italy: "The love of plunder under the plea of reform, the hatred of order under the pretext of right, and the convulsions of society under the affectation of independence." Rome, forgetful of her honor, blind to her interests, and ungrateful to her benefactors, either yielded complacently to this infamous faction, or timidly abandoned their sovereign in his necessities. Anarchy was paramount. The mob, urged on by radical leaders, dictated insolent terms to the Pontiff. The Prime Minister Rossi is assassinated, in broad day, before the Senate Chamber, and his murderers are applauded and screened from justice; the Secretary Palma is shot in the Quirinal Palace, a short distance from the Pontiff; cannon are planted, musketry discharged, at the Papal apartments, and attempts made to set the edifice on fire; the Pope, insulted, taunted, menaced, commanded to abdicate, is imprisoned by the very exiles whom his amnesty had recalled; by the civic guard to whose hands, armed by himself, he had intrusted a noble confidence,— the guardianship of Rome. Oppressed with outrages, held responsible for the misdeeds of the usurping demagogues, Pius IX., weary and sorrowful, flees from his royal metropolis, and takes refuge in Gaeta, on the confines of the Papal States.

The robber band, whilst they give vent to their rage at his escape, hurry to its completion the tragedy which they planned. They proclaim the downfall of the temporal power of the Pope; the establishment of a

Roman republic; the government of democratic triunions. Every atrocity ensues. Witness the oppression of the moderate party — ostracized, maltreated, robbed of their goods and lives. Add the pillage of Church property, melting of chalices, bells, metal statues, balustraded tombs; orgies in the temples of God; parodies of religious rites; expulsion of the inmates of the convents; massacre of priests and bishops, amid horrid ribaldry and blasphemies. Add to this, mutilation of unique fabrics and monuments; vandal assaults on the fine arts; plundering of the museums and galleries; spoliation of rare coins, and antiques pocketed, or deposited with foreign bankers; the emission, in the short space of four months, of paper money and base metal to the amount of $4,000,000, in lieu of gold and silver, removed from circulation and put to the private credit of the peerless patriots and financiers.

Among a thousand of these villainies was the desecration of the fine old Church of St. Peter's in Montorio, near the Vatican; one of the most valuable and picturesque edifices of Rome. Tradition dates it as the place of crucifixion of the prince of the apostles. It is, moreover, interesting as the last resting place of Tyrconnel and Tyrone, (the Donovan, Vol. 1,) who were famed Irish chieftains, persecuted by the English government, exiled from their own land, but who found a welcome in the hearts and hands of the sovereign Pontiffs, above and below the soil consecrated by the blood of the martyrs of God.

Garibaldi, the pirate and ruffian, whom the world, ignorant and heedless of the truth, lauds as a hero, and urges to new crimes: — England, in its intense hatred of Catholicity, the caterer of the poltroon, Avezzana — also seeks other lands not her own. Garibaldi and his soldiers had occupied the Church as a barracks, and

whiled away their leisure moments by dishonoring the tombs of heroes who sleep beneath in their warrior shrouds, by sportively breaking with the butts of their muskets the exquisite sculptures and ornaments which adorned the interior.

Against this iniquitous usurpation of his temporal power, Pius IX., from his retreat in Gaeta, uttered his solemn protest and appealed to Catholic nations, the guardians of the Holy See, to maintain, he says, the right of his sovereignty — a right which in the actual order of Providence is necessary and indispensable for the free exercise of the Catholic Apostolate. This protest suggests two questions: Is the temporal power of the Pope legitimate, and therefore an inalienable right? Were the republic of Mazzini and the men who uphold it worthy our esteem and commendation? Let us examine these points:

The patrimony of St. Peter may be traced to primitive Christianity. In the very days of the prince of the apostles, "as many as were possessed of lands and houses, sold them and brought the price of them and laid them at the apostle's feet." (Acts, iv.) During the dark hours of persecution, the disciples turned their tearful eyes to the successors of St. Peter, and having, as the Gospel recommends, disposed of their earthly substance, constituted the Pontiffs treasurers and dispensers of the proceeds. Opulent converts contributed largely from their funds. Constantine (whilst we admit as supposition the donations ascribed to him) certainly exercised great munificence towards the See of Rome. Pepin and Charlemagne richly endowed it with Italian territory, wrested from the Eastern emperors, who had not protected it against the barbarians. The people of the exarchates, in Middle Italy, hailed with joy the transfer which secured to them the blessings of a tute-

lary and paternal rule. In fine, we have the large and princely bequests made by the Countess Matilda in the eleventh century. During the first three ages, the revenues of the Papal States, not only in Italy, but in different parts of the world, were expended in support of the poor, the interment of the martyrs, the construction of crypts in the Catacombs, the liberation of captives, the relief of desolated provinces. Afterwards, in the erection of churches, hospitals, asylums, schools, colleges: — as in the defense of Christendom against the invasion of the Turks.

History, which exhibits the Popes as temporal rulers from the earliest organization of political society in the West, demonstrates the validity of their titles and the justness of their sovereignty by records of legitimate acquisition of territory, administration of treasures, and government of its people. If Guizot lays down the true basis of direct government, when he says: "It must possess the judicial and ministerial offices, and the command of the forces; be in receipt of the imposts; have the disposal of the revenues; in a word, it must take possession of society and govern," we may claim all these attributes for the Papal government in earliest times; we may conclude with De Maistre, that "there is in Europe no sovereignty more justifiable (it may be thus expressed) than that of the sovereign Pontiffs;" or with Gibbon: "their temporal power is now confirmed by the reverence of one thousand years, and their noblest title is the free choice of a people whom they had redeemed from slavery."

Whilst I remind you, in passing, that the temporal power of the Popes is not essential to the eistence and integrity of the Catholic Church, and inseparable, as a mere human institution, from the Papal supremacy or universal government of the Popes, in spirituals and

dogma of faith, I beg to call your attention to the notable historical fact,— that Providence has singularly upheld the power in the lapse of ages; and that the inheritor of the fisherman's authority still rules at Rome, amid the catastrophe of nations and the downfall of dynasties. The ancient patriarchates, disunited from this central and principal episcopate, are prostrated beneath the feet of the infidel. Constantinople, its ambitious and haughty rival, as well as other Greek schismatic primacies, are but the organs or subjects of despotism in its ukase or finances. The hierarchy of non-Catholic countries of the eastern hemisphere is overshadowed by the lay power which creates and controls it (viz.: England, Germany, Holland, Russia, Sweden, etc.).

Rome is free in decisions and agencies. It seems wisely ordained that in a small but independent principality, the Vicar of Christ, charged with the administration of the universal Church, should exercise his high prerogative without partiality or suspicion of constraint. "Since Europe," says Fleury, "has been divided among so different, independent princes, if the Pope were the subject of one of them, there would be reason to fear that the others would not regard him as the common father of the faithful; and this would give rise to frequent schisms. We may then believe that, by a particular providence of God, the Pope is an independent prince, so that he can not be easily oppressed by other sovereigns."

This opinion of the learned historian is sustained by facts. In the early annals of the Church, the oppression of Popes Liberius, Silvester, and Martin, as their subjects, by the Eastern emperors, on account of ecclesiastical decisions which they disliked; in later days, the temporary residence of the Popes at Avignon, and the confinement of Pius VI. at Valence, and of Pius VII.

at Fontainebleau, manifest the conflict of sovereignties, and the tendency of arbitrary power in its own domain, to molest the independence of the Papal jurisdiction.

I do not seek to confirm this doctrine, by entering into the ethical question of the origin and rights of legitimate government, and the obligations of subjects. It could easily and forcibly be shown that from its peculiar relations to the people of Catholic Europe, as the domicile of the head of the universal Church, the patrimony of St. Peter's could not be diverted from the end which the original granters had intended. * * * On the contrary, the general aim of the revolutionary party in Europe, (as the history of the times incontestably proves,) is their own aggrandizement, and this they accomplish by the overthrow of religion and the violation of morality. They are rebels, not only against men, but against God. They begin their work with blasphemies and disorders. They manifest their religion by the profanation of the altars of Christ and the apotheosis of crime; their philanthropy, by robbing their fellow citizens, and wantonly shedding innocent blood; their patriotism, by introducing the most baneful of all despotisms — the despotism of the mob. Does such a foul and bloody scandal sully the lives of our heroic fathers? Let us not therefore misjudge our fathers in the revolutionary drama of Europe (Italy, Spain, Germany); these heartless conspirators, these men of secret societies, banded in iniquity and bent on every crime, by attributing to them purity of motives, or expecting happy results from their policy. Like their representatives, Kossuth, Garibaldi, and Mazzini, etc., they are utterly unworthy of the name of patriots. Oh, they may flatter our national pride by historical allusion and parallels; they may personally or by letters invoke our sympathies as martyrs of liberty; they may claim our guardianship,

as propagandists of our doctrines and founders of sister republics; they may talk pompously and with pictorial nonsense of humanity, destiny, liberation, and progress. They may even cajole us with impudent predictions of success and filch material aid from our coffers by republican bonds, worthless as their fidelity and promises. But if common sense and loyalty and religion can avail us to reach the truth, (notwithstanding the bitter remark of Oxenstiern, that the smallest amount of wisdom ordinarily leads and controls mankind) we may conclude, from a calm and mature judgment of their theories and actions, that they are the veriest charlatans, mock-heroes, in every sense, whose integrity is unsound, whose merits are ideal, whose love of mankind ends where it begins, in the narrow limits of their own breasts and in their pockets. But there is a heavier sin which we lay on the shoulders of these vaunted patriots of 1848, and that is high treason against the rational liberties of mankind. They defeated the wisest system of reform, and retarded perhaps for centuries the accomplishment of the noblest hopes of civilization. Pius IX. had said to the rulers of the world, "Hearken, ye princes, to the cry of the people; break the fetters which enslave them, and give them the freedom of the children of God, your common father. As successor to the oldest monarchy of Europe, as chief of Christendom, *I* am the first to carry into execution the counsels which I give. For the welfare of my people, I sacrifice many of my prerogatives. Imitate my example, follow in my steps, and try the gentle influence of love, instead of the domination of fear." Reluctant monarchs could not resist the pleadings of that persuasive voice, nor decline the trial of that auspicious example. A new spirit was breathed into the nations; and their cry, like the sound of mighty waters, went up exultingly to God. Then

came the whisperings of mischief to these pretended patriots, these plotters against the common weal, for their private, sordid interests. They drugged the drink of the people, and made them mad with folly and wickedness. They substituted fanaticism for reason, license for liberty, anarchy for order, infidelity for religious faith. The wise and the good stood aghast at the ruin which impended. They recoiled from the course which they had been honestly pursuing. Lovers of society, in just subordination to authority, preferred, in a choice of evils, the strong yet protective government of the despot to the aggressive and conspiring absolutism of the multitude; they preferred one tyrant to thousands. Arbitrary rulers availed themselves of the crisis; and as the epoch of insurrection is the epoch of repression, they recalled all concession, abolished all charters, reforged the chains of the people, and tauntingly proclaimed to the world, that the lesson which Pius IX. had given, was most unwise; that his experiment of regeneration had signally failed; that mankind were unfit to enjoy the liberty which he claimed in their behalf.

Alas! whilst we bitterly lament this woeful retrogression, verifying the aphorism: "that revolutions are begun by wise men and ended by fools," how can we fail to execrate the intense selfishness of these wicked counselors, who, provident for their own safety and enrichment, have cast back, perhaps into hopeless bondage, their misguided adherents.

THE PRINCIPLE, MATTER, AND FORM OF CHRISTIAN POETRY.

To obtain an adequate idea of Christian poetry, it is necessary to consider it under a threefold view: in its principle, matter, and form.

The principle of Christian poetry is the human soul, in so far as it has been modified, enriched, and elevated by Christianity, which we are obliged to admit, first, as a necessary consequence of the restoration of the soul by redemption, and, secondly, as the incontestable result of psychological studies applied to history.

The Incarnation of the Word has not given to man new faculties; but it has sanctified those which he already possessed, and in clothing them with sanctity, it has added to their power and intensity. In the second place, the supernatural light which has made luminous the relations of man to God has shed its rays equally upon his intellect and imagination. This has changed entirely the aspect of the world and its meaning. And thus the soul reacts in a new and different way upon the impressions it receives from the outer world.

This great revolution through the mystery of the Incarnation has brought its advantages to the heart and imagination, as well as to the intellect. The power to admire and love has increased in an inestimable way. Wonder has become an imperious need of many, and love has so entirely changed the meaning given to it in the Latin language, that the difference is as wide as that which exists between spirit and matter.

Paganism knew only one love — the love of self. The Roman carried this sentiment to extreme by sur-

rounding it with the prestige of glory and immortality. Without destroying the germ of this weakness, the Christian religion taught men to neutralize it by implanting in his heart another love, which implied the negation of self, and by this negation it restored the true relations of the Creator and the creature.

This new love was the love of God, cultivated by admiration and prayer. It is the direct source of another love, which, embracing all the members of the great family bought by the blood of Christ, pushed human egotism to its last intrenchment, and opened a new, wide and free field to all the noble instincts and aspirations of our nature.

This gave birth to a new hierarchy in the affections of man; a new and more elevated sphere was given to his intellectual and emotional activity. Under the guidance of the Christian religion, the altar of his country will not be the holiest upon which he will offer his greatest sacrifice. He will not worship at the shrine of a local divinity. His first wishes will be for the triumph of eternal truth upon earth, and the enslavement of intellect and heart to the hard patriotism of the pagan States will exist nowhere, except as painful remembrances of the pagan world.

But in proportion as modern societies organize upon Christian foundations, there appears a new love of country, one and the same, at its root and in all the branches of the great Christian family, but colored according to the traditions and special mission of each people.

At Rome this new love of country had its roots in the Catacombs, and Rienzi, with all the power and glamour of his eloquence, could not make the names of Fabius and Scipio more popular than the names of St. Peter and St. Paul. In the free cities and small States of Germany, this sentiment is mingled often with

the particular veneration of the inhabitants; a love for the Mother of God, or for some saint whose life was intertwined with local reminiscences. But nowhere does the love of country show it in so imposing and heroic form, as among nations chosen by Providence to be the outposts and bulwarks of Christianity — nations that had the glorious mission to affirm Christ in the face of those who denied him, and of fighting glorious battles for the honor of his name. Among these nations there sprung up a life of unbroken enthusiasm for a cause, into which national egotism could not thrust itself; where it counted for nothing; where the ideal type of Christian patriotism was formed. This new love of country finds a preferred place, therefore, in the annals of Spain and Poland, the two countries most disinterested in their wars, most rich in heroes and martyrs; the only nations in our days which have dared to brave the rationalism of the age, by introducing the honor of the Blessed Virgin to the camp and in veiling her image with the national flag.

After the love of God and country, comes the love for the institution and preservation of the family. It is in this direction of the love of the human heart that the influence of Christianity shows itself regenerating and marvelous.

Pagan love reached perhaps its most degrading form, in antiquity, in the family. Most frequently woman was a kind of domestic animal, the slave of man. Rarely had she the honor of being treated as a companion. She rarely mounted higher in the social scale. Those who were exceptions were anything but models of their sex. It is true that the Roman wife was assigned a higher place, according to Roman law — a place that was conceded to her, as long as the nation retained the early simplicity of republican morals. But her position

was not less prosaic and inferior, and when the Roman Empire began its work of universal corruption, the two sexes labored with calamitous emulation for their reciprocal degradation. In the literature of Ovid and other writers of the Augustine age, can be traced the lurid fire of consuming passion, that lowered the human race to the level of the beast — a disgraceful revelation, that finds its counterpart, to-day, in the poems of a Swinburne and the vomitings of a Gautier. Its touch was poison, and its voice was the breath of death.

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ORIGIN OF ART.

Hieroglyphics, like painting and sculpture, are in origin only a gross, rude imitation of nature. All human science flows from the mysterious, sacred writing of the primitive world. Its study is then very important, and we can hope to arrive at a true and complete philosophy of history when all hieroglyphics have been unearthed and deciphered. Three great nations have disputed among themselves the honor of discovering the key to open this treasury of knowledge. To Champollion, whom France crowns with the laurel of discovery, England opposes the claim of Dr. Young, whose work was entitled, "An Account of Some Recent Discoveries in Hieroglyphics," published in London (1823). On another side, Germany presents the name of the celebrated Dr. Spohn, who, in his very valuable and erudite "Memoirs," has laid down solid principles to guide the student in explaining these sacred riddles. But his learned disciple, Seyffarth, Professor at the University of Leipzig, in his great work, "Hieroglyphic Rudiments," reached new and unexpected results far more advanced and reliable on certain points than Champollion. Finally, Kopp, by his vast erudition, shown in his work, "Writings of the Past" (Schriften der Vorzeit, 1819), illumined the whole of the dark subject of primitive hieroglyphics. These last two authors, with Maspero, the greatest of living Egyptologists, are the teachers of the world in this branch of primitive art, this first writing of the human race. Hieroglyphic texts offer or present the image of all classes of being, comprised in creation. Among these monumental figures are the heavenly bodies; man of every age and rank, in all the

positions which the body is capable of taking, either in action or repose; the different members of his body are exhibited separately; animals, wild and domestic; birds, reptiles, insects; vegetables, fruits, and flowers; instruments, implements of war and peace — all are found forming a part of this mysterious alphabet of inscription. Geometry lends its aid in straight, curved, and broken lines; in parallelograms, polygons, circles, spheres, ellipses, parabolas. Imagination has stamped its creations upon these early monuments in fantastic forms and grotesque figures. All these signs or symbols are constantly mingled together, so that a hieroglyphic inscription, at first sight, presents a veritable chaos. Things the most opposed in nature are found in immediate contact, and the most monstrous alliances of creatures are depicted. And yet inflexible rules, intellectual combinations, a systematic science, directs and governs and molds these seemingly disordered paintings. Father Kircher, in his "Œdipus," a colossal work for the time, notwithstanding it is full of errors, had first tried to read the hieroglyphics of the obelisks of Rome. The ill success of his efforts disgusted savants for a time. Europe almost renounced forever the study of these ante-historic literatures and arts. Then came the Napoleonic expedition to Egypt and the discovery of the Rosetta stone, a hieroglyphic text, accompanied by its Greek translation. This furnished a correct clew to the stony or brick records of Egypt, Nineveh, Persepolis and Babylon. Great and well founded, was the expectation of scholars, when this key was found to unlock the wards and open the portals of these long concealed treasures. It was discovered by the French in digging on the redoubt of the fort St. Julien, near the mouth of the Rosetta branch of the Nile. It was surrendered by them, with other antiquities, to the

British Commander, Lord Hutchinson, after their defeat at Alexandria in 1800. It is now in the British Museum. Antiquaries at once recognized its value. It was found to be a decree in honor of Ptolemy V., sculptured 195 B.C., and written in three different characters: one Greek, another hieratic or sacred characters, the third enchorial or common characters. The most fortunate circumstance of all, proving it to be genuine, is that the last sentence of the Greek orders that the decree shall also be inscribed in hieroglyphic, enchorial, and Greek. From this a band of eminent linguists, such as Young, Rosellini, Lepsius, Bunsen, and others, have been able to clear away Egyptian darkness from the early history of that long-veiled country. Egyptology has thus become a distinct science, in which ancient art and literature are blended together. The first work to which the Rosetta stone gave life was Champollion's book, "Egypt Under the Pharaohs;" then "His Letter" to Dacier, "relative to the Alphabet of Phonetic Hieroglyphics," which authenticates and establishes the existence of a numerous class of primitive sculptured signs intended to express human sounds, which are not symbolic, but absolutely arbitrary. Lastly he published his celebrated work, "Précis du Système des Hiéroglyphiques." This was the first grammar of hieroglyphics. This work distinguishes three kinds of Egyptian writing: the popular or epistolographic, used by the people for the common wants of life; the hieratic, sacerdotal writing, used in books or papyrus; the hieroglyphic or monumental writing, sculptured on the friezes and facades of the temples, of which the first two are the reflection and abridgment. The first two are the stenography of the last. These hieroglyphics, properly so-called, executed in full design, and necessitating for their production the expert hand of trained artists, commissioned to adorn

the public monuments, could not have been for the people a secret language, since they were the source from which they derived their own popular form of writing. However, savants have found, in the forms of monumental hieroglyphics, proofs that bear witness to a primitively distinct origin of the sacerdotal language of Egypt. From this it would follow that the caste of the people and the caste of the priests had been two races, primitively separated. One, the more civilized, enslaved the other; a history which repeats itself without any exception in the cradle of all nations. Christianity alone has destroyed the consequences of this enslavement.

But these three writings, purely symbolical, would have revolved eternally in a vicious circle, without furnishing any expression to human thought, if phonetic writing, or the writing of sounds, had not come to their aid, and had not brought to them an alphabet already formed. The phonetic sign descends into each symbol like a soul into a body, to give it life and motion and expression. How was the marriage accomplished? History has no remembrance of it. Only just as the human mind advances from the image to the word, from sense to perception, from savagedom to philosophy and religion, so following Champollion, the phonetic alphabet, or the alphabet of sounds and letters, was the germ of the hieroglyphic language; and Seyffarth, going still further, proves that the Egyptians had letters before they invented the sacred symbols, and that it was only when they wished to write this alphabet more elegantly and in a way to strike the senses, that they reached little by little the sacred writings. Hieroglyphics were then not a deduction, but a deviation from an anterior alphabetic writing, cotemporaneous with a primitive or revealed religion, which had been

overturned by false prophets, founders of idolatrous forms of worship, eager to gratify the senses of man, in order to enslave them the more. The most astute act, in producing this servitude, was to retire the alphabet in popular use, and substitute a thousand images or dumb symbols, and cause science to return to initial darkness.

A sign, a pure image of a thing signified, becoming suddenly the writing for the thing itself, or conversely a hieroglyphic passing to the phonetic state, would be a thing impossible, if an alphabet of sounds had not preceded and taught them to write the name of the thing. Hence Champollion says in his "Précis du Système des Hiéroglyphiques": "Some think that alphabetical writing could spring from pure pictured writing. But how can any one conceive, that a writing which has no direct relation to language, a writing which paints the objects and not the words, could produce a system of painted or sculptured sounds! All representative writing, no matter how perfect it may be, will never analytically express the most simple proposition. It could only express it, at best, in a confused, jumbled method. It is not capable of suggesting the idea of a system of proper signs, that all will mark, one after the other, the elements of each of the words.

It is clear, then, that the primitive alphabet, disappearing after the dispersion of nations, after the first military emigrations, preceded these uncouth attempts at a sculptured language. The phonetic signs, describing sounds of the voice, images of material objects, were only a transformation of pre-existing signs of letters already shaped and known. Therefore Egyptian literature attributes to divine revelation all the sciences, to Thoth, or Hermes, the invention of the sixteen primitive letters of the alphabet. These, according to Greek

myth, were brought to Hellas by Cadmus. These sixteen characters, *a, b, g, d, e, i, k, l, m, n, o, p, r, s, t, u,* the invention of which can not be attributed to any historic personages, form all the articulate sounds of the human voice. The other eight letters added by Simonides or Palamedes, of Greece, are only modifications or emanations of these signs. Only the human mind, illumined by divine inspiration, without which we can explain nothing by natural laws, could originate a synthesis so profound and wonderful, out of which flows all the literature of all time. The great German Orientalist, Kopp, was therefore wrong in his conclusion that the original alphabet of man sprang from the Hieroglyphic. No one, it is true, can deny that all the alphabets actually existing, Greek, Hebrew, Phoenician, Syriac, Chaldean, Arabic, were the result of a slow corruption of images and symbols. But these symbols and images, or hieroglyphics, were only the debris of the great antediluvian shipwreck of knowledge, from which man, in time, recovered or reconstructed an alphabet. The labor of the human mind, sunk by the fall of man into sensuality and ignorance, was to reform this foundation of literature by art — then to spiritualize this art-alphabet more and more. Each step in this new intellectual journey was an advance, until the end was reached, namely: written signs that represented sounds of the human voice, that, variously united, would convey an endless variety of images to the mind. Before the time of Kopp, Champollion had already discovered three great relations between the figurative alphabet of the Egyptian and the Hebrew alphabet. Following this thread through the intricate labyrinth, Seckler has written a valuable work, published in German in 1822. The title is, "The Sacred Priestly Language of the Egyptians, and its relation to Semitic

word-roots as shown by historical monuments." Let me give you a few examples of the symbols employed by Egyptians, by corruption, as alphabetical letters:

The eagle, or the ibis of Hermes, the discoverer of the sixteen primitive characters, with an arm extended, is the figure for A.

An eye with the eyebrow is E.

Two feathers or leaves is I.

An owl is Ill.

A vase is B.

A flute is C.

A triangle or hatchet is K.

A lion couchant is L.

A broken line is N.

A square is P.

An open mouth is R.

A straight line bent back on the top is S.

A hand is T.

All Orientalists agree upon these interpretations. Again, each deity had its own emblem, a figure of an animal, which thus became phonetic. The beetle signified the sun; the ox, the goat, the serpent and other animals furnished the names of particular divinities. The first deviation in the course of hieroglyphic writing opened a passage to hieroglyphics, grouped after the custom of the Chinese, in which each complete figure expresses an entire idea. The sparrow-hawk represented the human soul; the idea of a fixed place was symbolized by an owl; the idea of mother by a vulture; that of a child by a perpendicular line or a goose; that of a king often by an asp or a serpent stretched out horizontally. But many other signs had evidently their origin without being attached to an image of the mind. This is proved by Seyffarth's tables, in which he compares Phoenician letters with the popular, priestly, and

hieroglyphic writing of the Egyptians; and these, again, with anaglyphics or writing, in which the images are more developed and resemble more nearly the objects. A great number of characters are clearly isolated; they do not spring from the figure of the thing signified. They repeat themselves, so often, that they can be regarded only as a point of departure, as the rude beginnings of the primitive hieroglyphics of these Orientals.

It is true that the Egyptian system of Hieroglyphics is much more perfect than that of the Chinese. Although this writing is not syllabic, the different inflections, or blendings of the sign, change the sense, and express modifications of the word. Thus for instance, the "square" signified *p* in Ptolemy, *phi* in Philippi. The vase of perfume is *n* in Antoninus, *ne* in Nero, *no* in Trajan. The open mouth first signified the letter *R;* but *rio* in Tiberius, *ro* in Caesar, *re* in Berenice.

These figurative and phonetic letters vary, then, in the course of Egyptian texts, after the manner of a declension.

But Chinese writing is far different; it is composed of primitive and derived characters: the first consists of simple and gross images of physical objects; the other, combined to form complex images, expresses a new elaboration of ideas. On the other hand, the simple characters do not unite among themselves, as among the Egyptians. They remain apart, but they vary their position to express different ideas, as the conjugation of a verb varies its endings to express different modes of being. Champollion found in Egypt only eight hundred and sixty-four elementary signs radically different; but Remusat shows a far greater number in China.

The words of the Chinese language are very short or monosyllabic, commencing with an articulation and ending with pure vowels or diphthongs. The language

is composed of four hundred and fifty syllables, which number is increased to twelve hundred and three, by variations of accent, and these serve for the pronunciation of many thousands of characters. So some hundreds of elementary words or syllables of which this language is composed, having been fixed by symbolical signs, the Chinese then made abstractions of their real signification, in order to unite them together as simple phonetic signs. From these mixed characters came the expression of new ideas and new words. This syllabic writing indicated by itself the pronunciation. These mixed characters are half figures or representative, and half syllabic. The image portion determines the sense and fixes the genus; the other, which is a group of marks, indicates the sound and characterizes the species. These characters make up at least half of the Chinese language.

The Egyptian language, on the contrary, although equally monosyllabic in its origin, did not end its words with vowels and diphthongs. Their primitive monosyllables were infinitely more numerous than the Chinese; therefore, the Egyptians could not dream of inventing a phonetic sign for each one of their monosyllabic words. Hence, it follows, they have much less of purely material hieroglyphics than the Chinese.

But in both empires there was a vast system, which expressing, at the same time, by a sign, the idea, the image, and the sound, inexorably covered with its network all human science as well as all imitative arts. Sculpture and painting were only a language, the grammar and dictionary of which were unalterably fixed. The enormous colossal column, as well as the smallest amulet, was the fixed sign of an idea. Art was only a means to paint a thought. The smallest and most delicate ornament of Egyptian architecture unites itself

directly to the idea, which motived the construction of the entire edifice. Design, sculpture, painting, mingled themselves in one single art — the art of writing. The temples, as their Egyptian name indicates, were only grand and magnificent *characters* representing heavenly dwelling places.

The hieroglyphics of Thebes and Memphis present very often hollowed writings, made with a sharp instrument on the sacred marbles. This anaglyphic writing seems to be everywhere the primitive sculpture; for it was the most easy and simple. By a curious coincidence, it is also the form of writing which the early Christians employed in the Catacombs, to figure their ideas. Having to create a new world of faith, they began their work, like primitive man, in creating a new world of knowledge.

It is necessary to distinguish the anaglyphics, or the historic religious bas-reliefs engraved upon the Egyptian walls, and the legends or hieroglyphic inscriptions which surmount them. These two kinds of sculpture have often been confounded. In this way — that is, by the use of the hollowing chisel — writing separates itself, little by little, from art with which it was first identified. When the human mind had passed the age of its infancy, these two branches of art became necessarily distinct. The victory of art, in as much as it is separated from writing, was, then, the last step in intellectual progress, in the primitive or ante-historic world. In truth a painting, though designed by Raphael, and colored by Rembrandt, will never be able to tell the names of the heroes, whom it perpetuates, their age, or the epoch of their deeds. It was, however, necessary to commemorate these facts by the brush, since it was, as yet, the only pen. In this use of the brush the nature of art was changed, and half of its power of expression was

absorbed in writing. Yet the paintings, separated from the text, proved what they wished to draw from them. Hieroglyphic paintings are no strangers in the New World; but the Mexican hieroglyphics are very different from the Egyptian. The Aztecs never really reached the culture of such a language blended with art. But they aspired to it with all their strange, barbaric talent. Rude as their efforts in this direction appeared, in the halls of Montezuma and on the walls of their wondrous temples, these efforts, not indeed as regards execution, but as a language of figures and signs, are something more than mere paintings. The corresponding of the Egyptian in painted language are lost. Their system of hieroglyphics did not develop to perfection. They reached their highest stage in the nineteenth century before the Christian era. They are divorced at that time from painting and sculpture, with which they were blended in the infancy of the people. But painting and writing remained none the less synonymous. Sculpture could move only in a narrow circle of feeling and sentiment. The brush was appealed to aid its poverty. Its supremacy among arts was confessed, when it designed the art by excellence, the art of writing. Still this fact proves that among the Egyptians true art was not yet born, for it begins in the history of nations only at the moment when human individuality finds itself sufficiently strong to act for itself — that is to say, at the moment when the order of conception and liberty can detach itself without peril from the order of law. Then literature becomes the sacred mold of thought and art; in its divorce, swiftly seeks all the varieties of the beautiful. But the more its freedom is retained, the less it is developed, the more it is enslaved. And inasmuch as humanity is not Christian, that is to say, still bound by the servitude of idols or the senses, individualism

can not become the foundation of either the political, social, or artistic order. So in art, the principle of progress is obedience to canon or rule. Without this, in the heathen world, genius, too feeble to struggle or conquer, can only encounter the false. It can never reach the true in art, which Christianity alone makes possible.

The services of hieroglyphic art to history and religion have been incalculable. The paintings, with which the Egyptians decorated the walls of their temples and tombs, are real illustrations of events which transpired during the reign of successive kings of Egypt. With the inscriptions, they may well be compared to one of our illustrated papers, in which historical events are illustrated by engravings and described in the letter-press. They bore the same relation to the history of those times, that an illustrated paper bears to ours; only they are more enduring. The British government has been at an enormous expense to recover these ancient monuments of history. In the deciphered treasures of the British Museum, historic Egypt has found a resurrection. The tombs have given up their dead, and the Pharaohs, numbered and assigned to their own age, are lying in state, with the records of their deeds — records as easily read as a page of modern literature.

The discovery of the Rosetta stone was followed by another, equally important in the science of hieroglyphics. It was the discovery of the great Inscription of Darius, by Rawlinson. On the western frontier of ancient Media, on the road from Babylon to Southern Ecbatana, the great ancient thoroughfare between the eastern and western provinces of Persia, he found an inscription on a rock seventeen hundred feet high. This is also trilingual; one transcript is in the ancient Persian, one in Babylonian, and one in Tartar dialect. This became an invaluable key to the various branches of

cuneiform or wedge-shaped or arrow-headed writing. The bas-reliefs on the walls of the palaces of Babylon and Nineveh have, in this way, been deciphered. The very bricks have hieroglyphic inscriptions on them. Cylinders of lake clay and green feldspar are found covered with them. No one can form any conception of the vastness of these historic records, until he has stood beneath the winged bulls, and looked on the slabs of Sennacherib's palace, now in the British Museum. Within the last twenty years, the continuous history of the great monarchies of the ancients has been read from these figured tablets. They are from beginning to end a wonderful confirmation of all the historic events recorded in the Hebrew Scriptures. The geography, the natural history, the ethnology of Egypt, as found in its hieroglyphics, accord with the account of the Pentateuch. The Egyptian towns mentioned by Moses are all recognizable; they are now well known to the modern Egyptologist. Pithom is the Patumus of Herodotus; Rameses is the Beth-Rameses, of which a description is given in a hieratic papyrus of the eighteenth dynasty. Migdol appears in the position assigned to it by Moses, on the northeastern frontier. The correctness of his allusions to the natural products of the country, its wheat, rye, barley, flax, his intimate knowledge of the manners and customs of the ancient Egyptians, can be no longer questioned. The position of the Egyptians with regard to foreigners, their hatred of shepherds, their internal government, the power of the king, the influence of the priests, their great works, the employment of foreigners, the use of bricks, and bricks with straw in them, the taskmasters, the embalming of bodies, the consequent importation of spices — all this is related anew by the voice of the hieroglyphics, as Moses wrote three thousand years ago. The life of the

Hebrew nation in Egypt is strikingly verified in the recent discovery of a painting, which is now known to be coeval with the birth of the Jewish lawgiver. It was found on the walls of the Tomb of the Pharaohs, under the great Temple of Karnak. The painting is a real commentary on the first chapter of Exodus. It places the Israelites before us, actually engaged in hard bondage, in mortar and brick. The process of brick-making is seen from the digging of the clay to the time the tale of bricks is counted. Again, to illustrate the service of this new science to religion, take the translation of the Borsippa inscription; it is a writing made by the order of Nebuchadnezzar for the rebuilding of Borsippa, which means the Tower of Confusion, or Babel, in the Chaldean language. This is the wording, as gathered from the figures: "We say of this edifice, the house of the seven lights of the earth, the most ancient monument of Borsippa: A former king built it, (forty-two ages) but he did not complete it. Since a remote time, the people abandoned it, without order expressing their words. Since that time the earthquake and thunder had dispersed the sun-dried clay. Merodach, the great lord, excited my mind to rebuild it. I did not change the site, nor did I take away the foundation stone. I put the inscription of my name in the tiles of the portico." The Jewish Talmudists have always asserted that the true site of the Tower of Babel was at Borsippa, which is seven miles from the northern ruins of Babylon. And now has been unearthed the record that proves the whole truth of the Bible story of the confusion of tongues.

The most striking confirmation of the Scripture account of the exodus from Egypt and the sojourn in the wilderness has been furnished by the reading of the Sinaitic inscriptions, which have been made by Foster

in his work, "The Voice of Israel from the Rocks of Sinai." Along the valley of Sinai, it has been known for centuries, that there was a series of writings upon the rocks which form the walls of that historic place. The first notice of them was written in the sixth century by an Alexandrian merchant named Cosmas. The work was written in Greek, entitled "Christian Topography," and he ascribed them conjecturally to Moses. These inscriptions were, until recently, in unknown characters. They defied the efforts of the ablest paleographists. They are found on the Sinaitic rock in thousands. The characters are everywhere the same, but interspersed with hieroglyphics of men, beasts, and birds. After the full meaning of the Rosetta stone was known, the Sinaitic character or alphabet was proved to be the same. The language was not Hebrew, but ancient Egyptian. The inscriptions confirm: 1. the Scripture account of the passage of the Red Sea; 2. the miraculous supply of quail, or "feathered fowl," in the desert; 3. the miraculous supply of water from the rock; 4. the prayer of Moses when his hands were sustained by Hur; 5. the biting of the fiery serpents, and the healing by the brazen serpent; 6. the obstinacy and stubbornness of the Jewish people, which is represented in several inscriptions by the wild ass. So the whole study of hieroglyphics impresses us with the conviction, that as the natural history of the earth was written in fossil hieroglyphics upon buried rocks, so the religious history of our race is written in large part upon rocks above the ground.

ST. IGNATIUS, THE FOUNDER OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS.

The majority of mankind represent nothing but human nature in its average aspect. Great men endowed with great minds, great saints possessed of souls enriched with rare and special graces, rise in the annals of the world, like tall sons of Anak, pursue a lofty and shining path, strike out a distinctive line of action. They have an accentuated character, a pronounced individuality, that impresses its form and color upon the rest of the world. * * * A youth reared in luxury, nurtured in idolatry at a royal court, trained to the profession of arms, a thirst for human praise, and the glory of the battle-field, these certainly to narrow, human vision are poor, unpromising elements, out of which to mold the hermit of Manresa,— the master of a new and illustrious school of saints, the founder of a religious order, whose matchless success in defending the Church is attested by the ceaseless hate of its enemies; a Christian Maecenas, who quickened anew a love of learning, and has filled the world, by the labors of his spiritual sons, with famous colleges and universities; a creator of an army of missionaries who have carried the cross into every pagan land, sanctified by their sufferings, wet with their tears, and reddened with their blood. But God saw in the rare union of a great, calm, cold intellect, fit to rule; with a large, impulsive, loving heart, capable of holding and directing, like a magnet, the affections and energies of others, the needed instrument for the destruction of the strongholds of paganism, for the defeat of new-born, powerless heresies, for the widespread revival of learning. Into the soul of

this glory-loving soldier, who stood in the path of death, when all others fled, God poured the bewildering, purifying light of grace. The work of transportation was done. As he lay stretched upon a bed of torture, waiting for his wounds to heal, tales of Christian prowess, more strange than legendary stories of the Paladins of his own sunny land, fell into his hands. The lives of the saints for the first time revealed to him, that there were richer trophies than those gathered on earthly battle-fields, that there were far greater victories, imperishable crowns, compared to which all the honors of men are idiot wreaths of withered leaves. God thus struck the strongest chord of his heart, and it rang at the new music of a divine ambition. The strong, mastering passion of his life was turned for mighty action into a new, heaven-made channel. The soldier, struck down in the breach of Pamplona, rose up armed with divine strength, to defend the walls of the earthly city of God. The command of his new leader, "If any one will come after me, let him sell all that he hath, give it to the poor, take up his cross, and follow me," he joyously obeyed. Every golden band was broken, every silken tie that held him bound to the world, was snapped. He swears fealty forever to the King of Kings; he hungers for the shame, the dishonor, the reproach, the suffering of the cross, as so many proofs of a fidelity to Christ, which never for a moment failed; as so many tokens of loyalty, that never for a moment swerved. So, from camp and court and battle-field, from the world and its glittering vanities, he passes to the silence of a year of prayer and penance in the solitude of Manresa. For forty days the Jewish lawgiver dwelt with God on cloud-covered Sinai, to receive a law for the government and guidance of the hosts of Israel. When the veil was broken

and he returned to his people, his face shone with a glory that he wist not of. That lonely cave of Manresa witnessed far greater favors, more stupendous miracles, than Sinai. Before the wondering, spell-bound gaze of Ignatius, God unrolled, in writings of living light, the mysteries of faith which float unseen, ungrasped, infinitely beyond the reach of the strongest human intellect. In the midst of that light of heaven, looking upon God, as it were face to face, this soldier, untaught of men, unacquainted with letters, wrote, under the breathing of divine inspiration, in thoughts that breathe and words that burn, the most perfect treatise on spiritual life. Had he left no other testimony of his intercourse with heaven, this work alone would have given him a place among the canonized of God. The hermit of the mountain cave returns to the haunts of men to accomplish the great work to which he is called. Nine years of preparation pass, and the Company of Jesus is formed. It is an event that marked a new and glorious epoch in the history of the Church. It is the opening of a brighter page in the history of the world. In the gray of the morning, on the Feast of the Assumption, 1534, a body of seven men climb the sacred heights of Montmartre, that overhang, like a guarding sentinel, Paris, sleeping below. It is a place worthy of the solemn, memorable act, from which the Society of Jesus sprang into existence. The family that is to enrich the Church with eight hundred martyrs, finds a birthplace where, long centuries before, St. Denis and his two deacons had offered their lives for Christ. In this, now doubly sacred crypt, the seven kneel before the veiled presence of their divine Master, to take the four-fold vow, since taken by thousands who walk the same path of self-sacrifice for their divine leader, whose name they bear, whose cause they have ever valiantly

defended, whose kingdom they have extended to the extremes of earth. From the door of that crypt, as these soldiers of Christ went forth, to rekindle the dying flame of faith in Christian Europe, or to plant the cross in strange, heathen lands, a new torrent of divine love from the Sacred Heart was poured out upon the world.

The Gospel tells us, that on one occasion our Lord slept while the boat of Peter was tempest-tossed and threatened with destruction. At the cry of his affrighted disciples, he rose, and at his command the sea sank into waveless calm. What he then did to save the bark of Peter, he has done, again and again, in the trying periods of the life of the Church. The protecting hand of his providence is ever stretched over it, and most signally displayed when all human power is helpless. Never was this divine, constant watchfulness more emphatically revealed by any event, than by the institution of the Company of Jesus.

The sixteenth century was in the middle of its course, when Luther, the apostate monk, was deluging Germany with his impious errors. The northern nations of Europe had been torn by heresy from the arms of the loving, fostering benefactress, to whom they owed all their greatness. Men's minds were disturbed with strange thoughts; unbelief and doubt were taking the places of faith. Long established principles of religion were being fast undermined by the repeated and desperate attacks of a pernicious, yet fascinating system, which, denying the necessity of good works for salvation, perfectly harmonized with all the corrupt inclinations of the heart. The political, as well as the religious world, was in a turmoil. The Reformation had kindled the firebrands of war. The doctrines of the Reformers, in declaiming against all knowledge acquired by reason, were a death-knell to all science and learning. Had

they prevailed, a Protestant historian admits, the universities and colleges would have fallen into ruins, and the cultivation of letters would have disappeared from Europe. All society at this period was in a universal ferment over the discoveries of a new world. It was in a transition state, and rapidly approaching a crisis; a spirit of restlessness, of great fears, and greater hopes, pervaded men's minds. The war against the Church did not follow in the path of heresies that had been fought and killed; the outbreak of the sixteenth century was a brutal roar against all supernatural authority. It aimed by its principles at the extinction of the whole supernatural order of the world; it taught a gospel by the doctrine of private judgment that sanctified every lawless passion. In this state of things, to stay the devouring flood of heresy, to relight the extinguished lamp of learning, and to lead, to the captivity of Christ, the Indian of the Western and Eastern world, God raised up St. Ignatius, and his illustrious Society. They were poor as their Divine Master, in this world's goods, and had nothing to recommend them but their virtues and talents. Their appearance was hailed with derision by heretical enemies. Nay, even the reigning Pontiff hesitated before he approved the Institute, thinking there were in the Church religious orders, sufficient for its wants. The unwearied patience of Ignatius and the sweet providence of God prevailed. "The finger of God is here," exclaimed Pope Paul III., when he learned the wisdom which the Institute displayed. Then, under the approbation and blessing of the Church, Ignatius sent forth his noble band of sacred warriors, which was to gather its laurels on many a hard-fought field. Its position has ever been in the van, and wherever the battle between light and darkness, truth and error, raged fiercest, there was found the Jesuit banner, with its soul-

inspiring motto, " For the greater glory of God," waving over the hosts of the Lord, and leading them on to victory.

What the world owes to the divinely guided organizer of these spiritual Janizaries of the Church, has been comprehensively told by an eloquent Dominican, Lacordaire, the most eloquent of men, I think, since the days of St. Paul. " History," he says, " has kept a faithful record of the labors of the children of St. Ignatius."

AN EVENING TALK ON LAUGHTER.

It seems as if our passions, using the word in a good sense, require, at the various stages of their development, new forms of gratification. Every one knows this, you will say. Perhaps so; yet are not the truths best known, the least thought about? Of all who know this truth, either by reflection or experience, how many trace beneath it a great law of our being — so aptly expressed in the well-known words of St. Augustine: "*Domine, fecisto nos ad Te; et inquietum est cor nostrum donec requiescat in Te*" — "Lord, thou hast made us for Thee; and our hearts have no rest, till they rest in Thee."

A man recently made a fortune by picking out specks of gold from the heaps which the miners had cast up and abandoned. They were in search of nuggets, and despised the smaller grains which rewarded his perseverance. And how frequently the richest findings of philosophy are in the common-place incidents of life! In circumstances and places, that seem wholly uncongenial to it, the poet's heavenly attuned ear discerns a sweet undertone of harmony, which all the hurly-burly of sin and misery can not drown.

Now *laughter* is common enough, though, despite many profound physiological explanations which have been written about it, we think very few appreciate its moral worth and import. We are sure something agreeable can be said about the subject, eschewing all dry definitions — some reflections appropriate to the returning Yuletide, a season dedicated to laughter and her sisters twain, mirth and jollity.

Laughter may be metaphysically defined as the out-

ward expression of an inner sense of mirth. (You will not find such a definition in any of the metaphysical works, because they are generally a very dull set, and seem to regard mirth with suspicion.) Like every other passion, it has its healthy and its harmful side. But, unlike all other passions, its harmful side is only intellectually so. They deteriorate the body as well as the soul, but this, never, unless it conduces indirectly to obesity, which may not be considered an unmixed evil. The harmful side of laughter arises from a lack of mental discipline, when the sense of mirth becomes like an unbroken colt that can not be held in, but kicks up its heels and scampers off, regardless of consequences. Even laughter, we must grant, can have its harmful side. The laugh of the skeptic is sometimes more dangerous than any argument his distorted mind can form. It is an assumption of intellectual superiority that humilitates and makes the unthinking feel small. The sage compares it to the "crackling of thorns under a pot." What a bright blaze they make; how the flame sparkles and dances in the chimney. But *how quickly it goes out!*

It would be too unworthy of notice, but that it is so common nowadays and does so much harm to young minds, by making them cowards. Because also it brings to its aid profanity, irreverence, and levity, shooting its poisoned shafts at sacred things, and sparing nothing in its recklessness. It is the laugh of the skeptic that too often succeeds in making ignorant, inexperienced people believe a wretched, worn-out lie, that, like the Wandering Jew, seems ever stalking abroad and turning up in unexpected places. One of these falsehoods is — that *sincere religion is a foe to real enjoyment.* How often have you heard that refuted. Yet how many have a secret misgiving, after all, that it is true. Else why such

a forbidding aspect of *pious* tartness, such an acidity of manner, such a lack of geniality, such a something, that makes kindly natures give many so-called religious people a wide berth, as they would an east wind? Whence come these epithets of "*wet-blanket*" and "*kill-joy*," which are so often the most accurate description of people otherwise estimable? It is from this moroseness, sadly mistaken for piety, that first sprang the mendacious libel on religion, that it is the foe to amusement and mirth. Such persons are walking caricatures of piety, and sometimes do more harm than the avowed enemies of religion. Their religion is summed up in the witticism, that the Puritans stopped bear-baiting in England, not because it worried the bear, but because it amused the people. Did you ever read St. Paul's definition of religion? "Righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost"—two-thirds *peace and joy*. But judging from the ordinary ways of many so-called religious people, one would conclude that they regarded religion only as a very effective recipe for becoming miserable.

St. Paul's definition is the history of true religion epitomized. If you have the deep, rock-springing fount, the rill that flows from it must be sparkling, clear, and bright. It can not help it. It is a law of its nature. And mirth is a natural sequence of purity of heart. Did you ever wonder why the lark sings? For the same reason that the baby crows and laughs. They can not help it. I love to look at that parable of a true Christian which we often see in the country fields in summer time. Some little tot just able to talk, romping in a sunny meadow, making daisy chains, and crowning herself with garlands like a queen; bubbling over with artless gayety, shouting and singing and laughing for very gladness of heart. What emphasis this gives to the divine sentence: "Become as little children." Now this

divine philosopher was very different from the cynic who said:

"A joke on all things, all is dust, all naught,
For from a senseless world are all things wrought."

If you could have compared this man's laugh with that of the aforesaid child, you would have at once detected the difference. The one is as the music of the flowing brook, like "bells at evening pealing" or song of earliest bird, suggestive of purity and peace. The other, "like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh," suggests the disquiet of a soul embittered by the remembrance of sin.

Not only is the natural mirth of childhood a true exponent of the healthful side of laughter, but it is a continual protest against all modern Gradgrinds who would repress it. God has implanted this instinct as much as any other, and intended it to be lawfully gratified. We can not help thinking that those who would repress innocent mirth are as lacking in good sense and taste, as those who indulge in unseemly mirth. And this brings one back to the point from which we started, and from which we may seem to have wandered. But the digression is in strict keeping with the subject. We said that it seems as if our passions at various stages of their development required new forms of gratification. It is certainly so with laughter. The subjects that afforded mirth in childhood no longer excite a smile. We are astonished that they ever should have done so. Is it that they are changed? No, the change is in ourselves. We have lost that hopefulness and elasticity of spirit, which invested all things with its glamour, and evolved the underlying poetry of life. Experience has made us hard, matter of fact, cynical, perhaps; not as strongly convinced, as we were, of human honesty, and more disposed to laugh *at* folk than *with* them. We are

not speaking of those amiable beings, who, like Nicodemus Dumps, are only happy when they are making others miserable, but of the generality of men. It is not easy to make them laugh *honestly*. If it were so, should we behold the wretched verbal wrigglings and phrase contortions that pass for humor in the journals of this age? Wit is undeniably declining in the world. Yet perhaps this is less because of a lack of genuine humor in the world, than because the kind that *takes*, that excites, must be seasoned with objectionable condiments — in fact, because men have forgotten how to laugh *honestly*.

But it is refreshing to turn to the comfortable doctrine of the wise "remnant," as Matthew Arnold calls it. There is a remnant, we fear a small one, which ever retains its youthfulness of heart — "the senex puer," "the child's heart within the man's." Their appreciation of a good things is as keen at eighty as at eighteen. Their path in life, however rugged, has ever some bright wild flower of gladness blooming beside it. They are the jolly old fellows welcome at Christmas time, whose presence diffuses an atmosphere of good humor, as genial as the warmth of a mighty Yule-log. They are the fathers, who are eagerly awaited in the evening, around whose neck delighted children hang, and whose capacious pockets reveal tokens of loving thoughtfulness. They are the men whose shakes of the hand heartens a man up, when despondent, whose "God bless you" sounds like a benison, indeed. You see them in life's eventide, the pet of children, who "climb their knee, the envied kiss to share," as childlike as the youngest. Their hearty laugh has no sour undertone, and of such we can say:

> "Age can not wither him, nor custom
> Stale his infinite variety."

Thank God, all of us can put a name to such a picture. We were some time ago reminded of it, reading an anecdote of Henry IV. of France. An ambassador found him one morning crawling on the floor, around a large table, with his little son on his back, whipping him up like a horse. The ambassador looked amazed, but the King merely asked him if he had any children. Receiving a reply in the affirmative, he added: "Then I shall take another turn around the table." So, also, a late Lord Chancellor of England used in the mornings to play at marbles with his grandson, and he used to show his winnings with a look of pleasure. Here was true wisdom: the King could lead in battle, the judge decide causes as well, perhaps better, for playing at pig-a-back, or at odd and even. It is a religious act to make a little child happy, and, like mercy, this happiness is "Twice blessed; it blesses him that gives and him that takes."

It was said long ago by a sarcastic wit: *"Les Anglais s'amusent tristement"*—"The English amuse themselves sadly." And it may be truly said, that many of our countrymen also amuse themselves sadly, though less so than the English. Professor Huxley thinks this is due to phlegmatic temperament. It may be in part, but we think its origin may be traced to the depressing influence of Protestantism. We feel all the more convinced of this from this fact: Darwin said there were two things for which he could see no necessity—poetry and religion. In substance, this was the creed of John Stuart Mill, of George Eliot, and of Carlyle. We doubt whether four more unhappy people could have been found anywhere. There is a natural sequence between godliness and unhappiness, which proves that happiness is independent of external things.

> "The mind is its own peace, and in itself
> Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven."

In old Catholic times, as the Christmas carols run, England was called "Merrie England.' Could it be called so now? And why not? There was probably as much misery in that island then, as now, though under different aspects, with the added wretchedness of serfdom and the tyranny of feudalism. Yet all history proves that the people were livelier and merrier. This was owing to the wise care of the Church. She stepped forth as the poor man's protector, and broke the grinding monotony of toil by her festivals. Then the plow and the anvil were abandoned for

> "Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,
> And laughter holding both her sides."

There was as much work done then, as now, for John Bright, in an eloquent advocacy of the Saturday half-holiday movement, says: "Our people need time for recreation and amusement, and no employer is a loser by granting it judiciously."

When the Reformation abolished the feasts, popular custom was, for a while, too strong for its interdict. The old days were kept up in Protestantized countries, and still survive, to some degree, after three centuries of repression. Wherever this is the case, the people are merrier than elsewhere. For there is so much truth in the homely proverb, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

Julius Caesar esteemed Cassius dangerous because he never laughed. And the populace which is ground down by toil, unrelieved by wholesome intermission of rest, contains within it the element of danger: the danger of the jaded beast, that, roused to wrath by continued ill-usage, turns to rend its oppressor. Wisely, therefore, in Protestant England, Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide have always remained seasons of rejoicing. Those who understood next to nothing of the religious

significance of these festal times, have received from their Catholic ancestry the tradition, that they were times to make merry and be glad. Just think how much smoother the creaking wheels of life would run, if they were lubricated with the "oil of gladness." If men could be taught to see "the brightness that is in the cloud." If, like St. Paul, they might be "though sorrowing, yet always rejoicing." This is what true religion essays to do. The King who was wounded on the field of battle, plucked out the dart from the wound, hurled it at his assailant and slew him. This noble conduct, this manly pluck, is emulated by the true Christian who vanquishes sorrow by cheerfulness and laughter.

Now we are come round again to Christmas, that ancient festival, whereby Holy Church perpetuates, from year to year, the knowledge of the Incarnation among mankind. Around it, what hallowed associations cling! The old carol song still thrills the weary, wornout heart of the world:

"Wreathe the holly, twine the bay,
Christus natus hodie
Ex Maria Virgine.
Sirs, be merry all to-day,
Venite, adoremus."

With its quaint blending of religious and secular phrases, it is a memorial of the time, when, by the beneficent influence of the Church, for one day in the year, the barriers of caste were broken down; and rich and poor, high and low, were drawn together by the blessed heavenly news: "Peace on earth, good-will to men."

This Christmas talk is ended. But before we shake you by the hand, let us ask you to contribute your mite towards this work, for which religion is shining. She wants to make all men happy; can not *you* make *some one* happy? In the home circle, there is the patient,

toiling wife, scrubbing and scouring for Christmas-tide — a pleasant smile and a cheering word will help her wonderfully. There are the poor, whom Christ on his birthday made his own kith and kin, and clothed them with the purple of his divine royalty. Can not you bring the gladness of the season to some one of this large, loved family of the Prince of Bethlehem, by your charity? Then your own hearth will be cheery; your laugh will be true, honest, genuine, when the lamps are lighted, and Santa Claus is eagerly expected; when tales are told, and jokes repeated in heaven and on earth, and a kindly heart and a good conscience are wishing you "A Merry Christmas."

BOOK III.

ARTICLES AND LETTERS FROM THE CATHOLIC TELEGRAPH.

THE INFALLIBILITY OF THE POPE.

[From the *Catholic Telegraph*, November 4, 1869.]

The enemies of the Holy See, whether they be classed under the title of Protestantism, the generic title for all modern heresies and religious errors, or are numbered in that small imbecile party called Gallicans, are considerably alarmed lest the approaching Council should place the seal of faith upon the personal infallibility of the Pope. In anticipation of this decision, and in the vain and foolish belief that their opposition will control the action of the Council, should it seem good to the Holy Ghost and the successors of the Apostles to make this definition, they are flooding the reading world in England, Germany, and France with brochures and voluminous works to prevent this declaration. These writings are as different in tone and argument and scope as the religious sources from which they emanate. The Protestant writers are reburnishing and repairing their rusted and broken dialectic weapons for a tilt against the primacy of Peter. The serpent of Gallicanism is being nursed into a spasmodic life by the writings of Maret and the alliance of a party that oppose this decision, not on Scriptural or traditional grounds, but through a spirit of nationalism. They have assumed for their cause the shibboleth of liberalism, and have drawn into the vortex of premature dissent from the constant teaching of the Church on this point some few eminent Catholics, whose faith is beyond question, who are fully convinced that the Vicar of Jesus Christ is infallible when he speaks *ex cathedra*, but who have unreasonably judged that the time is inopportune for the promulgation of the dogma as an article of faith.

In their eyes it will impede the progress of Catholicity; it will arrest the religious movement which is now drawing so many into the bosom of the Church; and it will close the doors of reconciliation and reunion against the Eastern schismatics. However sincere these fears may be, they are not born of genuine Catholic faith; they are tainted more or less with a mistrust of God's directing presence in the welfare of the Church; "they are vain imaginings against Christ the Lord;" they are not the voice of Catholic truth, that has found safe shelter, amid the storms of ages, only upon that eternal and unshaken rock upon which God has built his Church.

About this personal infallibility of the Pope, many Catholics, as well as the greater part of Protestants, have many vague, inexact, and false opinions. The defenders of Papal infallibility do not teach, as many ignorantly assert, that the head of the Church is infallible in all things and at all times, nor that all his words ought to be invoked as a rule of faith. His judgments are free from all danger of error when they are spoken *ex cathedra*. The question, then, arises, what are these decisions, and how are we to distinguish them from all other declarations? The distinction involves a difference so wide and transparent that there is no danger of error or deception in making it. The great doctors of the Church, who have introduced the term *ex cathedra* into theological parlance, agree upon the one precise sense that has ever been attached to it. It is true that a few minor writers of theology have exaggerated the domain of Papal infallibility, and placed upon the same level all responses of the Holy See in spiritual matters. They have extended the legitimate right of the Holy See not only beyond just, but beyond Catholic limits, and adversaries of this exaggerated doctrine the most determined and formidable by their learning and wis-

dom, like Melchior Cano and Ballerini, have been the strongest and most conspicuous authorities for what is now termed by a schismatical class, ultramontanism.

There are three conditions requisite that a decision of the Pope may be infallible. There must be question of either faith or morals, the decision must be addressed to the universal Church, and it must be given to the world in a formula that carries with it the obligation of believing it. This privilege of infallibility, that was communicated not only to the universal Church by its Divine Founder, when He promised His abiding presence, but was bestowed as a personal gift and distinct prerogative upon St. Peter when He selected him from His apostles to be the head of the Church, embraces of necessity all Christian doctrine, dogmas, and morals; all the rules of discipline and all ecclesiastical prescriptions on liturgy, inasmuch as they pertain to the universal Church, and extend as far as the *substance* of these decrees requires. Suarez and Melchior Cano explain what is understood by the words "*quoad substantiam*" as to the substance of the Papal decisions. Its meaning is that the head of the Church, though he may err in regard to the circumstances of either multiplying precepts for observance, or attach to them too great rigor or too severe penalties for their violation, this does not invalidate his claim to infallibility; but he can not, when speaking as the head of the Church, sanction falsehood instead of truth, or approve wrong instead of right, because this admission would destroy the truth and sanctity of the Church itself.

The advocates of Papal infallibility — and they comprise all the great masters of theology, because this doctrine is the echo of Catholic teaching from the earliest ages — do not claim for the Holy See any immunity from mistake or error in matters that do not belong to

the depository of divine revelation, or to its preservation in all its purity among mankind. The sphere of this infallibility must be as wide as that of religion itself. It does not occupy itself with the investigation and the settlement of questions that belong to a purely material order; but it does and must exercise a legitimate authority upon politics, philosophy, and science, when they teach principles or deduce consequences that are at war with the moral and divine law, or with the rights of the Church that are of divine institution or ordination. All these subjects are of the competence of the Pope and the *object* of his infallibility.

The truths of natural religion are the common domain of philosophy and religion; the former demonstrates them by the unassisted powers of reason, the latter examines them with the unerring light of faith. One is often deceived and misled, the other, never. The Holy See is believed to be infallible in the interpretation of all texts of the Holy Scripture that have reference to natural science. Moreover, the Church has the indirect power of pronouncing, without fear of being deceived, upon all theories and conclusions of human sciences, when it anathematizes errors that are not in harmony with revealed truth. The Church in the exercise of its infallibility does not meddle with mere natural truths; as long as their investigation and development are restricted in the order of nature, she does not judge them; if she intervenes, it is only to bless and encourage their progress, because every grain of knowledge that the human mind discovers can not impair, but must confirm, the unalterable truth of her supernatural doctrines.

Whether the Council should decree that the Supreme Pontiff is infallible in the manner that we have explained, in accordance with the unbroken current of tradition, or

shall deem proper to defer the dogmatic decision, *that* the Holy Ghost shall solve at the proper time and place. Catholics as a rule have always believed it, and will never question it, even though it should never be made an article of faith. The few who now are giving joy to the enemies of Christ, by their opposition, will be obliged to retract the opinions which they are now publishing, with an air of defiance, or be branded as heretics if the Council decide it. Retract they certainly will, for Gallicanism will not dare repeat in its decrepitude the heretical declaration that disgraced its maturity in the seventeenth century, viz.: that not only the Pope, but also the Holy See, or the Church of Rome, could fall into doctrinal error.

INFALLIBILITY OF THE POPE.

[From the *Catholic Telegraph*, November 11, 1869.]

In our last number we devoted some space to this subject, which, during the present great epoch of the Church, has loomed up into importance. The enemies of the Holy See, who await the approaching Council with fear and distrust, have made this old dogma of Papal infallibility the chief object of attack; they fear its declaration as an article of faith, lest this new element of divine strength, and this new bond of closer union among Catholics, may enable the Church to stem more easily the torrent of evils that, under the specious names of liberalism and progress, have swept away the old landmarks of the faith from the political and social history of modern nations. The violent opposition which these apostles of liberalism, either wandering in heresy or hanging still on the verge of faith, manifest to this definitive confirmation of the tradition of centuries, proclaims more than anything else its necessity. The tongue touches where the tooth aches; the most powerful remedy for moral as well as physical diseases is generally that which pains the afflicted most deeply; its healing virtue is doubted or denied in order to escape the severity of its application. Hence there is no end to the plausible arguments which are used by Protestant and Gallican writers at the present moment to develop an uncatholic sentiment against the dogma, that the Council may be deterred from giving to the world a new evidence of Catholic unity. Old prejudices are revived to make Papal authority odious. Unquestioning obedience to all Papal decisions pronounced *ex cathedra* —

an obedience which gives to the human soul the highest and widest freedom, since it is submission to the authority of God — is represented as a servitude that destroys all liberty of thought and the legitimate empire of reason. Infidel publicists tell us that such a decision will be a retrograde movement towards intellectual darkness; that it will evoke principles at variance with modern thought and in direct antagonism with modern civilization. Opponents of this dogma, within the pale of the Church, more moderate in their writings, less extravagant and unreasonable in their alarm, but not less dangerous on that account, would fain silence the voice of the Holy Spirit by loud appeals to the theological teachings of other days, and are warning the Council, in dulcet phrases of friendship, of the dangers which the promulgation of this article of faith will bring upon the Church itself, rather than upon human society. A few of this class are found in France; a still larger number perhaps in Germany, where the schismatical independence of the Middle Ages, encouraged by German imperialism, still lingers in theological schools, in which the professor, and not the Holy See, is deemed infallible. For the Gallicans of France, Maret is the mouthpiece; for the Gallicans of Germany, Doellinger is the oracle; hatred of ultramontanism is the argument of both.

Their defense, if they have any, supposes that the articles of 1682, which was the first important denial of the Catholic truth that the Pope, when deciding, as Head of the Church, a question of faith or morals, is infallible, are in harmony with the traditions of ages, and are the echo of universal belief; it supposes that the tendency of the Gallican declarations to disunion and to Protestantism will have the strange influence to draw back to the bosom of unity the schismatics of the East and

the heretics of the West. The absurdity of the first hypothesis is attested by the history of the Church; the absurdity of the second is demonstrated by reason itself.

The chain of evidence that demonstrates the infallibility of the Pope begins with the bestowal of the prerogative upon St. Peter by our Lord himself, when He made him the rock upon which He built His Church, when He prayed for him that his faith might not fail. The disciples of the apostles learned the doctrine from their lips. St. Polycarp teaches it to St. Irenaeus, who declares that the faith of the Roman See is the faith of the universal Church; that with it every Church must agree, on account of its supremacy. St. Cyprian declares that the See of Peter, upon which the Church is founded, is the principle of unity, and he who separates himself from it belongs no longer to the Church of Christ. St. Clement vindicates this doctrine in his letter to the Oriental bishops. St. Damasus reminds the bishops of Numidia of his infallible authority, that was bequeathed to the Roman See by the Prince of the apostles. St. Basil and St. Chrysostom in the East speak the same language as St. Jerome in the West. To the Mother Church of Rome, metropolitans come, seeking infallible instruction; to its voice, addressed to the universal Church, inspired by the Holy Spirit, patriarchs bow in humble submission. The early Councils called, presided over by the successor of St. Peter, and receiving the validity of their decrees from his confirmation, proclaim more authoritatively this testimony of the early fathers. "St. Peter has spoken by the mouth of Leo," was the unanimous acclaim of the Council of Chalcedon; when he spoke with his infallible voice, all tongues were silent; when he decided, all controversy ceased. Age after age repeats the same doctrine, and offers to the infallibility

of the Bishop of Rome, as Vicar of Jesus Christ, the same tribute of homage and belief. As a private person, as a theological teacher of the Church, the Bishop of Rome, either in words or writings, is no more exempt from the danger of error than any other theologian, possessed of equal science; but *teaching* the universal Church, as its supreme head, he has for his guidance, not mere human knowledge, but the unerring wisdom of the Holy Spirit; through him, Eternal Truth proclaims his law to the nations. When the Sovereign Pontiffs thus speak in formulas that convey the obligation of belief, it is not to create a new article of faith, for this is impossible, but they raise their voice to make known that the dogma, which was before implicitly held, shall be for the future explicitly believed; that all controversy upon the doubtful sense of Holy Writ or tradition may be removed by a living and infallible authority. The assistance of the Holy Spirit is not given to them, by inspiration, similar to that with which the prophets were favored, but it is an efficacious action of God which directs them in the examination of revealed truth. As efficacious grace supposes our co-operation, so the guidance of the Holy Spirit does not dispense the Pope from recurring to those means which are necessary for a knowledge of revealed truth. It is for this reason that the Sovereign Pontiffs have always taken care, before speaking *ex cathedra*, to consult men versed in the knowledge of divine things, to learn the sense of Holy Writ, to examine the monuments of tradition, and to ask from heaven the light that comes from fervent prayer. The question might be asked, How are we to be certain that the Popes, before giving a dogmatic decision, have employed the necessary means to know that which has been divinely revealed? The Gallican answers that the only sure sign is the assent of the uni-

versal Church. The Catholic answers, logically, that the promise of infallibility insures the use of all means necessary for the end proposed. When the Holy See speaks with all the conditions required to make a dogmatic decision, the Catholic waits not for any *conditional* or *suspensive* adhesion of the Church. For him, God is again speaking upon Sinai; he hears his voice and obeys his words.

THE INFALLIBILITY OF THE POPE.

[From the *Catholic Telegraph*, November 25, 1869.]

An article on this subject was published in a recent number of the *Correspondant*, in which the writer, denying this prerogative of the Papacy, appears to base his arguments on two principles: that the Church should harmonize with, and accommodate itself to, the progress of modern society; and, secondly, that the modern world is infallible. Then, let the forthcoming Council take the lead in liberal Catholicism, and the writer would gladly acknowledge its decrees as inspired by the Holy Ghost; and they, in the course of time, would be gladly received by the human race. Here, for example, to disregard and overrule the teachings of the Syllabus, none would be found so foolhardy as to deny its infallibility.

In other words, his thesis is this: the Pope, being, then, the constitutional sovereign in things spiritual as well as in things temporal, would acknowledge the infallibility of the Council, and the Council, in its turn, would accept of course the doctrines of the infallibility of modern society — that is to say, of the sovereign people, making the Church, of course, something approaching very closely to pure democracy. The author of this scheme does not trouble himself very much to search for dogmatic or even historical arguments to support his thesis, and the few commonplace and hackneyed ones he does give, are such only in name. Such a course would be only an additional embarrassment, for, on the one hand, dogma and history would prove directly the contrary, and, on the other, modern reason in this controversy is, for its votaries, all-sufficient. It has pub-

lished its decree; it flourishes through the whole world; and it has abrogated forever those ancient Bulls, which vainly endeavor to perpetuate the enslavement of the mind of man.

The only authority he pretends to advance is taken from the present state of the world, as that state appears to him, and the view, as he presents it, is strangely and fearfully distorted. He treats of the politics of '89 in the same manner as he does of the Europe of to-day. The invariable character of the policy of that period, though not always avowed, was to abandon all principles, to sacrifice truth to falsehood, and even to proclaim that falsehood was truth; to combat more or less for the revolution of the material order, and to surrender all to it, and to assist it even in the spread of its doctrines. This was in every respect the policy of Napoleon Bonaparte and of the Restoration; it was openly that of Louis Philippe, and it is undoubtedly that of the Second Empire. Metternich knew no other; Beust indulges in it. It prevailed with the last of the Bourbons in Spain, with the house of Este in Tuscany; it still rules supreme in Portugal, and will soon add Bavaria and Belgium to the league. It is the policy of all that has passed away, and of all that will pass away; it is the policy of modern civilization, and even the *Correspondant* has not escaped its taint.

And this is the policy the *Correspondant* would force on the true Church, the true people of the true God! It seems unable to devise or comprehend any other means of stemming the swelling torrent. Before the Revolution, it stood aghast in mingled fear and love. The world knew not, and it did not itself seem to know, whether it should say we must adore this living God, or whether we must crouch before this horrid beast. But

this much is certain — that the Revolution, whether god or beast, made it forget many things which a Christian should remember when speaking to Christians.

The first of these was the very origin and divine constitution of the Church, and forgetting this, it likewise forgot the second — the respect due it as such. It speaks of the Church as a human institution, subject to the inconveniences of the works of human hands, with all their imperfections and defects; which has varied and will vary; which needs improvements, and even remodeling. All this may have effect on flippant readers, but can produce none on intelligent Catholics.

The *Correspondant*, alarmed by its chimerical and liberal fears, would seem to hear naught but the din of the world and the murmurs of the sects, and not to catch, amid all this uproar, the solemn confession of the Catholic soul, which heeds them not. How can it so utterly disregard the multitudes of priests and people who hail, in tones of joyous acclaim, the imposing voice of the assembled bishops proclaiming to the world the faith of ages?

But if it does understand, where can it find anything clearer, more voluntary, more certain? How dare it utter, in the midst of this unanimous assemblage, its inopportune and presumptuous veto! It has arisen against the infallibility of the Pope, and demands of the Church to conform itself to the spirit of the day; and in answer the Catholic world replies, firmly and unanimously, *Credo!*

With regard to the infallibility of the Pope, it is a fixed fact it *does* exist, and it will continue to exist, because it has always existed. It exists in the Pope and Council, not because the Council communicates it to the Pope, making it thus ascend from the members

to the head, but because the Pope communicates it to the Council, thus making it descend from the head to the members. It is the Pope, the Head of the Church, who confers infallibility on the whole body; and this infallibility he holds directly from God himself, by a perpetual miracle, in accordance with a promise which the universal Church has ever believed. We believe it as an article of that divine faith given us in baptism, and we believe it as an article of human faith, because human reason, raised to its greatest dignity by the same grace of baptism and the other sacraments, convinces us that God can neither deceive nor be deceived. With regard to the conformity of the Church with human reason, we believe that reason should conform to faith, not faith truckle to the so-called human reason. The Church, guided by the inspirations and the Spirit of God, has always acted with perfect justice, and without the least shade of error, with the human race. We believe that as God said to Peter, and not to the others, judge, bind, and loosen, confirm and pardon, the gates of hell shall not prevail. Now, the gates of hell would prevail if Peter and the Church could err; and Peter and the Church would err, if the Church were to conform to conditions which would make the world to-day, as it has ever been, for these conditions would be the same to-day as ever — a total surrender of truth.

The world is kept without the Church by the chains of error. It is Peter who must burst asunder these bonds, for to him was it said, *Solve catenas!* and this he does by strengthening the ties that bind our hearts to the faith. This he has done for eighteen centuries, and this he will do even unto the end; that is, until the number of the elect shall have been completed, which is the end for which man and the world have been created.

It would not well become the Council to treat of policy, or to favor the political advancement of Catholics of any nation. The Council will only ask for, and will certainly receive, the inspiration necessary for the spread and maintenance of faith in the Church, and the increase of the Church in the world. It is for this purpose that Pius IX. has convoked it; for this purpose he will preside over and direct its deliberations, and promulgate its decrees, let them interfere with the politics of French, or oppose the philosophy of German Catholics.

And if the Holy Ghost inspire the Pope and the Council to add anything to the decrees of the Council of Florence, which decided in the most formal manner this subsisting infallibility, it will be done, and the entire Church will answer Amen! It will believe, as it believes to-day, that if God wishes to add any eclat to the power of his Vicar, it is because, in his ineffable Providence, he foresees the approach of circumstances that will render necessary, for our weak natures, a more lively faith and a prompter obedience.

If those who are actuated by the same spirit as the writer in the *Correspondant*, wish a rule of action for the policy of Pius IX. and the Council, they may readily find it in the Holy Scriptures. St. Luke records a saying of our Lord which leaves but little room for such conformity as writers of his kidney desire. "If you had been of the world," says our Lord, "the world would love its own; but because you are not of the world, and I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you" (Luke xv. 19). Such conformity, then, would cost both parties dear. Then men whom the world hateth were to be the judges of the world: *Sedebitis supersedes, judicantes Israel.* In such case, there can be no conformity but at the expense of justice,

and then the judges would be prevaricators. Journals, then, such as the *Correspondant*, can not but have an evil tendency. It is not for them, nor for us, to give advice to the Church of God. We can be of no service to ourselves or to the world, but by such obedience to the Vicar of Christ as will prove to the world that our faith is not in vain.

DR. DOELLINGER AGAINST THE CHURCH. JANUS EPITOMIZED.

[From the *Catholic Telegraph*, February 17, 1870.]

In the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, of Augsburg, Dr. Doellinger, moved, according to his own assertion, by the petition in favor of Papal Infallibility, has published an article which must carry pain and sorrow to those who esteemed him either as a Catholic theologian, or a faithful, accurate, impartial historian. Blinded by a groundless dislike to Rome, leaning, in his earlier writings, theological publications, and in his "Compendium of Church History," to the dangerous doctrines of Gallicanism, he has, in this article, advanced still farther in his opposition to the Holy See, and has been induced to take this step, not by the spirit of truth, nor from a desire to serve the Church, but by the frenzy of an uncatholic party spirit. In no other way can we account for the shameful and (were it not for the Bavarian professor such a serious matter) the ludicrous weakness of this article as a theological treatise, and its egregious blunders, or rather willful fabrications, as an historical document. Now, we say this with all due respect for the past services of the leading mind of the University of Munich in the cause of religion,— believing that his past reputation for great talent and deep learning, acquired by a long life of study, rests upon just and unimpeachable grounds,— charity suggests that the theological historical errors of this article are not to be taken as evidence of his intellectual deficiencies, but rather as a proof of a temporary mental aberration, produced by a long treasured dislike to Rome, now culminating into intense hatred; for if this thesis, against Papal Infalli-

bility, is not the hasty, inconsiderate work of an excited, impulsive mind, indifferent as to his weapons of defense, and unconscious of their weakness, attacking not so much the dogma in dispute, but the most fundamental principles of Catholic theology on Faith, reviling not only the Papacy, but most glaringly misquoting history itself, then Dr. Doellinger has unworthily held his position as a professor, and wears, without the least shadow of right, his title as a doctor of theology. We can not suppose that his ability has, for so many years, been a deception, that in an unguarded moment he has exposed long-hidden ignorance. We have, then, no other alternative, no other explanation of this ignorant protest, than the conclusion, that this hollow shot of the Bavarian school is the last unscrupulous effort of Doellinger to soothe the pride, smarting under the censure of his previous rationalistic doctrines.

The silence that was imposed upon him and two others, regarding the discussion of certain questions, has gathered this spleen, which the enemies of the Church, animated with the same spirit, eulogize as argument. The theological preamble, that introduces the historical criticism and references of this article, has rarely been equaled, and never surpassed, in assumptions, that the most ordinary student of theology, nay, a well instructed layman, could refute.

He rejects the dogma of Papal Infallibility because, as he asserts, it is grounded not upon divine faith (*fides divina*), but upon human faith. "There is a difference," he says, "between faith and human opinion regarded as rational." In response, one of his own students could have told him that there was such a thing as implicit as well as explicit faith, and that both were divine; that between implicit faith and rational *human* opinion there was also a wide difference that no reasoning could

destroy. In the confusion of passion, he has quite forgotten this necessary distinction. Because a doctrine has not been explicitly defined, he is *not* at liberty, as a Catholic, to reject it as a mere human opinion. The Church has never explicitly defined its own infallibility, it has never explicitly defined the existence of God, yet Dr. Doellinger must hold as *of faith* both truths. The denial of doctrines, that rest only on human opinion, which, according to Doellinger, is the only criterion distinct from divine faith, could not border on heresy — and yet this is the censure attached to the denial of many doctrines which are only implicitly believed. From the explicit definition of implicit faith can arise no *alteration* of faith—the declaration of the two natures or two wills in Christ, or of the procession of the Holy Ghost from the Son as well as from the Father, did not change the faith that was handed down from the Apostles. A confirmation of the faith is no *revolution* — to strengthen implicit faith with the authority of the Church does not add to the deposit of objective faith, but is simply an acknowledgment of its possession, that existed from the beginning.

On the special question of Infallibility, he has been an enemy, rather than a friend to the liberal school. "It is clear," he says, "that, for a thousand years, the Pope never exercised his supposed prerogative of infallibility — that the whole Oriental Church, during the thousand years of union, no Pope ever communicated a general decree." Therefore, in the sequence of Doellinger, he is not infallible. Granting the historical falsehood of this quotation, the conclusion does not by any means logically follow. Because a person does not exercise a right, we can not conclude that he does not possess it; because he does not employ special powers, it can not be lawfully assumed that they have not been

given to him. On this ground, the taunts of the Jews against our Lord, hanging upon the cross, would have been an unanswerable argument against his Divinity. "If he is the Son of God, let him come down from the cross and we will believe in him." The thousand years of silence to which Doellinger refers is but a repetition of "the Pope and the Council," or Janus epitomized. "The Pope and Council" (page 478) says: "For the first thousand years, no Pope ever issued a doctrinal decision intended for or addressed to the whole Church." Will Doellinger's friends, after this, deny his identity with Janus? He should have continued, and added with Janus that Boniface's Bull, "*Unam sanctam*, in 1303, is the first decree addressed to the universal Church." Let us see if we can not draw from the bosom of this long period one or two general decrees of the Pope, implicitly asserting his infallibility, which, by the submission of his opponents, was openly confessed. Dr. Doellinger is a historian of some repute; he, as well as others of less renown, are not ignorant of the letter of St Hormisdas, addressed to the "Oriental Church," and afterwards subscribed by the *eighth General Council*, in which he exacted the following profession as a condition of Communion: "That those who do not agree with the Holy See are excluded from the Communion of the Catholic Church;" "that they receive and approve all the letters of Pope Leo concerning the Christian religion, following in all things the Apostolic See and preaching all her constitutions." This decree is as wide as the Church, as general as universal authority could make it, within the required period of a thousand years. Again: Dr. Doellinger, as his own history proves, once studied very carefully the pontificate of Vigilius. An event in the life of that Pope unfortunately escaped his memory when he wrote this protest. Vigilius wrote to

the Greek Emperor in these terms: "With regard to those things which *have been defined* by *the letters of Pope Leo* and the *constitutions* of our venerable predecessors, condemning by the authority of the Apostolic See those who do not follow these *in every particular*, we *anathematize* them, and we sever them from the unity of the Catholic Faith." No reasonable man can doubt that this at least is the exercise of universal authority in matters of faith and the promulgation of a general decree. Those who wish for more proofs to refute this assumption of Doellinger, can find them in abundance in the authentic records of Muzzarelli.

The dogmatic decisions of the Pope are not irreformable, says this Bavarian translator of the Gallican Articles. Then he cites for us on this point the action of the Council of Chalcedon, in reference to the letter of Pope Leo, the Constitution of Vigilius, and the sixth Council, condemning the letter to Honorius on Monothelism. As the Council of Chalcedon assented at once to the letter of Leo, "declaring that Peter had spoken by his mouth," Dr. Doellinger in this fact is arguing against himself. With regard to the Constitution of Vigilius we will hoist this Bavarian Doctor with his own petard. In his own Church History, Dr. Doellinger, in the discussion of the controversy of the three chapters, affirms that in matters of faith, the General Council, held in 553, did not vary in its decisions from the Constitution of Vigilius, addressed to the Emperor for its guidance; therefore, as a dogmatic decision, the Council did not reform it. He condemned what the Council afterwards condemned. "His changings," says Doellinger in his History, "had no reference to dogmas of faith." Even in his Constitution he condemned the propositions drawn from the writings of Theodore, and all that Theodoret had written against St. Cyril. As to

Honorius, as Catholic writers have repeatedly shown, his letter to Sergius, commanding silence to those who were disputing on the subject of Monothelism, or the existence of one or two wills in Christ, involved no *ex cathedra* decree, and his error was not that of falling into heresy, but failing, from the misrepresentations made to him, in crushing the heresy immediately. Here again Dr. Doellinger is his own opponent.

And now we come to his criticism of something that he deems more important and authoritative than the decrees of the Apostolic See — the acts of the second General Council of Lyons and that of Florence. "It is not true," writes Dr. Doellinger, "that the Greeks at that Council assented that controversies on matters of faith must be decided by the judgment of the Pope." He acknowledges that the Emperor subscribed to this formula, and confirmed it by his Logothete, but the assembled Bishops were not required to give an opinion in regard to that profession. We have now before us the *acts* of the Council, containing the oath of the Emperor, followed by the oath of the Greek Bishops — the letter of the Emperor and the letter of the Greek Bishops. The very words used in the petition for infallibility occur in the letter of the Emperor, from which there was no *dissent* (*in omnibus causis ad examen ecclesiasticum spectantibus ad ipsius potest judicium recurri*). In their oaths, both the Emperor and Bishops swear that they will hold the faith as the Roman Church teaches it. In the acts of this General Council, which were all solemnly approved, there is not the slightest proof that this profession was made reluctantly. On the contrary, in all their submission the Greek Bishops expressly state their freedom from coercion. The contrary is a baseless fiction of Dr. Doellinger.

Finally, he objects to the decree of the Synod of

Florence, proclaiming the Pope universal teacher of the Church, for these reasons: the decree was mutilated by the Latins; it was not ecumenical, being called in opposition to the Council of Basle; and, thirdly, the Greek prelates were by Eugenius IV. deprived of their liberty. The time occupied in writing this disgraceful article seems to have increased, instead of allaying, the boiling wrath of the Professor of Munich; for here his confusion becomes worse confounded, and he is all at sea, drifting without compass in the midst of historical breakers. The decrees of the Council were first read to the assembled Bishops in Greek, and then in Latin. In the so-called mutilated decree, where the Greek has the simple conjunctive *kai* repeated, the Latin has *et etiam;* but, that it was so read, does not alter the sense in the least, and was never found fault with; it is simply a hypercriticism on words and no argument against the identity of doctrine, which both Greeks and Latins professed, concerning the authority of the Holy See. As to the second objection, that the Council of Florence was not ecumenical, Dr. Doellinger again ably refutes himself in his Church History. Neither he nor any other Catholic can hold that the Council of Basle represented the Church, after the Pope declared its dissolution. In the attendance of Bishops, a minor point, however, Dr. Doellinger has forgotten his old arithmetic. While the Council of Basle began with only *one* person entitled to a seat, and closed with twelve prelates, that of Ferrara, to which city the Pope transferred the Council, counted, under the presidency of the Pope, "without the Greeks," at the opening, seventy; and after two months, "one hundred and sixty prelates." Dr. Doellinger again states "that nine-tenths of the Catholic world did not participate in the Council of Florence." In his own History, following the authentic records of the Councils,

he tells us that nearly all of the Bishops abandoned the schismatical Synod of Basle, for Florence; that their places were filled at Basle with Doctors of the University of Paris and the second order of the Clergy; and that it became, during the sessions of Florence, a noisy assembly of professors protesting against the authority of the Holy See, following unfortunately the same line of conduct as this noisy professor of Munich, who years ago wrote their condemnation.

And now we come to the third false and most surprising accusation against the Council of Florence. We are told that the Greeks signed the decree, which taught that the Pope is the infallible guide of all the faithful, under the pressure of alarming fear and bodily peril. To substantiate this, Dr. Doellinger refers to a decree of a Council, held in the church of St. Sophia, immediately after the return of the Greeks, and for its authenticity, he cites the Roman historian, Leo Allatius. It is to this decree that he refers, when he accuses Eugene of buying dogmas and acting in a simonistic manner. It is the foundation of the same opinion held by the Greek contemporary Amycutius, whose testimony he also adduces. Our Doctor of Munich evidently thought this citation would crush with its weight the last remnant of opposition to his theological system; that it would be a *coup de grace* to all contrary teaching; that it would ring the death knell of Papal defenders. It was the last arrow in his quiver, and it was aimed with the most fatal intent. But, like many other blind adversaries of the Church, he has woefully overshot his mark. His imprudent zeal, the heat of party strife, and growing dimness of intellect, resulting from old age, might palliate the preceding offenses of this article. But the moral iniquity of this last statement can be covered by no such excuses.

Here we have willful, gross deception. This Synod of Sophia is an assumed fact, with which but few, except those who make Church history a long and constant study, are acquainted. Of this Dr. Doellinger was aware, and this gave him an opportunity to practice a mean and despicable imposition. When he stated its censure of Pope Eugene, when he advanced its decree against the Council of Florence, he knew, from the acts of the Council that he had before him, from their internal evidence, and from their contradiction exposed by this same Leo Allatius, whose authority he follows, that no such Council was ever held, and consequently its acts and decrees were transparent forgeries. In the Acts of the Councils of the Church, it is called a Pseudo-Synod, that was fabricated for the same purpose for which it has now been employed. Such a startling charge against the Doctor of Munich requires convincing proof, and we will give it. In the decrees of this Council, said to have been held a year and a half after the Synod of Florence, there is a direct reference to a Council held in Constantinople *fifteen years after*, in 1453. This same Leo Allatius, in his note at the end of the history of the Council, pointedly remarks that the whole thing is necessarily a forgery, without an attempt at concealment that could deceive any one. A Council held in 1440 makes mention of a Council convened in 1453! It is the old story of the blind leading the blind. The stale and refuted charge of forgery made by Janus against the Holy See is now at Doellinger's door. From this proven crime he will find no avenue of escape but confession and retraction.

We are now done. The article of Doellinger is not an argument merely against an undefined dogma; had this been all, we would not have noticed it. In that light, "The Pope and the Council" is stronger and

more carefully done — both, however, have the same finger marks. But Doellinger has deviated from the beaten path of the enemies of the Holy See, or rather, in his disquisition on divine and human faith, he has returned to the enunciation of the same false doctrine, for which the very small congress of theological savans, gathered in Munich, in 1863, was condemned. Rome then declared that the defense of the opinions contained in this thesis was moderate rationalism, deserving "some notable ecclesiastical censure." The fallen Professor of Munich is now *contumacious*. He must now take the punishment of supreme authority for such an offense, or make reparation by *repentance*.

A CATHOLIC AND THE DOGMA OF PAPAL INFALLIBILITY.

[From the *Catholic Telegraph*, August 25, 1870.]

Somebody, signing himself "*Catholic*," has a communication in Monday's *Commercial*, in which he involves himself in a tangle of difficulties of his own making, on the question of Papal Infallibility. In fact, he so forgets his thread of argument, and his thoughts become so confused, that by the time he gets to the end of his article, he appears to have lost sight of the position he took at starting, and to have anything but clear notions of his subject. We could understand such words coming from one not of the faith, but coming from a "*Catholic*," who must, on his own showing, believe in the infallibility of the Church, they are an enigma to us, and evidently a puzzle to himself. He reminds us of a class of persons in England, derisively styled "unconverted converts." Had he signed his name to his senseless communication, we would have charitably supposed — for it would be a charity — that vanity, or an itch of notoriety, had led him to put the vague wanderings of his mind into print; but, as it is, we must conclude he has much to learn, and among other things, his own ignorance of a question he handles so flippantly.

This theologian says the Church has granted the Pope immunity from error, in a limited sense and special cases, and that such reasons have always been accepted. Now, if this be the case, there is an end of the question. If the Pope be infallible in one instance, and this is acknowledged and accepted by the Church, as "Catholic" says, how can this prerogative be denied him in

any other? Theology is not an experimental science, where half a dozen cases, produced by like causes under like circumstances, are required to establish a law. One judgment of the Church, in a matter touching faith or morals, or prerogatives of persons, given for the exercise of her offices, if unexceptionably proved, is decisive forever, and one alone is needed. If, then, the Pope's infallibility be established, in any sense or way, or in any particular instance, he is infallible in every instance, falling within the limits of that office, for the exercise of which the prerogative of infallibility was given him. In the economy of salvation, our Lord does not make his High Priest on earth one thing to-day, and to-morrow another.

The voice of all the Bishops, we are told again, is "essential" to the "declaration" of a dogma "pertaining to the whole Church." Here, also, the notions—for they are no more — of "Catholic" are sadly muddled. This canvassing of a question, and voting on it by the Bishops, is necessary and essential to the *finding* of a truth, and to learn if it be the belief of Catholics over the world, but not to its "declaration" or promulgation. As a proof of this, we know that, as a matter of fact, every canon of every Council, from that of Nice down to the Vatican, has been signed, and must be signed, by the Pope, in order that it be binding on the consciences of Catholics; and that those not so signed, although voted upon by the Bishops, have not a binding force, and are of no authority in the Church. As an example in point, the IV. and V. Sessions of the Council of Constance may be instanced. Bishops are gathered together in Council, as witnesses of the faith, that, from their concurrent testimony, may be known what the Church spread over the world, holds as faith, to answer the rule of Vincent of Lerins, *quod semper, quod ubique,*

quod ab omnibus, creditum est—what was believed always, everywhere, and by all.

A truth, by reason of its contact with error, may be for a season, and at different epochs and in various places, obscured and in abeyance; then, again, it comes before us with a fuller and more distinct light, and, it may be, is again more or less overladen with false ideas, till in the end it is denied; then the Church takes it up, examines it, rests it upon the testimony of her Bishops, sets it forth in a few precise words, calls it a dogma and affixes to it the seal of her authority. On this account, the Catholic people at large spoke and speak of decisions thus made, as dogmas of the Council of Nice, of Constantinople, or of Trent, and not of the Pope personally, though his signature and promulgation of it were essential, and the vote of the Bishops, as witnesses to its divine truth, gathered together from every quarter of the earth, would have been of no avail without it.

Councils are, then, called to learn what is the Catholic faith, that it may be set forth with the seal of authority upon it; then the faithful put aside doubts, and further questioning, and bow their heads and hearts to the voice of God, speaking through His Church. This is the case because the Pope is not inspired, and must get his knowledge by human means, but, while making use of such means, he is under divine guidance and control, and in this way a special providence overrules his decisions, when speaking to the whole Church.

Our "Catholic" says Papal Infallibility is contrary to the practice of the Church. St. Augustine is rather a better witness, who, when Pope Stephen I. gave his decision in the case of St. Cyprian, on a question of dogmatic truth, cried out, "*Roma locuta, causa finita est*" — Rome has spoken, the affair is ended.

The so-called Catholic draws a parallel between the powers and office of the Pope, and that of the President of these States, who, he says, declared war without having consulted Congress, and that this action was ratified, though, in so doing, he had overstepped his authority. In the same way, he says, the Pope's decisions have been time and again ratified by the Church in extreme cases, though these were stretches of prerogative and beyond his province. To such ignorance, an answer need scarcely be given, for he assumes what he has not and can not prove, that the Popes in such cases arrogated authority they did not, by right of office, possess. The constitution, or build, of the Church is the work of God; such prerogatives, such means and ways of teaching the faithful, were given to her, such conditions of gaining grace imposed upon her children, as our Lord *willed* to give and to impose, in the full sense that he willed, and in no greater or less. His will is the ultimate and decisive rule of her constitution. And as she is his own work, and he has promised to be with her to the end of time, and to send the Holy Ghost to teach her all truths, he will not depart from her or withdraw his overruling influence, in such a way as to allow her constitution to be changed, or powers to be usurped, with which he has not invested her.

Again, souls are at stake when dogmatic decisions are made, which of their very nature are binding on the consciences of Catholics, under pain of sin; how then can one, believing in the divine origin of his Church, and holding that a divine influence and guidance is with her, and overruling her work, say that, in any case, a decision can be made, having a binding power in the whole Church, where there is a chance of its being wrong? And this is in no sense different from Papal

Infallibility, though "Catholic"— we give him the title he takes, under protest and by courtesy — says it is. It is quite clear that a few lessons in the rudiments of Catholic doctrine, would more become this writer, than his appearance in print.

The writer continues his folly, and keeps up his display of ignorance, by saying that the dogma of Papal Infallibility is "retrospective," clearing not only all the past Popes from taint of error, but giving a warrant for the orthodoxy of all future ones, and this, notwithstanding the fact that certain Bishops published pamphlets *causa Honorii*. Here again this logician is beside the question, or assuming what he can not prove, and what is denied. He must not run off with a premise before he has the ground firm under his feet. The definition clears no Pope, past, contemporary, or future, from *error*, because none of them ever *fell into error*, while teaching the whole Church in matters of faith or morals, but simply declares their *exemption from error*, while exercising this office. The fact that brochures and pamphlets were written in the case of Honorius, Vigilius, and others, is no proof of it. As we remarked above, the special office of the Bishops in Council is to be witnesses of the faith; and as past Bishops were witnesses as well as contemporary ones, and the action of past Popes to be looked into, as well as present ones, to learn if Papal Infallibility was a doctrine, though not a dogma, of the Church; an inquiry, critical and searching, into the past history of the Church was essential, and this resuscitated a little writing on the subject. We hope there is nothing reprehensible in this.

The above remarks will answer, in great measure, the meaningless cry of the American press, that Councils will, in future, be useless and have no meaning. They will always be necessary to get the voice and the testi-

mony of the whole Catholic world, as well as to learn the needs of each people and country, and provide for them. Papal Infallibility, apart from its direct purpose, means divine assistance in judging of knowledge got by human testimony, as well as by divine revelation, though the object of this testimony be a divine truth, handed down from generation to generation in every clime, and living a strong, vigorous life, with roots deep down, and widespread in the Catholic heart. To get at this knowledge, and take counsel for the Church's good, Councils will always be necessary.

We have written this much, not because we have any hopes of "Catholic" profiting by it, but because his communication gave an occasion to say many things that may be a gain to more honest and earnest minds.

A CHANCE TO INTERPRET INFALLIBILITY.

[From the *Catholic Telegraph*, August 25, 1870.]

There is a case in point to illustrate the Infallibility dogma. The Pope is represented, if we can believe the Atlantic Cable, as congratulating the King of Prussia on his successes. The Bishops of France, and many outside of that country, are interested in the welfare of France, and are sympathizing with her. Persons not familiar with the Catholic notion of Infallibility, and not drawing the proper Catholic distinction between things spiritual and temporal, would naturally conclude that here there is a difficulty, affecting the late dogma. What will Catholics do, they say, here is the Pope just proclaimed infallible leaning to one side; on the other, there are many Bishops, who are subject to his authority. They imagine that we must necessarily be in a snarl, with a divided subjection to our ecclesiastical superiors. Not at all; the difficulty is in their minds — their way of viewing things. We have no difficulty in the matter, for this is to us a very plain reason. If Pius IX. form an opinion on the state of affairs in Europe, or express his sentiments in favor of either of the present belligerents, we regard the opinion with respect, for we admire his saintliness, his learning, his wisdom; but, in the matter, we are no more committed to his opinion, than if Count Mastai Ferretti had never been raised to the Papal Chair. It is no Church matter in which he gives an opinion; it is no question of faith or morals that he is called on to decide. We, therefore, are free to side with France or Prussia, just as much as if the Pope had never expressed an opinion at all.

He is infallible, when speaking officially, (*ex cathedra*, as they say,) but this is a private, no official utterance.

He is infallible in questions of faith and morals, but this is a matter affecting neither; one in which the Pope has but the same means of knowledge as any other intelligent man—with his eyes open and his ears quick to hear what is going on around him. He may be mistaken in this matter, just as any other man, because in it he has not the enlightenment of the Holy Ghost. The Pope was made for the Church, not the Church for the Pope. And if he is endowed, from on high, with infallibility, it is for the good of the Church, not for own private interest, or to enable him to form correct opinions on all matters, to which he sees proper to direct his attention.

As, from the Catholic point of view, his official infallibility is consistent with wickedness, immorality in his private life, (for who that has read history can deny that there have been wicked, bad Popes?) so is it also entirely consistent with error, ignorance, and darkness, in forming opinions on matters of purely temporal concern. They, therefore, who ground their objection to Papal Infallibility, on the discordance of sentiment between the Pope and any Bishop or Bishops, in matters secular, show only their ignorance of the true meaning of the dogma lately promulgated by the Vatican Council. It would be well for them to learn, first, what Catholics really mean, before they find fault with what Catholics believe. If we have to stand before the public, chargeable with all that the phantasy of our opponents scores up against us in the way of inconsistency, absurdity, and folly, we would have but a poor chance of ever appearing respectable, sensible, right-minded people. But, with the help of God, and in his time, the scale will change, and mankind will see how they have been duped and swindled, by ignorant knaves and designing simpletons, into believing that to be truth, which was nothing else but pure, unmitigated falsehood.

THE DELAY OF THE DOGMA OF PAPAL INFALLIBILITY.

[From the *Catholic Telegraph*, September 8, 1870.]

"*Messrs. Editors:*

"There is to me an intellectual difficulty in the matter of Infallibility, that I would be very glad to have you solve. I would premise first that I am very willing and glad to believe in Infallibility, since the Council under the guidance of the Holy Ghost has so declared, and, secondly, that the difficulty must be, not in the doctrine, but in my way of viewing it. I propose it, then, for the sake of knowing what answer to make to myself and possibly to others, when questioned on it, not in order to raise any discussion.

"The difficulty is this: If Infallibility be true, why was it not proclaimed sooner? It was impugned by Gallicanism and Jansenism two centuries ago, and even then it was not a new question, but had been agitated and disputed in schools of theology long before it was taken up and made the mark of distinction of a national Church. Why were not men's minds quieted before this by the formal, official declaration of a General Council? The question lay at the very root of the organization of the Church, for it affected the character and essence of her head, and yet it was an open question for two centuries, in which men could err and make grievous mistakes, without incurring the mark and taint of heresy. But read your history, and see how differently the Church acted, when other vital doctrines were at stake; how promptly she defined the truth and crushed the error by her anathemas. Scarcely had Arius begun his blasphemies against the Unbegotten Word of God,

when the Council of Nice was convened to give the solemn approval of the Church to the truth. The same happened in the case of Macedonius; the same fate awaited Nestorius. When Eutyches, in condemning Nestorius, went to extremes, he too was arraigned before the Council of Chalcedon and condemned. The same we find in the troublous times of Luther and Calvin. When they broached their errors on nature and grace, on original sin and justification, the Fathers of Trent proclaimed to the world the true teachings of the Church of Christ.

"But Jansenism sprang up in the footsteps of Luther, had its day, withered and died, and no General Council condemned it. Nearly two centuries ago its child, Gallicanism, nurtured the identical opinion, condemned by the Vatican Council, and yet it was allowed to go on for those two centuries, without authoritative disapproval. Let it not be said that it was condemned by Innocent XI., in 1682, nor by Clement XI., in 1713; that would be, in the eyes of Protestants, at least, a begging of the question. It was the power exercised by the Pope in the very condemnation, that was disputed.

"Why, then, was this question left open so long? Why were men allowed the liberty to think wrongly so long, to remain in error to the detriment of their souls? Why did a question so vital to the interests of the Church remain uncertain, when it could have been settled? By giving a satisfactory answer to this you will remove a difficulty from my mind, and perhaps from that of others, who feel its force and have not the means at hand to do away with it. ENQUIRER."

We had concluded, last week, that we had written enough to satisfy the most insatiate on the doctrine of Papal Infallibility and the objections which are urged

from many sources against it. And we had seriously intended to give to our readers as well as to ourselves a pleasing respite and release from editorial discussions and polemics on the lately defined dogma. But the many obligations under which we have been placed by the writer of the above letter, require of us, as a duty of gratitude, to give some answer to his inquiry, and we trust that he will find our response satisfactory.

It is true, as the writer states, that the doctrine of Papal Infallibility was questioned by the hypocritical heresy of Jansenism, and formally denied by Gallicanism, when it made the dogmatic decrees of the Pope derive their validity from the suspensive adhesion of the Church. But the writer is not correct, when he asserts that it was agitated and disputed in schools of theology, long before the Gallican articles or the subterfuges of the Jansenites startled the faith of Catholics by the boldness of a doctrine so directly opposed to the traditions of the Church.

Both Gallicans and Jansenists had a *few* predecessors, who prepared the way by their dangerous opinions for the schism that once threatened the Church of France. But they were not sufficiently numerous to make a party, or to breathe life into their errors, or to endanger the faith of Catholics; to speak of them at any time in the history of the Church as a school, would confer upon them a dignity, which they could not claim. There was a school remarkable for its numbers, its learning, and sanctity, opposed to the definition of the Immaculate Conception; but opposition to the dogma of Papal Infallibility never attained the same importance or carried with it the same weight in the past history of the Church. Individual opinions, and at times a partial national sentiment, created by the schismatical atmosphere of the University of Paris, but which was too

thin and weak and evanescent, to harden into a practical theological opinion, militated against the doctrine; but such opinions and sentiments never disturbed in the slightest degree the faith that was accepted from the beginning by the faithful.

The acts of the early Councils of the Church, the writings of the Fathers, the docility, the obedience, and the faith with which the Church always received the definitive decrees of the Sovereign Pontiffs, rendered harmless the private opinion of the few doctors of Paris who formulized the opposing doctrine in the unaccepted sessions of the Council of Constance.

Before that period, the fifteenth century, the faithful everywhere regarded Papal Infallibility as a doctrine which none ought to question. The Church did not repudiate the denial of infallibility, because it was not taught. The evidences of tradition are, without exception, confirmatory of the dogma in the sense in which the Vatican Council has proclaimed it to belong to the deposit of revealed faith. Though it was not by any Council explicitly defined, it was always involved in every decision, and, above all, in the confirmation of the decrees of every General Synod. It was implicitly taught in the second Act of the Council of Chalcedon; it was repeated in the same manner in the third Act of the Council of Ephesus. In one, Peter was spoken of as always speaking through his successors; in the other, it was defined that Peter always lives and exercises judgment in those who hold the See of Rome. The Church at once condemned, by General Councils, the heresies of Arius, Macedonius, Nestorius, and Eutyches, because their errors spread rapidly, infected a considerable portion of the Church, and were being adopted extensively, not only by the teaching body, but by the laity. Delay would have been dangerous and criminal.

It was on this account that Councils were hastily summoned, because the salvation of souls was at stake.

But it was the instructive reasoning of Christians, from the earliest times, that the Pope must be infallible in defining faith and morals, and *fourteen centuries* passed away before it occurred to any one to question the infallibility of Christ's Vicar.

In the days of the great schism, when there were rival claimants for the Papal throne, and when the most learned and most holy were divided as to the question of fact, which of the claimants was the true Pope, the faithful heard for the first time, at the Council of Constance, that an Ecumenical Council was superior to the Pope, and that his decisions were subject to its judgment. Every one knows that the proceedings of the Council, containing this new doctrine, never received the sanction of the Holy See necessary to make them valid in the eyes of the faithful. So the theological thesis, supporting the superiority of the Council, was filed away and forgotten, until the dawn of Gallicanism.

However, that all danger of a return to this error might be removed, the Greeks and Latins, assembled a few years after in the General Council of Florence, condemned this strange doctrine, that gathered no followers, in these words: "We define that the Holy Apostolic See and the Roman Pontiff possesses the primacy over the whole world, and that the Roman Pontiff himself is the successor of St. Peter, the prince of the apostles, and that he is the true Vicar of Christ and head of the whole Church, and the father and teacher of all faithful Christians, and that to him in St. Peter was delivered by Jesus Christ *full power of feeding, ruling, and governing the universal Church.*" So our inquirer will perceive that, when the first supporters of a doctrine that would in aught tend to derogate from Papal authority in faith

and morals, appeared, the Church showed her intolerance of such doctrine. For if the Sovereign Pontiff has received full power from Christ to teach all Christians, to feed the universal Church, the sheep of Christ are bound in conscience to believe what he teaches them, and to regard as pernicious those pastures which he condemns as pernicious. If we are bound to believe all that he teaches, as a General Council declared before the days of Gallicanism, surely it is virtually implied that God will so guide him that he can teach us nothing but truth.

The Council of Trent bore witness to the truth of the Council of Florence in the seventh session, (de Bapt) when the Bishops confessed that divine utterances are to be taken in that precise sense, which was and is held by this Roman chair of Blessed Peter, which, as the mother and teacher of all the churches, has ever preserved whole and inviolate the faith delivered by Christ, and has taught it to the faithful, showing to all the way of salvation, and the doctrine of uncorrupted truth.

Jansenism indirectly, and Gallicanism directly, denied the doctrine of Papal Infallibility; and "Enquirer" asks why it was not then defined by a General Council. The first reason we will give is this: there are doctrines which the Church, for prudential reasons, may not have seen fit to brand, by a distinct sentence of a Council, as erroneous, but about which she has clearly manifested her mind, so that no one can say with truth that she regards them as even tolerated. The doctrines of Jansenism, condemned as heresy by the Pope alone, were so regarded by the universal Church; and it was wounded unto death as effectually and as speedily by a Papal Bull as by the decision of a General Council. The distinction of the right to decide matters of faith, and

his right to decide dogmatic facts, necessarily perished with the radical heresy of Jansenism.

Moreover, this very distinction was a tacit confession that in matters of faith the Pope was infallible. Gallicanism was not condemned by a General Council before the present year, for the same reason. The Holy See saw that the summoning of a General Council, when the Gallican liberties were first broached, would in all probability do more harm than good to souls; that even though some of the Gallican clergy might adhere to the principles that combated the acknowledged authority of the Holy See, it were better that their heresy should be material rather than formal.

Moreover, as soon as the dogmatic constitution, "Inter Multiplices," was promulgated, only eight years after the convocation of the Gallican Assembly, the offensive articles were disowned by those who had adopted them, and the material heresy was retracted. Even the few Gallican bishops, who afterwards speculatively denied the Pope's independent infallibility, always practically submitted to it. They received the Pope's dogmatic decrees with the same docility as those who maintained that he was infallible.

They never presumed to re-examine what the Pope had judged, or to look upon a question as an open one, until the Bishops throughout the country had given their adhesion to his decision. They were, in practice, always Ultramontane. They knew that Gallicanism, in its practical workings, would lead to heresy or schism. There was no injury done to the faith of the Church, and there was no need, therefore, of a General Council. Moreover, since the disruption of the relations between Church and State, as it existed in the days of Louis XIV., the Gallican doctrines have been obsolete

in the Church that gave them birth. But since the French Revolution, politicians and statesmen of Europe, rather than theological schools, have endeavored to revive the Gallican dispute, because, in the present condition of Europe, where the ordinary position of temporal power is enmity to the Holy See, they knew full well the value of these doctrines as a vantage ground whence to assail the Church. Nationalism in religion is one of the great modern ideas, and infidel statesmen clearly see that this is the end of Gallicanism.

In February, 1869, a strong anonymous pamphlet, defending Gallicanism and stigmatizing the authority of the Holy See as a usurpation, made its appearance in France. The criticism of the *Civilta* awakened anew the controversy that had slumbered for two centuries; so when the Vatican Council was convened, the Church, moved by the same divine prudence that had caused it to abstain in the past from any conciliary condemnation of Gallicanism, determined to put the question of Papal Infallibility at rest forever by its promulgation. The Church recognized its necessity, guided by the Holy Ghost, who alone knows the future.

The Council decided the opportunity of the dogma, which most of the American Bishops doubted, rather than the dogma itself. Circumstances at this time made that opportune which, before, was not necessary, and which was not, therefore, defined to the greater detriment of souls.

STARRING IT IN THE PROVINCES.

[From the *Catholic Telegraph*, February 2, 1871.]

Sir Isaac Newton, in a scientific essay, once remarked that, under the power of a physical pressure, it would be possible to reduce this wide globe to the narrow compass of a human hand. The obstacle to the success of this experiment was the want of compressible force. We are reminded of this seemingly philosophic exaggeration by the late experiment of Rev. Thomas E. Thomas, D.D., "the big gun of Calvinism," in Dayton, to squeeze the history of eighteen centuries into the very small confines of a single lecture. It was a task which ordinary mortals, conscious of limited abilities, would have abandoned, before inception, as impossible. To empty the ocean with a spoon would be comparatively easy. But this last coryphaeus of the Presbyterians is not made of ordinary clay. Where others might reasonably anticipate failure, he discovered a way to success. Other men, possessed of a lurking desire to satisfy truth in giving the history of the Papacy, have been forced to extend their labors through many years and extensive volumes. The facts of history were, in their estimation, of more value than literary patchwork, which represents nothing but the artistic imagination of the writer. But the reverend gentleman, who, lately, in the rural city of Dayton, astonished an audience by the delivery of a lecture on the temporal power of the Popes, rises above these requirements. He discarded truth as an unnecessary ingredient of the historical hash that he prepared for his easily satisfied audience. When this disappeared, he was master of the situation. The tricks that he played with the history of the past, give

him an envied place among modern magicians. The wonderful transformations that he produces in the events that he commands with his wand, forbid all rivalry. In legendary lore he is matchless. At his will, all things are made new. In the narrow span of a single lecture, he accomplished more than the poet whom Horace immortalized for his physical ability to sing two hundred *original* verses without rest or change of position. He has given us a transcript of eighteen centuries, that is not a "school boy's tale," but is most certainly the "wonder of an hour." He has won by a single speech the reputation of a Cagliostro. No one, even among his brethren, can lie so magnificently, or pluck a single leaf from the laurels with which the genius of invention has crowned him. In romance he is a splendid prodigy. As the big gun of Calvinism, he knocks to pieces the solid edifice of modern history, which has been built by the hands of truthful writers of every age and clime, and rebuilds from the inexhaustible material of his own evangelical imagination. Over this immense creation of the noble art of lying, he inscribes a fitting motto for the army of ignorance to repeat, viz.: "a minute, careful, and thorough exhibiting of the origin, use, and abuses of the temporal power of the Popes." We propose to lay unholy hands upon the house which the Presbyterian Jack has erected upon the lecture field. Two or three gentle blows, from the mallet of truth, will expose its weakness and the thinness of the prepared paste of falsehood that holds it together.

This representative of evangelical Bumbledom assigns, as the title upon which the Holy See rests its claim to the temporal possessions, known in history as the Papal States, the spurious and fictitious deed of conveyance attributed to the Emperor Constantine. He

thus begins with a blunder his battle against the facts of history. Neither the Holy See, nor any of its intelligent supporters, ever adduced this false document, to defend its temporal sovereignty.

It is certain that there was a baseless tradition, circulated long before Pepin drove back the Lombards, who had invaded the exarchate of Ravenna and threatened the peace of Rome, that such an imperial transfer in Rome had taken place; that Constantine, moved by the same motives that induced him to make Byzantium the Capital of the Empire, had generously bequeathed the inheritance of Rome as a temporal dominion to Sylvester and his successors. But the Holy See never advanced the existence of this document, as its valid claim to kingly independence. It came, in the forced confession of the infidel Gibbon, through an authentic, as well as a purer and higher source. In his history of "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," he says, "the temporal dominion of the Popes is now *confirmed* by the reverence of a thousand years, and *their noblest title* is the *free* choice of a people whom they had redeemed from slavery." Long before the conversion of Constantine and the planting of the Cross upon the summit of the capitol, the Church of Rome enjoyed large temporal resources. It was not on a sudden, nor by means of fraud or violence, as all historians of note, either Protestant, infidel, or Catholic, maintain, that the successors of the poor and humble fisherman attained a royal scepter, and that wider influence that extended during the Middle Ages to the most distant boundaries of Christian Europe. The germ of dominion, as Gibbon says, was planted as early as "the mustard seed itself." "The infant Church had 'all things in common,' and thus did it happen, that the supreme control of the Christian commonwealth, at least while in its germ,

came to be vested in *St. Peter.*" Historians familiar with the ecclesiastical antiquities of Rome, with the early history of the Roman Church in the days of persecution, repeat the truth of this statement. They find, in the generosity of the faithful, the beginning of that temporal wealth, which natural causes and political events enlarged, until it assumed the proportions of a kingdom. The Acts of the martyrs leave no doubt that a large portion of the wealth of the Roman Christians was laid at the feet of the Popes, before they emerged from the Catacombs. Again testifies Gibbon, "they had control of *immense* temporal resources."

When the Church was permitted to breathe the upper air, imperial and patrician donations rapidly prepared the way for the formation of the early kingdom of the Holy See. Voltaire admits that extensive lands in Calabria, and palaces that were dedicated as churches, were the first fruits of imperial conversion. From the reign of Constantine, the See of St. Peter, according to Gibbon, possessed estates in the most fertile provinces of Europe, Africa, and Asia. There were in Italy, alone, before the new Capital arose on the shores of the Bosphorus, the patrimonies of the Cottian Alps, of Tuscany, Sabina, Brutium, Lucania, and Sicily. They belonged to the Holy See, not by the title of rapine and violence, as Reverend Thomas would make the ignorant believe, but by the title of Christian charity, which no educated enemy of the Church has ever dared to impugn. More than this, these temporal possessions were administered in the same spirit in which they passed to the keeping of the Church. An infidel shall again utter, in defense of the Holy See, words of truth: "As long as persecution lasted, they were expended in the maintenance of the poor, in sending aid to the most distant provinces of Christ's kingdom in their distress."

The wealth of the Roman Church thus, naturally and justly, gave to its Head that influence which it always commands among men. Dr. Thomas enjoys the unenviable distinction of being the first person having any acquaintance with the past, to assert, that the Exarchate of Ravenna, ceded by Pepin, was the first territory that belonged to the Holy See. Grant, in contradiction of all history, that the Popes were not virtual sovereigns of Rome and its surroundings, before Pepin dispossessed the pillaging hordes of Lombards, before whom the army of the Byzantine Caesars were helpless, the donation of Pepin does not now draw its validity or legitimacy from a spurious epistle of St. Peter, or a forged deed of Constantine. The provinces won by Pepin from the Lombards were *his* by right of conquest. The Greek Emperors had failed to protect the people against the inroads of barbarism. They took measures to defend themselves. Their time-honored protector and benefactor was the Bishop of Rome. He had turned away the wrath of Attila, the scourge of God; he was the chosen mediator with the barbarian, Genseric. If Pepin, after his work of salvation was done, claimed the Exarchate, it was because there was no one who could, in justice, dispute his claim.

Ravenna and the Pentapolis were lost to the Emperors of the East before even Pepin set foot in Italy. They were in every sense "*bona derelicta.*" The *jus gentium,* the law of nations, transferred them to the Frankish King, who was no vassal of the Emperor, and was not under any obligation to restore them. "When," says Gibbon, "the valiant warrior (Pepin) drove out the tyrannical invaders of those provinces at the prayer of the original possessors, the Byzantines had no *pretensions* to step in and claim the spoil, or to prevent the Pontiffs from being formally invested by the victor with

a sovereignty, the duties of which they had proved themselves so eminently qualified to discharge. Hence, never was title more valid and just than that which gave to the successors of St. Peter, in the year 755, the sovereignty of the Exarchate, and the Pentapolis, of Spoleto, of some portions of Tuscany, and of the entire Dukedom of Rome; that fertile, populous, and beautifully diversified tract of peerless Italy which constitutes the territory of the Roman Pontiff of the present day."

It may surprise Reverend Thomas, and many others equally unread, to be informed that the Government of Rome under the Popes was the first example of a Christian Republic. Charlemagne was not, as this assuming Presbyterian asserts, "lord paramount," either of Rome or of any portion of earth. He received, in his coronation as Emperor, the title of "Patrician," which invested him, not with sovereign authority, but with the duties of protector in time of danger. As the temporal principality of the Roman Pontiffs began in the expressed will and voice of the *people*, often repeated, its existence was continued through the same support. "The spirit, and even the institutions of the Romans," says Hallam, "were, under the Popes, Republican. Amidst the darkness of the tenth century, which no contemporary historian dissipates, we faintly distinguish the awful names of Senate, Consuls, and Tribunes, the domestic magistrates of Rome." In his letter to Pepin, Stephen III. asks *his* aid in the name "of his people," the citizens of the Republic of the Romans, "be thou the shield and sword of the Roman Republic throughout all Italy, and be especially the advowee of the Church."—(Caroline Letters.)

Reverend Thomas called the attention of his audience to the fact that, in the donation of Pepin, and in the "restitution" of his son, Charlemagne, no mention

is made of the city of Rome; and he concludes from this omission that the Pope's sovereignty over the Capital was not recognized. The unfortunate deliverer of weak and stale arguments against the temporal power, has been cramming, for the occasion, with a very poor translation of the sophistries of Muratori. No mention is made of the city of Rome, because the King of the Franks gave to the Pontiff only the territories which the Lombards had seized; and Rome had not fallen into their power.

In the Council of Quercy, Pepin declared that he *had given back* the districts which the barbarians had overrun. Rome was not included in this category of restoration, because the Roman Pontiff had never lost control of the city. It is impossible to *restore* what has never been taken away.

Our romancist of the stage attributes the opposition and disloyalty which the Roman people manifested towards the Court of Constantinople, while it held a mere nominal sway over the Eternal City, to the ambitious designs of the successors of St. Peter. He makes history with the rapidity of the novelist, when he touches upon the Iconoclast controversy, Gregory II. did not foment rebellion, when this Eastern heresy arose, under imperial patronage. On the contrary, he employed all his influence as ruler and Bishop to avert that separation which the weakness and tyranny of Byzantine were continually hastening. In the letter of Gregory II. to Leo the Isaurian, there is not a single word that can be construed as insolence or defiance. It breathes nothing but the spirit of just reproof. Not as a rebel, but as the defender of the Faith, the Pope reproved him as a promoter of heresy. It was the outrages of the Iconoclasts, the war they declared, with the sanction of the Emperor, against the people of Italy, who clung to

the religious practice inherited from their fathers, that completed the alienation of the West from the East, which the imbecile indifference of the Emperors had begun. In the political commotion that followed the propagation of this heresy, Gregory II. took the side of the Emperor. While he resisted rebellion against the Church, he opposed revolution against Caesar. By every lawful means, as even the annalist of the Lower Empire acknowledged, he endeavored to check the disaffection of Italy. But when Leo, in his blind hatred of the Pope, called in the assistance of the Lombards, and gave them permission to ravage Italy with fire and sword, the bond of allegiance was broken. The brutality of the Emperor, not the ambition of Gregory, severed the connection between the West and the East. From the moment that Luitprand became the tool of Byzantine despotism, to scourge an unoffending people, Rome and Italy became independent; and the Pope was chosen by the liberated people to rule therein.

We have answered that portion of Rev. Thomas's lecture, which refers to the origin of the temporal power. The rest, to the conclusion, is as false in statements, and malignant in spirit, as the exordium is undeserving of notice. Truth records that the Pope became a secular prince, not by conquest, nor the wiles of diplomacy. His throne, the only one of Europe, was not erected on a foundation of human bones, cemented by human blood. Neither ambition nor a thirst for riches, had a share in helping him to a throne that protected all the nations of Europe. The spontaneous outflow of the gratitude of nations, saved by his wisdom, was the voice that called on him to reign, and all after ages, until Europe ceased to be Christian, re-echoed that call. In the words of Count de Maistre, nothing in the world

is more astonishing than to behold the Popes becoming sovereigns, whilst they resisted the elevation.

The States of the Church are a free and lawful gift of Faith, which no human power has a right to disturb — a providential gift, for the welfare of Europe as well as for the benefit of the Church. They are a gift that secures the rightful position of spiritual authority in the world and the efficient discharge by the Head of the Church of the duties and functions belonging to his office. The Popes are the natural trustee of these dominions, their just administrator for the Catholic Church, their lawful ruler for the Roman people. Neither the infidels of Italy, nor the evangelicals of this country, can silence the eloquence and the logic with which the voice of history defends the temporal possessions of the Holy See. Above the roar of the "big gun of Calvinism," it is heard, in clear, ringing tones, denouncing the robbery of the Sardinian King. The meaningless cry of a "United Italy" weighs light, in the balance, against the lawful prescription of more than a thousand years. The independence of the Pope is necessary for the free exercises of his spiritual authority, and the Providence of God that ever watches over the safety of the Church, as well as his justice, will lead again to the restoration of the Papal States.

The friends of Victor Emmanuel, in this country, try to excuse the outrage which he has perpetrated by repeating the promise, that he has given, to allow the Pope perfect freedom in his spiritual office. They, as well as we, are perfectly well convinced that such a promise can not be fulfilled. So Napoleon plotted a reconciliation with the venerable Pius VII., when a prisoner at Savona. He would give to the Pope, if he would consent to reside in *his capital* — a palace, a circuit of

eight miles of neutral ground, and a salary of six million francs a year. The fearless Pontiff, trusting to the hand of God for deliverance, answered, that a prison at Savona was as good as one at Paris; all the territory he needed was an unsoiled conscience; he spurned the bribe of millions of francs, because he could live upon twenty sous a day, that Christian charity would freely grant him. So his successor of the same name will answer, in this new spoliation. Rome will not endure two masters — the Christian and the Infidel. And in God's own time, the kingly priesthood will recover its sovereign rights, undiminished and unimpaired. The Church, like God, is eternal, and can wait. When the big gun of Calvinism is spiked by the hand of death, the Roman See will live, and the Vicegerent of Christ will govern the Patrimony of St. Peter.

THE "NEW ENGLANDER" ON THE SEE OF PETER.

[From the *Catholic Telegraph*, February 9, 1871.]

In "*The New Englander*," a review that preaches to the pious children of the Puritans the latest religious novelties with the most approved literary culture, we never look for any religious dogmatism. Unlike its Evangelical cotemporaries, that lag behind it, in the swift race to avowed infidelity, recognizing the absence of any right in heresy to teach by authority, it opens its pages for the circulation of any and all religious opinions. It is a faithful index pointing to all the theories in religion that revolve around the learned and scientific hub of the universe. The Lyceum, and not the Church, is the temple in which its contributors worship. Each one fashions a God from his mental abstractions and then falls down and adores his own brain-work. But while the professorial pundits who disseminate their conflicting notion of divine science, have cast away the puerilities of Evangelical creeds, they rarely forget to sweeten their quarterly slices of Boston theology with the old spirit of Puritanical hatred against the Catholic Church. The strength of this traditional feeling is apparently resistless. It preserves through the successive numbers of the *Review* the potency with which it governs the less learned Evangelical world. The noxious weed is nourished with as much care as it receives in the nurseries of more strictly defined Protestantism. It is considered an attractive ornament, as becoming for the chair of the "liberal professor" of New England as for the pulpit of the most illiterate spawn of Wesley. In this way it pushes its claim to the acceptance of a much

larger circle than are disposed to follow the rationalistic religion of the illuminati of Boston. It pays, but it pays often at the expense of the reputation of its writers for knowledge that tutors of grammar schools ordinarily possess. The number for January proves this to a conclusive demonstration. It opens with an article, intended to be searching and exhaustive, on the question whether St. Peter was ever in Rome or lived there as Bishop of the Roman Church.

Long since, eminent Protestant as well as Catholic writers, after a thorough sifting of all scriptural and historical testimony upon this important subject, have agreed in an affirmative decision, that St. Peter was without doubt the Head of the Roman Church. But "*The New Englander,*" impressed with a deep sense of its greater knowledge, sets boldly to work at this late day to reverse this decision, and it flatters itself that the labor has been crowned with complete success.

We shall examine as briefly as possible this "learned" assault upon the Petrine foundation of the Papacy, that the admirers of the divines of the Lyceum may estimate their erudition at its proper value.

By way of exordium, "*The New Englander*" discusses and denies the official pre-eminence of St. Peter in the college of Apostles. Its exegesis of all the scriptural promises, that our Lord made to St. Peter, of spiritual supremacy, pretends to destroy, with magical quickness and scientific certainty, all his prerogatives and his universal authority.

In rebuttal of the dogmatic interpretation of the words of the Lord, by which he made Peter the Rock upon which he built his Church, it is alleged that the rebuke which was administered to Peter under the name of Satan, clearly reveals that under the new title which Peter received, no official superiority was bestowed.

The writer in this unsupported assertion loses sight of all just and consistent rules of biblical criticism. St. Peter was promised the primacy as a reward for his outspoken and fearless faith that remained unshaken when many of our Lord's disciples deserted him. It was not conferred because he was exempt from sinful fall or error in judgment, before the days of Pentecost. By every rule of scriptural interpretation, the word "rock," taken in connection with the circumstances in which it was used, was a metaphorical expression, an image of the enduring strength and solidity of the foundation on which Christ rested his Church. By the same laws of interpretation, it is evident, from the context, that the word "Satan" was employed in its literal meaning. Our Lord signified to Peter, that by his opposition to his predicted death, he was acting the part of a Satan or "adversary." The Catholic, in the argument which he deduces for the primacy, from the sixteenth chapter of St. Matthew, invests it only with the validity which the words bestow. *They* admit of no ambiguity — they, necessarily, from their inherent force, teach a dogmatic truth, that St. Peter was made the Head of the Church. By their analogy with other places in Scripture, in which the word "rock" is repeated, these words are not susceptible of any other explanation. We build an objective fact, a dogma of the faith, upon the expressed approval of St. Peter's confession, because consistency requires that every term should be considered as it stands in the proposition of which it makes a part, and explained not by itself, but to bring out the real sense of the proposition. Any other method of criticism is the most transparent torture of truth.

"Why," says *The New Englander*, comparing the words "Satan" and "Rock," as applied to St. Peter, "do we not conclude that, when the Apostle is called the

rock upon which the Church was to be built, the same Divine Master simply expressed, most affectionately and solemnly, the high dignity and enduring work to which his follower and disciple was destined?" We answer the question by giving our assent to so just a conclusion. The words do signify the high dignity to which St. Peter was called; but not, as *The New Englander* most assuredly concluded, the dignity of an apostle of the Church of God, for to that exalted position he was already elevated. Nor could the words refer to that dignity, if he had not yet received his sublime vocation, for our Lord intended, as all must admit, to give to Peter some special distinction and honor, that the other apostles did not merit. He had spoken when the rest were silent; and our Lord could not permit the eloquence of his faith to pass unremunerated. But unless precedence among the apostles was attached to St. Peter, the words have no significance. That precedence could find no place except in official jurisdiction. In everything else the others were his equals.

It is objected that our Lord reproved the contentions of some of the apostles for a greater share of power than the others possessed; that this reproof excludes the supremacy of Peter. It is inferred that the apostles did not recognize the chieftainship of Peter, that they did not understand that Christ had constituted Peter, in this text, Head of the Church. But it was to a *temporal* domination that our Lord showed himself adverse; and to make this clear to his disciples, he immediately after constituted his *spiritual* empire. Again, the argument is fallacious, because our Lord had not yet commissioned St. Peter. He had called him the Rock, upon which he built his Church, but it is necessary to remember, says the Protestant Bishop Pearson, that he spoke not of the Church that was, but of that which

was to be. Our Lord had not yet clothed him with the privilege to strengthen his brethren, or to feed his sheep. Then his primatial credentials were filled by the Divine hand — and all rivalry ceases. For a time, *The New Englander* admits, St. Peter was peculiarly prominent among the apostles; but in a brief period, it contends, that he sunk to the same level as the others; nay, more, that St. Paul soon occupied his place. In support of this assertion, it repeats the old objections, that St. James was the superior at the Council at Jerusalem, and St. Paul resisted Cephas. Both the instances, cited to overturn the Catholic dogma of Peter's primacy, only confirm the truth, that in apostolic days it was an *official* prerogative, and therefore transmitted to his successors.

In the Council of Jerusalem, there is not a single historical point which can lead to the Protestant inference that St. James presided; there is not in the inspired record of its proceedings the faintest implication of such presidency. But it *is* stated that St. Peter arose to end all disputes, and it was to his authoritative decision that the assembly submitted. Neither St. James nor St. Paul asserted even an equality with St. Peter. The former spoke only at the close of the session, following St. Peter's solution of the existing difficulties — he but echoes St. Peter's address; while St. Paul, after recounting the many conversions among the Gentiles, leaves the disposition of the controversy to him who was higher in authority. The *Simeon*, to whom St. James refers in his speech before the Council, is *not* the prophet who had received the infant God in the temple. If it was not for the similarity of the name, it would never have occurred to anybody to suppose that St. James meant the aged priest of the Old Law. St. James refers to one who had just spoken. When he

relates to the assembled apostles "how God at first did visit the Gentiles," he refers again to St. Peter, whom God had sent "to take out of them a people for his name." Cornelius and his house had been brought into the fold. We know, moreover, that St. Peter was called Simeon from the first words of his second epistle: "Simeon Peter, servant and apostle of Jesus Christ."

The resistance of St. Paul to St. Peter does not militate against his supremacy. It did not make St. Peter the inferior of the Apostle of the Gentiles. The king is not an inferior of an officer of the State, when he opposes the ruler in the violation of a law, or in offending against the authority that has been placed in his hands. His kingship remains undisturbed; so with the primacy of Peter, when he was found wanting in moral courage.

Dismissing the institution of the Primacy, as a portion of the subject which it finds difficult to attack, *The New Englander* argues, that the Popes can lay no well-founded claim to any prerogative of St. Peter, because he never was Bishop of Rome. It might be expected that the literati of Boston would be better acquainted with the domain of Church history, than with the domain of Scripture. But one is as much an unknown land as the other. The writer of this article against the rights of the Holy See first maintains that Babylon, of which St. Peter writes in his first epistle, does not mean the city of Rome, or, at least, the identity is not indisputable. He gives no reason for the doubt which he casts upon the correctness of this conclusion, to which all Protestants of learning have come, when investigating this subject. He sweeps away their unanimous testimony without the quotation of a single argument against it, contenting himself with the profound remark that he

deems it insufficient, in his judgment, to make it even probable that Babylon means Rome.

But St. Papias, a disciple of St. John the Apostle, in a communication to the Romans, expressly declares that Babylon, in the epistle of St. Peter, is no other city. It must be borne in mind, that the epistle of St. Peter was written to the Jews, who were accustomed to adopt mystical appellations. As Edom was a common name for their Gentile oppressors, and Babylon the scene of their first captivity, it is at least highly probable on this ground that Rome, which was their second, received the same title. As this usage of mystical names was so much in conformity with Rabbinical language, the Apostle's meaning was never doubted until the fifteenth century.

Dropping, with contempt, the mystical synonym of Rome, the writer in *The New Englander* grows so bold as to assert that St. Peter's residence in the Capital of the Empire is only a fable and a romance. He can find not one well-authenticated fact that will dispel the clouds that hang round this colossal fable, that St. Peter ever visited the city as bishop, or there suffered martyrdom. We shall infuse a little light into this strange darkness.

When St. Paul wrote his Epistle to the Romans, it is evident from the contents that many were already converted to Christianity. He desired to see the church whose faith had become so renowned. Now all antiquity speaks of but two Apostles that had preached the faith to the Romans — St. Peter and St. Paul. He, therefore, who had instructed them in the faith, which St. Paul praised, could be no other than St. Peter. St. Paul expressed the desire not to teach them, but to *confirm* them in the faith they already possessed. *The New Englander,* in its superficial survey of the Apostolic

period, gives us Eusebius as the earliest authority, affirming that the Roman Church was governed by St. Peter. We can trace sure testimony through all the writings of the earliest fathers. It acknowledges that primitive tradition is, however, unanimous upon the point that St. Peter had been at Rome, but again assumes that this tradition is legendary in its origin, not historical. The earliest fathers of the Church, who, in all probability, had better opportunities of obtaining more accurate knowledge than the scientists of these latter days, held the opposite opinion. In their minds, as shown in their writings, it was an indisputable *fact* that St. Peter lived and died in Rome. St. Clement, a co-laborer of St. Peter and St. Paul, as the Sacred Scriptures attest, says in his Epistle to the Corinthians, whose authenticity has never been doubted, that "after preaching in the East and West, St. Peter and St. Paul suffered marytyrdom under *the Prefects*, and the later fathers all agree that the Prefects of Rome are signified. St. Ignatius, in his letter to the Romans on the eve of his martyrdom, in the beginning of the first century, says: "I do not, as St. Peter and St. Paul, issue commandments to you. They were Apostles. I am but a condemned man." St. Irenaeus speaks in the most positive manner of the "Church of Rome, founded and constituted by the most glorious Apostles, St. Peter and St. Paul." Tertullian, in his Praescriptions, declares that at Rome "St. Peter had a like passion with his Lord, where St. Paul was crowned with an end like the Baptist." St. Cyprian calls Rome the "place of Peter" and the "Chair of Peter." These fathers, and many others who preceded the time of Eusebius, surely are worthy of more credit than the *ipse dixit* of a Yankee professor.

The New Englander imagines that discrepancies of chronologists, which it can not reconcile, convert the

whole substance of a fact into a legend. It is true, that attempts to adjust the exact date of St. Peter's journey to Rome, have not been successful. It is true, that from the writings of the fathers, who have given us dates, it is impossible to determine whether they refer to the first or second visit of St. Peter, and here, in all probability, lies the great difficulty of adjustment.

This much is certain from Eusebius and St. Jerome, that he visited Rome in the second year of the reign of Claudius, and hence Jerusalem was not, at the time of the Council, in the year 52, the See or the headquarters of Peter, as *The New Englander* affirms. It rejects the chronology of the abovementioned witnesses, as worthless, because in the Epistle of St. Paul to the Romans, written in the year 58, no mention is made of the presence of Peter in Rome. But the *argumentum ex silentio*, much as the writer prizes it, is negative and valueless against the positive authority we have adduced.

THE CHURCH JOURNAL ON PAPAL SUPREMACY.

[From the *Catholic Telegraph*, March 2, 1871.]

The columns of the *Church Journal*, a paper, solemn and dignified in its expression, of great learning and deep research, have lately been filled with a lengthy discussion of the claims of the Roman Catholic Church to universal jurisdiction. Patristic theology, the acts of the early Councils, the decrees of local Synods, the controversies of the different Churches with the See of Rome, in the first days of the faith, have been pressed into service to demonstrate that the primacy of the Roman Church was a spiritual usurpation. A primacy of honor and esteem, arising from the civil rank of the Imperial City, is conceded; but the *Church Journal* will admit no supreme jurisdiction. In defense of this position, we have arrayed against us an immense army of quotations from the earliest documents of Christianity; but this army is formidable only in appearance. It is maneuvered with wonderful skill and a perfect knowledge of theological strategy. It is so artistically arranged, so scientifically divided, and at the same time united in all its parts with so much ingenuity, that it elicits our admiration in its attack upon Catholic faith, even when it fails to injure. It strikes boldly, and bravely, with the best arms that heresy can furnish, and learned sophistry can fashion; so that its failure to disturb the foundations upon which the Roman primacy rests, can be attributed only to the fact, that the written traditions, which the *Journal* has gathered for this learned discussion, have been misunderstood and mis-

applied. Here is their unseen weakness, which we shall endeavor to expose.

Upon the third canon of the first Council of Constantinople and the twenty-eighth of Chalcedon, as an argument, it is alleged that the Roman Pontiff was not recognized as Head of the Church, but only first among equals; and that even this degree of dignity was not accorded to him on the grounds that he ruled the Church which St. Peter had founded, but was granted to him on account of the civil pre-eminence of Rome. The teaching of these canons, according to the *Journal*, limited the authority of the Roman Bishop to the provinces which he ruled as Metropolitan. Unfortunately for the reverend neologian of the *Journal*, the third canon of the first Council of Constantinople is a most direct and pointed refutation of this mistake, that the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Rome did not extend beyond the exercise of his Metropolitan rights. When the Council was convened, the Seven-hilled City was no longer the Capital of the Empire. It had lost its time-honored rank, and to the new Rome, Constantinople, had been transferred its former civic honors. If, then, the dignity of the Roman See, as "first among equals," had originated in, and had been preserved by, the temporal greatness of the city, when it sunk in the scale of importance, it would have been natural and just that this Council, composed almost entirely of Eastern Bishops, when the third canon was passed, should have given to Constantinople the place which the Roman See occupied. But such is not the fact. The canon decreed "that the Bishop of Constantinople has the dignity of honor *next* after the Bishop of Rome." If the assertion of the *Journal* were true, the Bishop of Constantinople should have received the precedence. Moreover, even

the second place was denied to the new Rome. This canon never received the approbation of the Holy See; only that portion of its decrees that obtained the signature of Pope Damasus, was accepted by the East as well as the West, as the work of a General Council. When Pope St. Leo wrote his dogmatic letter to the Council of Chalcedon, he referred to this deficiency, as an acknowledged mark of the invalidity of the canon. From this decision it is certain, that the subsequent early Councils did not demur; for Constantinople, as a patriarchal See, attained in dignity only the fourth place, which was assigned to it by the Roman Pontiff. Alexandria and Antioch were preferred before it; and, as these Sees ranked Constantinople, only for the reason that they claimed apostolic creation, this arrangement conclusively proves that the higher position of the Roman See, which none of the Patriarchs would dispute, was sustained only by the universal belief, that it inherited the primatial jurisdiction of the Chief of the Apostles.

With the third canon of the Council of Constantinople, the *Church Journal* unites the twenty-eighth of the Council of Chalcedon. There is an intimate connection in the history of both — for one was used in the ambitious designs of the Eastern patriarchs, as a prop for the other. They stand or fall together, as an argument against the Roman primacy.

At the opening of the General Synod of Chalcedon, which the *Church Journal* assures its readers dissipates all doubt, with regard to the equal jurisdiction of other Sees with Rome, the supreme authority of Pope Leo was admitted in the condemnation of Dioscurus, who was declared unworthy of a seat in the assembly, because he had *held a Council without the consent of the Holy See*, which act the legates of the Pope condemned,

without a dissenting voice, among the Eastern Bishops, on the ground, "that it is not and never can be made lawful." In this Synod, the arrogance of Constantinople revived. The synodical epistle of the Council to the Pope, informs him that, while he presides "as the Head over the members" and as the "Constituted Interpreter to all of Blessed Peter"— while "the custody of the Vineyard has been committed to him by the Savior," they have confirmed for the establishing of order and the maintenance of canonical discipline, "under the persuasion that our proceedings would have your approval and confirmation," the canon (third) of the one hundred and fifty Fathers of Constantinople, which ordained that "the Bishop of that city should enjoy the *privileges of honor after* your most holy and apostolic Chair, in the conviction that you will extend your wonted care to the Church of Constantinople, and enlighten it with your Apostolic ray." This canon, the Bishop of Rome is requested to confirm. "Honor, then, our judgment," reads the Epistle, "with your decree, that as we have been united to our Head in agreeing upon what was right, so the Head may confirm the becoming act of the children."

Now, it is in this very Council, which the *Church Journal*, like all Anglicans, advances, to militate against the supremacy of jurisdiction, in the Holy See, that we find the strongest testimony supporting its prerogatives. On this point of faith, it is more clear, explicit, and definite, than any of the early and preceding Synods. By order of the Papal legates, speaking by the sole authority of their superiors, Dioscurus, the Archbishop of the Second Apostolic throne, was expelled from his seat in the Council. Though a favorite of the court, imperial power did not dare to oppose this lawful exercise of Papal jurisdiction. Even the cause of his expulsion

corroborated this article of Catholic faith. He was punished, because he had presumed to hold a Plenary Council, without the sanction of the Holy See. If the judgment passed upon the Arian Dioscurus was an undeniable affirmation of judicial power over the universal Church, the admission of Theodoret by the same Council, because he was restored to Episcopal authority by the Holy See, is no less convincing. The synodical letter, portions of which we have transcribed, since it calls the Bishop of Rome the Head of the Episcopate, and deduces his sovereign powers from the investiture of St. Peter, with spiritual leadership, is as expressive of Catholic faith, as the words with which the Council closes its session—"Peter has spoken by the mouth of Leo." Side by side, with these unequivocal and undisguised evidences, that the East as well as the West bowed to the jurisdiction of the successor of St. Peter, stands the twenty-eighth canon, which the *Church Journal* selects as proof, that in latter days the Bishops of Rome have overleaped the lawful restrictions that the early Church imposed upon their spiritual dominion. We hold that the twenty-eighth canon can not, when placed under careful and critical examination, lead to any such conclusion. The canon reads thus: "The Fathers, with good reason, granted to the See of Ancient Rome, its high privileges, because it was the reigning city; by the same consideration, the one hundred and fifty Bishops were induced to decide that New Rome, the honored seat of Empire and the residence of the Senate, should possess equal privileges in ecclesiastical matters, and be second in rank." It is contended by the enemies of the Church, that the words of this act bestow upon the Church of Constantinople, an equality in everything with Rome. They forget that, besides his dignity as Bishop, the Roman Pontiff held a higher dig-

nity as successor of St. Peter, which the same Council confessed in decided terms. It is altogether incredible, that these same Bishops would allow the legality of his supreme rule, and at the same time declare that in all things the Patriarch of Constantinople was his equal.

The canon is, then, susceptible of only one interpretation, the truth of which is confirmed by the whole history of the Council. He who sat in the Chair of Peter was Bishop of Rome, a Metropolitan, the Patriarch of the West, Prefect of the suburbicarian provinces, as well as Head of the Church. As Bishops of an *imperial city*, the successors of St. Peter were possessed of certain honors and privileges over the Bishops of other places, and it is to this dignity and honor, not to this primacy of jurisdiction, to which the Council of Chalcedon alluded. The Emperor Valentinian, in one of his epistles, leaves on record, that this distinction in the dignities of the Roman See was always understood. Writing to the Holy See, he says: "Since, therefore, the authority of the Sacred Synod of Nicaea *has confirmed the primacy of the Apostolic See* on account of the merit of Peter, the Chief of the Corona of Bishops, and *of the dignity of the city of Rome*, let no one dare to attempt anything unlawful, in opposition to the authority of that See." Nothing is more clearly traced in the early history of the Church, than a distinction of rank among its prelates. We read of bishops, metropolitans, and patriarchs — the difference in name and dignity arose from the difference between the episcopal cities in size, influence, or importance, either civil or ecclesiastical. As Patriarch of the West, the authority of the Bishop of Rome was distinct from his jurisdiction as head of the Church; but, even in this character, he enjoyed a primacy of honor over the rest that wore the same title — Alexandria, Antioch, and Constantinople. When Con-

stantinople, "as the new Rome," was elevated to the same rank as the other three, it was the desire of the Greek Bishops, that Alexandria and Antioch, as smaller cities, should yield to it, as a patriarchate, the places they had occupied, so that, as it was an imperial city, the Patriarch of Constantinople might be "next in honor" to the Bishop of Rome, and have equal rights with him in the office as Patriarch. There was no attempt, in the Council, to question the claim of Rome to a higher office than the Patriarchate.

The acts of the Council attest, that this is the whole scope and meaning of this celebrated canon. In these acts, we find that the legates of the Pope, when they remonstrated against a violation of the primatial authority of Rome, clearly distinguished between the primacy and the precedence of honor. The very words they employed, indicated that they and the Council were well aware of a substantial difference between them. After the sixth canon of the Council of Nice had been read, defining the ancient customs and ecclesiastical rights of Metropolitans, the Magistrates said: "It appears that the *Primacy and* the Precedence of honor (*ta Proteia kai ten exœreton Timen*) should be preserved according to the Canons, for the Archbishop of Old Rome, but the Archbishop of Constantinople ought to enjoy the like privileges *of honor*." To this the whole Council assented. So that, while equal privileges of honor were freely granted to the Bishop of Constantinople, as Patriarch, the *Primacy* was, by decree of this Council of Chalcedon, unanimously refused. In spite of the instruction of the acts of the Council, the *Church Journal* has ignorantly confounded these two distinct primacies of authority and honor — upon this confusion is based its first argument against the jurisdiction of the Holy See.

As subsidiary arguments against Papal jurisdiction, the *Church Journal* summons to its aid the controversy on the celebration of Easter, and the dispute between Pope St. Stephen and St. Cyprian on baptism. We shall dispose of both with the brevity that their insignificance deserves. It is difficult to discover why the writer introduced them. A difference of discipline had existed from the apostles, between the Asiatic Churches and the West, in reference to the proper time of celebrating Easter. The Pope St. Victor, in the second century, after holding several Councils, in which the subject was discussed, wrote to the Eastern Bishops, that in this matter of discipline they must conform to the usages of the Roman Church. The Bishops of Asia Minor refused, and the Pope threatened them with excommunication. In reply, one of their number, Polycrates, wrote "that he was not alarmed at what he was threatened with." The excommunication was then issued. Several Bishops advised the Pope to withdraw the sentence; among others, St. Irenaeus *becomingly* admonished Victor not to cut off whole churches which observed the tradition of an ancient custom. This is the sum total of the controversy, in which we fail to find anything which denies to the Holy See universal jurisdiction.

The action of the Eastern Church was disrespectful and insulting — like the conduct of all who, through pride, reject its supreme authority; but mere opposition to authority does not argue against its lawful exercise. Had the Pope assumed the tone of dictation without right, the answer of Polycrates and his adherents would have resented the mandate of the Holy See on this ground. But we find no words in their response, impugning his credentials as Head of the Church. On the contrary, when he summoned them to Council to heal

the division, they immediately obeyed. When they, in their pride, like other rebels, refused to submit, they did not dare to justify their conduct by the later heresy, that the East was not subject, as well as the West, to the successor of St. Peter. The *Church Journal* might as well assert that the existence of Protestantism is of itself an unanswerable argument, that the Pope is not the successor of St. Peter.

Rebellions occur both in Church and State; and those who rebel are wont to indulge in violent and defiant language; but such conduct can not transform such language into just and commendable words. The letter of Irenaeus does not add the smallest particle of justice to the cause of the Quarto-decimans, or give the slightest strength to the Anglican position. St. Irenaeus admonished the Pope "becomingly," because he was an inferior; he did not resist his authority. On this occasion he did nothing at variance with that faith which he held, when he called the See of Rome "the greatest, the most ancient of the Churches; the Church with which all the faithful must agree on account of its greater jurisdiction (*propter potiorem principalitatem*)." It was a question of discipline, not of faith or of morals. He feared that the greater evil of schism might follow if the Pope used extreme measures. He reminded Victor of the gentleness and prudence which his predecessors had practiced in this same controversy, urging him to imitate their example by refraining from the infliction of the punishment which belonged to his office. St. Irenaeus did not admonish him as one who had usurped extraordinary power, to which he was not entitled. He tries to stay the execution of the decreed penalty, by urging its inexpediency and excessive severity; he is speaking to one who was misusing the universal jurisdiction with which he was clothed. The controversy does not touch,

even in the smallest particular, upon Papal supremacy. The same must be said of the protest of St. Cyprian. The Bishops of Carthage insisted upon the necessity of rebaptizing all who had received baptism from the hands of heretics. This opinion the Pope, St. Stephen, condemned. St. Cyprian refused to accept the Papal decision, and in a subsequent Council of Carthage, he caused his own opinion to be adopted. The letters of St. Cyprian to Pompeius, and of Firmilian to St. Cyprian, and the address of the latter to the Council of Carthage, no doubt appear to Protestants, when superficially read, to reject the doctrine of Papal supremacy. The Pope is assaulted with violent and abusive names — he is compared to Judas Iscariot, he is accused of having recourse to tyrannical terror to enforce his mandate. To shame his imputed arrogance, he is told by the assembled Bishops that "no one of us setteth himself up as a bishop of bishops." He is told "that inasmuch as every bishop, in the use of his free liberty and power, has the right of forming his own judgment, he can be no more judged by another than he can himself judge another." All this, and much more of vituperation, with which the Council rang, is very strong language. But if it is to be construed as an argument against Papal supremacy, it is as fatal to the whole order of the episcopacy, as it is to the authority of Rome. If there be no bishop of bishops, then the early Church erred in the appointment of primates, patriarchs, and archbishops.

If St. Cyprian intended to convey by these terms that he allowed no grades in spiritual authority, he was acting the part of a suicide, for he was a Primate with jurisdiction over the Bishops of Africa. If he meant by the words, "No one hath power to judge another," in the wide sense which Anglicans and other heretics give

to them, then he discarded the authority of local and provincial Synods and Ecumenical Councils. The *Church Journal*, to sustain its thesis, will not assent to this logical deduction. It would make St. Cyprian the destroyer of *all* ecclesiastical discipline, when he was enforcing an innovation of discipline in opposition to the Holy See. What, then, is the true and just explanation of the conduct and words of St. Cyprian? He had long before professed, with the rest of the Church, his belief in the universal supremacy of Rome. He had written that "the Roman Church was built first and alone upon St. Peter, who had received the keys"; that "it was the Chair of Peter, to which were attached the prerogatives of the Rank and Grade of the Sacerdotal Chair," "the principal Church, whence the unity of the Priesthood took its rise"; "it was the Root and Matrix of the universal Church." After this profession of faith, it is clear that St. Cyprian did not intend to inveigh against Papal supremacy. The controversy was of a different order. It involved the yet unsettled question of episcopal rights, of their definite province and exact limitations, and the *now* settled question of Papal Infallibility. Neither he nor Firmilian doubted that he was supreme, for the later, in his Epistle to St. Cyprian, says that the folly of Stephen was the more criminal because he held the succession of St. Peter, "upon whom the foundations of the Church were placed." St. Cyprian refused to acquiesce in the Papal decision, because he had not consulted upon the subject the "College of Prelates," over which the Pope was presiding Bishop. He claimed, like a multitude of saintly Bishops, who never doubted the supreme jurisdiction of the Pope, before the late definition of Papal Infallibility, that he had no right to decide by his single voice, without consulting the Bishops of the Church. This is the

only explanation that can be reconciled with the writings of the Bishop of Carthage, who has left us such an abundance of testimony in defense of the Primacy of the Holy See. We shall leave to another occasion our criticism upon the case of Apiarius, and the other facts in the history of the Church, which the *Church Journal* produces, and which *seem* to be valid objections to the truth of this dogma of the Catholic Church, that the Bishop of Rome, as the successor of St. Peter, is the supreme ruler, guide, and teacher of the universal Church.

THE CHURCH JOURNAL ON ROMAN SUPREMACY.

[From the *Catholic Telegraph*, March 9, 1871.]

In our last issue we replied, with all possible brevity, to the *Church Journal*, which has, through several numbers, continued the serious work of contesting the claims of the Roman See to universal supremacy. We have shown that neither the second nor fourth General Council, though the acts of both were supposed to furnish sufficient authority to unsettle and uproot this deeply imbedded dogma of Catholic faith, had any other bearing upon the controversy than to confirm the belief of subsequent times — that Rome possessed, by divine right, a primacy of jurisdiction. The canons of these Synods are enduring witnesses that the Catholic Church of the present day is in most perfect accord with the remotest ages of Christian antiquity. They resist the violent and distorted interpretations to which heresy subjects them, and thus become additional monuments, that attest the unchanging character of Catholic doctrine. In the unearthing of old disputes of either Eastern or Western Churches, with the See of Rome, the *Church Journal* has found, indeed, that the decisions of the See of Peter were sometimes met with resistance by a few Bishops or by individual churches. It traveled over the old and beaten paths, to discover, after much fatigue, that these very disputes had only one sequel — a further confirmation of the truth, that the successors of St. Peter justly claimed the authority, which they sought to enforce, in faith and morals.

From the protests of the Quarto-decimans, and the refusal of St. Cyprian to accept the Roman decision on

the validity of the baptism conferred by heretics, the *Church Journal* passes to the case of Apiarius, on whom it labors to build, with the materials that the archives of the African Church furnish, another argument against this much hated supremacy. But, again, the facts of ecclesiastical history refuse to conform to the wishes of the *Journal*. They do not sustain the theory "that there is no proof that Christian Africa, up to the fifth century, at any time, admitted any claim of Rome to appellate jurisdiction there." We are not surprised that the *Church Journal* devotes so much space to the discussion of the case of Apiarius, because it has been considered by some of the most cogent and learned writers of the Anglican Church, among whom we may mention the celebrated Catholic convert, Mr. Allies, as fatal to the doctrine of Papal supremacy. But the *Church Journal*, like its predecessors, has overlooked some material points in the controversy, which we propose to bring to its notice. By way of necessary preface, it will be well to give our readers the history of this African protest.

In the early part of the fifth century, Urbanus, Bishop of Sicca, whom St. Augustine extols for his great virtue and distinguished learning, tried, condemned, and excommunicated a priest named Apiarius, whose ordination had been uncanonical, and who had been proven guilty of great crimes by the people among whom he exercised the ministry. From this decision the condemned Apiarius appealed to the judgment of Pope Zozimus. To investigate the action of Urbanus, St. Boniface, who occupied the Papal chair after Zozimus, sent three legates to Carthage. When the Council assembled to give audience to the representatives of the Holy See, and to hear the instructions which they conveyed to the Church of Africa, a violent dispute arose as to their legality. These instructions, regulating the

relations of the Bishops of Africa, with the Holy See, reminded the Council that the Bishops of the Church had always enjoyed the right to appeal to Rome — that a priest could demand, according to the canons, a hearing before the neighboring Bishops, if he had been deposed from his office without sufficient reason, and that, if Urbanus persisted in disobedience to the instructions of the legates, or the decision of Rome, in the case of Apiarius, he would make himself liable to excommunication, or at least be cited before the Roman tribunal to answer for his contumacy. The assembled Bishops repudiated any right of the Pope, inherent in his office, to appellate jurisdiction, nor would they admit that a condemned presbyter could demand a new trial from neighboring Bishops, when his ordinary had judged him deserving of ecclesiastical censure. In defense of these laws, which the legates presented to the Council for their acceptance, it was urged by them that they agreed with the canons of the General Council of Nicaea. The Council demurred to this statement, assuring the legates that they did not believe that their instructions were extracted from the Nicene Code. But they expressed their willingness to hold the subject in abeyance, until they could compare the Papal decrees with the text of the Nicene Canons. They immediately forwarded a request to the Bishops of Antioch and Alexandria, on the suggestion of one of the members of the Council, St. Alypius, to send to them correct copies of the acts of the Council. In the meantime the Bishops, among whom was St. Augustine, held another meeting. In the synodical letter, which they then published, and a copy of which was sent to the Roman Pontiff, they speak in the following manner: "We desire that your Holiness will allow us to observe what has been decreed in the Council of Nicaea, and enforce in our own country

what is contained in the instructions of Zozimus." These instructions, they maintained, were transcripts of the Council of Sardica, and not of Nicaea. After this, they added: "If these resolutions be contained in the Council of Nicaea, and observed in Italy, we will mention them no more, and will not scruple to allow them. But if we find otherwise, we believe, that so long as you rule the Roman Church, we shall no longer suffer this annoyance, and that we shall receive brotherly charity, which you so well understand. We pray you to write to the Bishops of Antioch, of Alexandria, and of Constantinople, and to all others whom it may please, to send us copies of the Nicene Canons. In the meanwhile, *we promise to observe the canons*, quoted by you, concerning the appeals of Bishops to Rome, and the trial of clergy before Bishops of their provinces." In the same year, (419,) the Patriarchs of Alexandria and Constantinople sent, with letters authentic, codices of the Nicene Council. It was found that the instructions of Rome did not belong to the canons of that Ecumenical Synod, but were copied from the seventh and seventeenth canons of the Council of Sardica. Then the Bishops of Africa resolved that no appeals should for the future cross the sea, and they communicated their determination in a letter to Pope St. Celestine.

War prevented an immediate answer to this epistle; but on the restoration of peace, St. Celestine, having examined the evidence against Apiarius, and believing him innocent of the crimes of which he was accused, decided in his favor, restored him to communion, and sent information of the conclusion, to which he had come, to the Bishops of Africa. A Council to receive the Papal legate reassembled, and Aurelius again presided. A more careful examination of witnesses left no doubt of the guilt of the fallen priest. So the legate

Faustinus concurred with the Council in a second condemnation, which was followed by a confession of his iniquities on the part of Apiarius. This Council closed with another letter to the Holy See. In its contents, we find that the Council begged the Pope, in obedience to the Nicene Council, not to restore to communion those whom it had excommunicated. The letter to the Pope urged, "that those who are interdicted from communion in their own provinces, ought not to be restored by your Holiness too hastily, and in opposition to the rules; and you ought to reject the priests and other clergy who are so rash as to appeal to you. For no ordinance of our fathers has deprived the Church of Africa of this authority, and the canons of the Nicene Council have subjected the Bishops themselves to Metropolitans.' The letter further adds: "With regard to what you have sent us by Faustinus, as being contained in the Nicene Council, we can not find it in the more authentic copies which we formerly sent to your predecessor, Boniface, of happy memory."

After this historical explanation of the whole protest of the African Bishops, against the interference of Rome, we assert, with the confidence that all the facts support the assertion, that the supremacy of the Pope as chief teacher of the Church was never called in question; that his prerogative to teach, and to decide in matters of faith and morals, was never denied. The dispute that arose between Rome and Africa, in the case of Apiarius, originated in conflicting opinions *in a matter of discipline;* it never entered the domain of either faith or morals, and is no more available as an argument against the Primacy of Peter than his successors, as the Church teaches it, than the Quarto-decimans controversy, of which we have already disposed. A criminal of the sanctuary, who was justly expelled, appeals to Rome,

and is replaced by its authority. The exercise of this authority is based upon canons supposed to have been adopted by the Nicene Fathers; but they are finally traced to the Council of Sardica. The Pope claimed for himself the right to adjudge *a case of discipline;* the Bishops refused to allow this, because it had been determined by the Council of Nice that the provincial Synod, in such matters of discipline, obtained supreme control. Hence it does not follow, as the *Church Journal* assumes, that because, "in this lesser cause" of discipline, the Bishops of Africa opposed the Papal mandate, his voice was not respected, and received as final in the "great cause" of faith. The testimony of the African Church, at the very same period, in favor of Papal supremacy whenever an heretical error was to be condemned, proves that this conclusion is utterly false. In the preceding year, when these same Bishops who tried Apiarius, excommunicated Pelagius for *heresy*, they sought for a confirmation of their decree from the Holy See in these words: "We desire that the authority of the Apostolic See may be given to the resolutions of our lowliness." The Council of Milevis, expressing the same recognition of Papal supremacy, addresses the Pope in these words: "As the Lord, by the *chief* gift of his grace, hath placed you in the Apostolic See, we pray that you will extend your pastoral diligence to the great dangers of us poor, weak members of Christ." In this same Council, the Bishops of Africa bowed with one faith to Papal supremacy, when St. Augustine closed all discussion by the words: "The cause is finished; Rome has spoken." In like manner, St. Optatus, Bishop of this same city of Milevis, distinguishes between schismatics and the faithful, by the difference of their relations to the Bishop of Rome, as the Head of the Church. The former he declares to be excluded from the Church

because they have severed their connection with the Holy See. "Thou canst not deny," he writes, "that thou (schismatic) knowest how, in the city of Rome, on Peter, first was the episcopal chair conferred, wherein might sit, of all the Apostles the Head, Peter, so that in that one chair, unity might be preserved by all; nor did the other Apostles each contend for a distinct chair for himself; and that whosoever should set up another chair against the single chair, might be at once a schismatic and a sinner."

Even if the Council of Carthage had rejected the doctrine that the Bishop of Rome was the Head of the Church, that rejection would not relieve Anglicans from the guilt of schism. For they hold with the Catholic Church, that it was only a local Council, and hence liable to error in its decisions. The *Church Journal*, in confining so much of its attention to the case of Apiarius, has neglected to note that the most celebrated example of appeal to the jurisdiction of Rome, is furnished by the early history of the Church of Eastern Africa. We refer to St. Athanasius, of Alexandria. Both the persecuted Bishop and his enemies, who dispossessed him of his See and drove him into exile, carried their cause to the Bishop of Rome, as one who was a superior judge, and whose sentence should not be reversed. In his letter upon the subject, Pope Julius speaks as one who alone could take cognizance of the cause of St. Athanasius. The Bishop of Alexandria voluntarily presented himself to his superior for trial, and awaited, for a year and a half, that decision, which the Council of Sardica recognized as the utterance of a lawfully constituted tribunal. Julius writes to the Eusebians, who thrust an Arian into the vacant seat, in the words and tone of one, whose right was to command the whole body of the faithful. "Do you not know," he asks, "that it is the custom

to write first to us, that what is just may be determined? Wherefore if suspicions of any kind had fallen upon the Bishop, (Athanasius,) it should have been reported to our Church." When the Council of Sardica convened, although it was composed almost entirely of Bishops of the East, it declared that the Holy See had, in rendering judgment, only filled the office which God had entrusted to it.

THE "CHRISTIAN QUARTERLY" ON DIVORCE.

[From the *Catholic Telegraph*, May 11, 1871.]

The April number of the *Christian Quarterly* contains an article on the "Bible Doctrine of Divorce," which amounts to nothing more or less than a blasphemous effort to make God's Word the apologist for all the social corruption, to which our infamous divorce laws have given rise. It is a bold, shameless, if not a strange prostitution of the pages of a periodical that professes to be, not only moral in its tone and character, but religious in its object and teaching. A *Christian* review defends, and endeavors to *sanctify* the immoral inventions of human law, which has brought back, to the bosom of modern society, the pagan leprosy which the permanent and indissoluble tie of Christian marriage was intended to heal. The writer is not so far advanced or so liberal, as to applaud, openly, the latest novelty of Protestantism — the doctrine of "spiritual or passional affinities." He does not state in so many distinct words, that our Lord, in his instruction upon marriage, recognized as a lawful cause for divorce the brutal cry of passion. But his wonderful exegesis of these portions of the New Testament, which treat of the bond of matrimony, leads him by rapid steps to the conclusion, that legitimate reasons for divorce are as numerous as the most depraved could desire. He does not admit, like the German heresiarch, that it is a "commendable practice" for a Christian to have two wives at the same time; but he knows no divine commandment that forbids either husband or wife from contracting as many matrimonial engagements, in succession, as may be

needed to satisfy their lust. Impurity, through his violent contortions of the Gospel, and of the doctrines of the Apostle, is exalted to the dignity of a social virtue, and the growing records of divorce courts are, to him, proof positive, that our legislation is finally conforming to the perfect divine law, which Jesus Christ established for the regeneration of society. The loose reins which Evangelical Churches hold over the fiercest of all human passions, are too tight for this age of progress. The necessities of society, on his theory of divorce, require a recognition of as many causes, not only for separation, but for re-marriage, as found their way into the licentious laws of the Roman Empire. This unnatural, unchristian, and sensual attack upon the permanency and sacredness of marriage, is made on the plea, that just restraint, which the past interpretation of the revealed law imposes upon the married, is too harsh and oppressive, and leads to its frequent evasion. With as much reason might the writer condemn any other ordinance of God, and declare it no longer binding, because it resists the sinful inclinations of flesh and blood. On the same principle, society should be released from obedience to the seventh commandment, as well as from the sixth — it would be as just and reasonable to defend robbery as adultery. And, on the same principle, he might as unblushingly advocate, in his generous accommodation of the authority of the Creator to the will of the creature, the total abolition of marriage. He opens the floodgates of moral corruption so wide, that he might defend, on the same ground, the law proposed by Stuart Mill, to legitimate temporary marriage, to sanction the cohabitation of the sexes, for a longer or shorter period, as may seem to them good or pleasing to their sensual feelings.

Thoughtful minds, after the perusal of this article,

opposed in every sentence, not only to the true doctrine of Christianity, but to the highest interests of natural society, will come to the conclusion, which is being forced in a number of ways upon the world, that the only escape from the deluge of immorality, which the Protestant doctrine of divorce has poured upon the world, until society of the present day has reached the degeneracy of paganism, is to return to the guidance of the Catholic Church. There is no other remedy. There is no middle ground where morality can find sure foothold. A conflict of human with divine law, upon this subject, can eventuate in nothing else but the most appalling license. Nor is society obliged to wait for some future period, to test by experience, the results of this conflict. The present hour is a sufficient witness. It attests, with most convincing arguments, that the doctrine of divorce has paved the way to such a change in public opinion, that the worst of crimes carries with it no longer the slightest mark of disgrace. The depth of moral degradation, to which Romans sank after the lapse of only seven hundred years, deprived as they were of the light of revelation, has been attained by the modern world, in a much shorter period, through the moral influence of Protestantism. In the days of Seneca, Roman *ladies* of the highest rank and most finished education, counted their years by the number of their husbands. To be repudiated as wives, was to them a joy, and no loss of honor. Every season, in the picture of morality drawn by Juvenal, brought a new adulterer — in fact, as he records, the seasons moved too slowly for the indulgence of passion, so that concubinage was the law, and the faithful observance of the marriage bond was the rare exception.

The satires of these writers upon the prevailing vice of their day, are an unexaggerated commentary upon

the iniquity of our own. For a portion of the Protestant world, the frightful picture of immorality which the Roman satirists attributed to the operation of divorce laws, might be true in all its details — it might appear to be slightly overdrawn if used as fair representation of all public morals at the present day. Concubinage may not be practiced with so much open defiance of public decency; the covering of a few thin technicalities of law may still partially hide the heaving mass of corruption which divorce laws have generated; but the influence of *religious* periodicals, like the *Christian Review*, will soon sweep away this slight pressure upon the promptings of wild passion, and fill up all the deficiencies in the picture. What Roman satirists denounced, the writer in the *Christian Review* either praises, or tries to extend to it the sanction of revelation. The pagan scourged national lechery, when human law failed to punish — but the *Christian Review* blesses it, and suggests that the dissolution of the marriage tie should be granted on more easy terms, and for less weighty reasons, than our present State laws are disposed to admit. The pagan did not endeavor to transform vice into virtue, to encourage the people of whom he wrote, to descend to a lower step of degradation, to sink themselves deeper into the abyss of crime, which the imperial laws had opened for their final destruction; but the *Christian Review*, guided by the spirit of Protestantism, which was from the beginning the rebellion of human passion against divine authority, furnishes new arms to destroy the little partition, which separates a civil marriage from licensed adultery. It would verify, by its theological opinion on marriage, to which it denies even the lasting force of a natural contract, the bitter sarcasm of Wizel on the early reformers: "the favorite occupation of the Evangelicals

is to pronounce divorces." It believes that marriage is a mere function of nature, and that civil law should virtually decree, by enlarging the number of causes for which it gives permission to remarry, that the virtue of chastity is not only impossible, but inimical to the welfare of society. This is the drift of the article, which purports to deliver to its Christian readers the Bible doctrine of divorce.

It would hardly be expected that any one, who claims to be a Christian, would make our Lord the author of a doctrine which is subversive of all Christian morality. But this writer assumes that the pure lips of the Son of God taught that the Mosaic law of marriage was not only to remain in full vigor, but was no longer to be subjected to the "*limited* and erroneous interpretations of his day." This is his construction of the words of Jesus Christ, that he came not to destroy, but to fulfill the law and the prophets. It would be impossible to stigmatize in proper language, this false and violent rendering of our Lord's words, in order to make them pander to the licentiousness of the age. In the very quotation to which the writer refers, to find in divine authority a foundation for his free-love system, Christ is inveighing against the laxity of the Mosaic law, and declares that the unlawful indulgence which had been given to that law, was for the future abrogated. He blames the teachers of the Jewish people; because they permitted divorce for other reasons than were deemed lawful by the great Jewish lawgiver. But in addition, he informs them that the time has come, when no release from the tie of marriage shall be tolerated. Divorce, in the Christian dispensation, was to be placed under a perpetual interdict. There can be no other explanation of the nineteenth chapter of St. Matthew. The Jew might in certain cases separate from his wife,

in order to unite himself with another, for his marriage represented the union of our Lord with the Synagogue, which was to be repudiated; but the Christian can never choose another wife, in the lifetime of the first, without thereby declaring that Christ has renounced his Church.

The context of the nineteenth chapter of St. Matthew teaches, explicitly, the indissolubility of marriage. The unity of the conjugal alliance had been sadly forgotten, the ancient law itself had been repudiated. And unity, as well as indissolubility, was proclaimed by our Lord to be a necessary property of Christian marriage. Jesus Christ brought back this holy unity; and after having pronounced anew the words of the primitive institution of marriage, "Wherefore a man shall leave father and mother and cleave to his wife," the Son of God, in the words that follow, added a new force thereto and reproved forever all unworthy plurality. They shall be two in one flesh, and they shall be but two, and the unity between them shall be so intimate and perfect, that they shall be like two in one. It is not only their destinies, but their natures are so closely united and blended together, that all shall be as one between them — one heart, one soul, one body, one life. "Wherefore they are no more two, but one flesh." Here ends the first part of his instruction on the unity of marriage — a return to the law that was given in Paradise. Then he proceeds to teach the second essential characteristic of Christian marriage and its indissolubility. "What God has joined together, let no man put asunder." Here he repeats that the primitive law of marriage is to be re-established in all its fullness — that it is to suffer no modification. He not only does not imply, as the *Christian Review* argues, that remarriage would be a necessity, in the future, as in the past, but he expressly

informs them that no deviation from the original law, granted under the Mosaic dispensation, on account of their hardness of heart, will be tolerated.

The answer of our Lord to the objection of his audience, that he was denying to them the liberty that their forefathers enjoyed, puts the meaning of our Lord in the clearest light. He most emphatically impresses upon their minds, that it is his intention to abolish that law of divorce which Moses, as a mere human legislator, had enacted to satisfy the grossness of their hearts. True, he says, you have quoted correctly the law which has prevailed for centuries. Moses permitted you to put away your wives. But it was not so from the beginning; and as I am come to restore what has been lost, to rebuild what has fallen, to give strength by grace, to keep the law that was imposed from the beginning, on your first parents, I say to you — destroying by my sovereign authority the law of one of my creatures, as transitory as the whole Levitical covenant — whosoever shall put away his wife, except it be for fornication, and *shall marry another*, committeth adultery! and he who shall marry her that is put away committeth adultery. Now, if after a separation for the gravest of causes, namely, adultery, the remarriage of the separated parties is no longer admissible, there can be no other less important reasons, which any human tribunal can adjudge to be sufficient, to free parties from their marriage vow.

Our Lord never contradicted himself; but the charge of contradiction would be clearly proven, if a divorced person could remarry. He tells his hearers that he who marries her who is put away, commits adultery. But this crime would be impossible, if she were absolved from the bond of the former marriage. The text will

bear no interpretation save that which the Catholic Church teaches to the world — that the words, "putting away" for adultery, confers upon the injured party the right only to separate; but that right includes the obligation, on both, of remaining unmarried, during the life of either party. Only in this way can the Evangelists be reconciled with each other, and the testimony of St. Paul, regarding the indissolubility of marriage. The Apostle does not, in the least, abate the rigor of this primitive law of marriage, republished to the world. As the hardness of hearts was to be removed by the softening influence of the graces of redemption, as the means were abundantly supplied to man to regain his former state, the fulfillment of the original law was obligatory upon him. St. Paul, therefore, advances in his Epistle to the Corinthians the same argument, as our Lord, for the life-long continuance of the marriage bond —"because they are no longer two, but one flesh." To defend the Protestant doctrine, that adultery is a just ground for a divorce *a vinculo*, that this crime may be made an entering wedge for the admission of minor causes, the *Christian Review* argues "that the first marriage does not disqualify for the duties of marriage, in a new relation, else the widow may not marry. To forbid a remarriage, must be by way of penalty; but whatever may be true of the offending party, the other party should not be punished." If the writer would bear in mind, that the *natural contract* of marriage binds as long as life lasts, he would see at once that its existence, even when the married are separated, invalidates any new contract; and, therefore, the performance of any duties, under this invalid contract, must be sinful. The prohibition of a new marriage is not declared as a penalty for the guilt of either party, but springs as a

necessary consequence from the indissolubility of a previous contract, which is already in possession and bars all violation.

On the sacramental character of marriage, the *Christian Review* has very little to say. It would have been perilous to touch upon this point, as a little investigation into the early belief of the Church, that marriage was a sacramental, and, therefore, above the competency of the State, would have completely destroyed its theory of marriage, which justifies divorce for as many reasons as human caprice may fashion.

"We find," says the writer, "in the Western Church, an early tendency to the opinion that afterward crystallized sacramental marriage." The tendency to that belief, it is true, did begin rather early, but it was not confined to any particular portion of the Church. It began with the mission of the Apostles, and, like all other doctrines, met with universal acceptance. St. Paul, who lived in quite an early age of Christianity, calls it a great sacrament, as the writer might discover by reading the fifth chapter of the Epistle to the Ephesians. St. Ignatius repeats his faith, in his letter to St. Polycarp, and *he* did not belong to the Western Church. St. Clement of Alexandria in the third Book of St. Stromata and St. Basil in his seventh Homily and St. Chrysostom in his twentieth Homily on the Epistle to the Ephesians, number it with the other sacraments. All of these belong to the East. So the *Christian Review* deliberately publishes a falsehood, by stating that the Eastern Church dissented from this Apostolic doctrine. St. Cyril, another father of the East, in his commentary on St. John's Gospel, teaches that Christ sanctified wedlock and gave *grace* to marriage. St. Augustine frequently extols the sacred character of marriage, declaring "That which in

Christ and the Church is a great sacrament, this in all husbands and wives is an inseparable sacrament of conjunction." The unbroken stream of tradition leaves no doubt that, from the times of the Apostles, it was always believed to be a sacrament. The teaching of the Greek Church, at the present day, as well as the rituals of the heretical Nestorians, Copts, Eutychians, Jacobites, and Armenians, collected by Assemani and others, all refute the unsupported assertion of the *Review*, that the Eastern Church has ever dissented from the Catholic rule of faith on this point. Leibnitz, Meyer, Schwartz, and other learned Protestants, have all been forced, by innumerable testimonies and monuments, to confess that the tradition of all ages attested that marriage is a sacrament, and that, like baptism, it confers grace by virtue of its institution by Jesus Christ.

The *Christian Review*, in making the illimitable necessities of society, by which it understands every fiction of inventive passion, a cause of divorce, is only trying, with doubtful success, to keep pace with the lustful spirit of the times. It would make itself popular by limiting the marriage bond to a fleeting affection, to capricious association. It would destroy the divine ideal, the heavenly dignity of honorable Christian marriage; it removes, from the eternal relation that exists between husband and wife, not only the divine stamp of the evangelical law, which human law has no right to break, but would substitute, if the principles of its immoral essay were applied, in the place of the sacrament, from which flow the fidelity, holiness, and happiness of marriages, a contract which shall end when the fire of passion shall be extinguished. Never were the pages of a religious review more foully stained; never was public decency more brutally shocked. The

editor, ashamed of this literary gilding of human depravity, this covert advocacy of national libertinism, disclaims all responsibility for its appearance in the periodical that he controls. Such poltroonery does not relieve him of the guilt of the writer's outrage upon society. Under the cloak of religion, he has knowingly allowed the writer to smuggle, into his Christian congregation, a defense of all the immoralities which his vile debasement of marriage must inevitably bring. It would hardly be unjust to conclude that the reverend editor's opinion does not, if it were carefully sifted, differ substantially from that of the writer. If this be so, a respectable pagan, who makes human honor the guide of his life, is better fitted to fill his *Christian* pulpit. One who could prohibit, and still allows the publication of an article which is scented with social rottenness, can not leave the tribunal of public opinion uncondemned.

This article is, however, a true exposition of the logical tendencies of Protestantism. When it denied that marriage was a sacrament, and reduced it to the level of a civil contract, it was preparing the world for the acceptance of any laws that would facilitate divorce. It gave to the State a power which the law of God forbids it to exercise; and in the many rents which the State has made in the inviolable basis of marriage, it is inflicting upon society the punishment which it deserves, for its sacrilegious surrender of the rights of God. The last corruption is not yet reached, although the *Christian Review* welcomes it as already accomplished. It can be averted only in one way — the sacred deposit of social morality can only be restored and preserved by the observance of that law which Jesus Christ proclaimed, and which the Catholic Church has maintained, in the midst of the most grievous persecutions, and in the mad

frenzy of tumultuous and all-powerful passions. To save itself from destruction, society must hold to the indissolubility, as well as the unity, of marriage. The Edenic law must be again enforced — the pact which Protestantism made with the devil, when it began to teach that the divorced could remarry, must be broken.

THE CINCINNATI GAZETTE PRAYS FOR AN AMERICAN BISMARCK.

[From the *Catholic Telegraph*, January 9, 1873.]

But lately we quoted from a lecture of a Leipsic professor, who, in a eulogy as fulsome as its sophistry was transparent, undertook to vindicate Bismarck and to prove him innocent of any illegal stretch of authority, when he threatened the Bishops of Germany, expelled the religious orders, and repromulgated the old pagan maxim of sovereignty, that the State is absolutely supreme on earth. In the course of his disgraceful apology for the war which Prussia is waging against the religion of one-third of her subjects, and the natural rights of the whole human race, he treated his audience to a hasty review of the relations of the Catholic Church to the governments of other countries. Among others, he referred, with pronounced and emphatic disapproval, to the freedom which the Catholic Church enjoyed in the United States. It was folly in the State, it was self-destruction, he thought, to give to Catholicity a fair field. It was the worst of dangers to permit its existence in any land, unless it was hampered with civil restrictions and penalties so strong as to repress the rapid growth which it acquired, whenever it was left free and unimpeded, in spreading its doctrines. He scouted, as the foolish fancy of doctrinaries, the American principle, that the State should grant the widest toleration in matters of religion. If the State was to preserve what he deemed its intrinsic and inherent supremacy, wisdom would dictate that liberty should be accorded *to all but Catholics*. *They* should live under the constant surveillance of the police, should have their

doctrines curtailed as the government should decide, should educate their children in schools from which the religious element is carefully eliminated, should be guarded against the influence of the Jesuits by their expulsion from the country, and should have communion with the Head of the Church through their Bishops, as the State would regulate. Thus the Leipsic professor proposed to protect the State against the assumed treason and conspiracies of the Catholic Church. Liberalism, in the hands of this professor, no longer had the sword of persecution half-sheathed — it was full drawn to do the work of complete destruction. Its stammered threats against the Catholic Church found full and clear voice. As an interpreter of the spirit of the government, as a reader of its designs in the future, when the Protestant mind of Europe would be turned to these extreme measures against the life of the Catholic Church, he touched accurately all the secret yearnings of Prussia. His boldness tore away the painted veil from the face of Bismarck — he ran up, in this liberal theory of compulsory religion, the whole gamut of persecution — he gave a masterly picture of the creeping measures, to which Prussia will descend to crush the Church, which it can not bend to an approval of its iniquity, and the hideous crimes which it is ready to commit against its subjects who deny its authority in religion.

That Bismarck should be able to purchase emissaries to inoculate Protestants with these revolting principles, in a land that has clothed brute force with the highest power, is certainly to be regretted by all who love the freedom of mankind — but it is not surprising. For twenty years, scourgers of the Church, the pretended canonists of the German universities, like Warnkoeing, of Tuebingen, and others, have, by their writings, been

encouraging the professedly Protestant empire of Germany to make the State supreme in ecclesiastical affairs. They fashioned, for the betrayal of the Church and to ingratiate themselves with the State, in order to reap the reward of Judas, a system of canon law, which would justify the most fatal aggression on the divinely-given jurisdiction of the Church, and pointed out to the civil power how her authority might be most practically undermined. These theories, so anti-Christian, so pagan, did not startle Germany *then* into a unanimous protest against this cunning theft of religious liberty. It is no wonder that the violent sentence of death against the same religious liberty should not startle *now*. It was then openly taught by this accursed school of Tuebingen, that, if in any difference with the State, the Church thinks herself wrong, she has the right, like all other recognized societies, to act by legal means — she can write, petition, and address herself to public opinion, to the great powers of society; but if the State persists in measures, which she considers oppressive, she has nothing else to do but to submit or quit the territory. This is putting the matter very clearly before us, and shows what spirit has been really animating, for a quarter of a century, the men who, like this Leipsic professor, call themselves men of liberal opinions. As an American, we can understand such theories to be a preparation for grievous and bloody persecution, but we can not understand the justice, upon which it is pretended that they are built — how civil government, which can not venture to say that it is the appointed teacher of religion, unless it formally revives the blasphemy and brutalities of paganism, can dare to punish by restrictions on doctrine and education, by fines and imprisonment on some Catholics, and expulsion on others, whose only sin is in differing from it. All that

the honest, candid, and reasonable can see in these theories is religious despotism crowned and armed, "terrible as hell," starting from these false anti-Christian doctrines, to command and coerce Catholics for no crime, save that of serving God according to conscience.

The centuries that are past, number a great many attempts to revolutionize Christendom and to make the civil power superior to religion — to make that which is supernatural, worship what is natural. But one feature distinguishes the present from all preceding time. The blackest crimes of the civil power are bedecked with eloquent theory and defended as a benefit to the nations. Society is held to improve, under the diabolical auspices of secularism, that is ever crying death to the only enemy that is not afraid to meet it and take its blows — the Catholic Church. To satisfy, or, rather, to mislead public opinion, and to obtain popular sanction for this brutal supremacy which the State is wielding in Prussia, it is affirmed by this liberal school, that the Church is the professed enemy of society, and forces the State, by a just and irresistible instinct of self-preservation, to curtail its liberty, and to destroy it if necessary. In the age of heathen persecution, when the State was nothing, if it was not all, when the soul was enslaved as well as the body, when men first began to breathe the freedom, with which Jesus Christ has made us free, this was the great political argument that was advanced in behalf of persecution. It is only proper that the same untruthful defense should be set up in Prussia, where the political system of Roman paganism has been revived. As the absolutism of Rome entrenched itself behind the calumnies which it published against the early Christians, so its successor and imitator of modern times resorts to the same method, to vindicate its savage treatment of Catholics.

It is not so very strange that, nurtured in this school of politics, from which the very name of religious liberty is banished, some should be so shameless as to become its apologists and to follow the beaten track of denouncing the Catholic Church, as the enemy and destroyer of the legitimate authority of the State. Men who believe that the State has a right to determine the faith of the individual, advance by a very easy and short road to the conclusion, that the Church which resists this doctrine should be pursued by hostile legislation, and that its members should be politically ostracized. When despotism is enthroned, it is natural that the Church of Christ should suffer, and that the supporters of this despotism should be fearless in instigating the Government to new plans, to torment Catholics for their faith, and that they should be bold and explicit in approving past outrages.

It is, however, not only an unusual occurrence, but alarmingly inconsistent with American principles, and ominously suggestive of troubles to Catholics in this country, when an American journal openly *dares* to call for the employment of the same lever of civil power to uproot the Catholic Church. This the Cincinnati *Gazette* has done in an article, entitled "What Is to Be Done with the Jesuits," though the whole gist of the article is to persuade its readers that the sooner the *Catholic Church* is totally repressed and *all Catholics* forbidden the exercise of their religion in this country, the better. The striking point in this plea for red-handed persecution, is its similarity in boldness, its identity in argument with the most advanced and radical defenders of Bismarck's policy. There is no cloaking or coloring of the desertion of the constitutional principle that the Government has no power to interfere with the exercise of religious belief. The *Gazette* re-echoes the Leipsic

professor, that it is a political crime and blunder, which must be immediately remedied. Catholics must be placed outside the pale of this protecting provision of the Constitution. They must no longer be included, says the *Gazette*, because "they are avowed conspirators against the foundation principles of the Government." Do you hear, Catholics, of this city and country, the sound of the same wave of persecution that is sweeping over Prussia? Do you hear the threat of the same monster that draws its sword against German Bishops, that closes the doors of Catholic schools, that expels religious orders from colleges, hospitals, and other houses of mercy, that declares Catholic Germans unworthy of the rights of citizenship? For them the rack and the wheel to-day! For you, holding the same faith, believing the same doctrines on the relations of the Church and State, that religion limits necessarily the authority of the State, and can not submit to absorption by it; for you, confessing that it is better to obey God than man, there is the same brand of treason; you are declared guilty of the same conspiracy against the life of the State, and the arm of the Government is invoked against you as criminals.

This is the bold, aggressive attitude which the *Gazette* in plain speech has taken against Catholics. We say against all Catholics the persecution of law is invoked. The *Gazette* ostensibly indicts only the Bishops, and the Jesuits, as an order, for being inimical to the stability of the American State. But the grounds on which it is laboring to stir up religious war, in which it places on one side, the government of the United States, and on the other, the Bishops, by reason of their oath, which it is not capable of translating, and the Jesuits by reason of their rule, of which it knows not one syllable, necessarily include all Catholics. The laws of Catholic faith

and morality know no flexibility. They are unchangeable in themselves, because it is God who determines the standard of both; and they are, therefore, the same in their application to the clergy and laity, to seculars and religious.

Catholics, unlike Protestants, can not be at variance with their teachers. They believe on an authority which has no jarring, conflicting, uncertain notes, like the comic piping of many-keyed Protestantism. It has one voice for all. If the Bishops, and the Jesuits who are not a whit more "emphatic" on points of faith than their superiors, the Bishops, are undermining the liberties of the State, then all Catholics are the rank and file of the same dangerous army. The flame of persecution can make no selection of victims. Any discrimination between Catholics will be illogical, and defeat the end which the *Gazette* proposes to attain. Catholics, on their part, if the dark hour, which the *Gazette* so gladly anticipates, ever comes, will neither covet nor accept the dishonor of being excluded from the company of those who will be pursued by Protestant intolerance in this country. It will not be permitted, we assure the Orange cutthroat of the *Gazette*, to divide the army of faith and conquer. His party must meet, not only the mitred leaders, not only the religious phalanxes, but the whole host.

The reasoning of the *Gazette*, to persuade its readers, that Catholic principles are antagonistic to the welfare of the State, is only a re-gathering and re-stitching of the falsehoods which Catholic writers have long since exploded in Prussia and this country, and the addition of original, ludicrous blunders, which are a very strong indication of lunacy, induced by an ungovernable hatred of Catholics. Here are samples of a few of its wild sayings *corrected*. The Jesuits were *not* the chief instigators of the Pope's abandonment of liberalism, for he was

never attached to this latest school of infidelity. To liberty he was attached, and is at the present time its only defender on the soil of Europe. He is a prisoner for its sake. The Bishops of this country do *not* swear that they will persecute heretics, schismatics, and rebels to the Lord. The editor of the *Gazette* needs the services of a Latin master, to teach him the rudiments of the language. There is no Archbishop of Ohio, either of amiable or unamiable temperament.

It may relieve the fears of the *Gazette* and give a longer lease of life to the American eagle, to know that there is but one Bishop in this country who ever belonged to the Order of the Jesuits. He ceased, according to their rule, to be a member of the Company of Jesus, when he became a Bishop. The General of the Order has positively refused to allow any further continuance of the innovation of appointing Jesuits to episcopal Sees in any country. The Jesuits do *not* believe that free government is damnable, nor does the Pope's Encyclical teach it. The labors of the Jesuits for three hundred years have been like the labors of the Catholic Church, to restore to the world the civil liberty, which Protestantism destroyed to gain a foothold in Europe. It is precisely in those countries where Protestantism took deepest root, that this restoration has made least progress, in the nations of Northern Europe. The editor of the *Gazette* seems to be quite as ignorant of European history, as he is of Catholic theology.

The Jesuits, the Bishops, the clergy, and the laity *do* believe that free religion is a damnable heresy, as well as a verbal absurdity, a plain contradiction in terms. The editor of the *Gazette*, when he has learned the meaning of the words, in the Latin oath of the Bishops of this country, may then with advantage pursue his studies so far as to learn the derivation of the word "religion," and

he will find that to qualify religion with the word "free" is an exhibition of ignorance. Free religion can essentially be nothing else than error in religion. No man has a right to think what he pleases about God or his relations to him, but he must believe concerning God and those relations exactly what God teaches through an infallible representative. If he refuses, he is a heretic, liable to the punishment which God visits on such disobedience. In the sphere of Catholic faith and morals, the Jesuits are, in no more intense degree, the subjects of the Papacy than all other Catholics. They all alike give the same unquestioning obedience. On the subject of civil power, its origin and its extent, the Jesuits are the most democratic of Catholic theologians. The *Gazette*, in asserting the opposite, is only telling those who know anything of the writings of the theologians of the Order, that they are, to its editor, unknown literature.

The *Gazette*, like the official journals of Prussia, assuming the truth of the maxim of Portalis, that the "State is everything," has worked out for itself some new ideas on the nature of religious persecution. It deprecates persecution in which blows would be struck and blood would be shed, because persecution of this species is a "dangerous and double-edged weapon." It thinks the system of Prussian liberalism is more safe, and, in the end, quite as efficient as the persecuting system of the Reformation. It would punish American citizens for being Catholics, close their schools, imprison them, and expel them by process of new legislation similar to that of Prussia. Protestants would not then suffer from a spirit of resistance and vengeance, which this noiseless but very effective religious war would be likely to awaken. They would be shielded, it thinks,

from harm by the law. It proposes to gild the same brutal oppression of Catholic Americans with the hypocrisy of legislation, so that resistance will be weakened, if not completely paralyzed. This is the plan which it advises the government to adopt, to correct the evil consequences of the political *folly* which has so far given to Catholics the same liberty as to Protestants. In its opinion, this would not be persecution on the part of the State, but self-preservation. According to its new moral code, it might be wrong to assault and kill Catholics indiscriminately, to organize a mob to burn their houses and churches, though it is not many years since this same journal encouraged this course of action, as just and virtuous; but it would not be wrong, rather it is a duty, the neglect of which will bring irreparable disaster, to coerce Catholics by law, and to enforce the execution of penal enactments by the physical force which human law usually calls to its assistance.

Between these two methods of persecution, the *Gazette* may profess to see a difference. It is a difference only of means, leading, however, to the same end. They are two phases of the same spirit — one bold and undisguised and unblushing in its injustice and wickedness; the other more mean, more vile, creeping under the cover of law, to attack the innocent and unoffending.

The Catholics of this country, we assure this party which the *Gazette* represents, will recognize no distinction between these forms of persecution. No matter which one may be set in motion, the result will be the same as regards the conduct of American Catholics. The cowardly party of bigots, animated with the feelings of the *Gazette* toward Catholics, may count upon it, with the certainty of an eternal truth, that the members of the Catholic Church will not quietly, tamely, basely,

submit to the proposed infringement of civil rights in the persons of bishops, clergy, or laity. *The success of Prussian despotism can never be repeated in this country.* If any party, believing otherwise, tries the experiment of Bismarck, it will be forced to confess that it has been sadly deceived.

Against the open, lawless violence of bigotry, American Catholics in the future, as in the past, will claim the protection of the law. But, if bigotry ever makes written laws their persecutor, then, in love for their faith, and in pride of true manhood, they will resist such laws. If they are ever made the objects of special oppressive legislation, as in Prussia, we pity those who will be commissioned to execute these laws. They had better undertake the work with an army to assist them, for they will find an army of Catholics ready to oppose them. They will discover too late, that Catholic Americans are made of sterner stuff than the Catholics of Prussia.

If *any portion of the Catholic clergy* of this country are ever expelled from it, Catholic Americans will strew the road they take with the dead bodies of their enemies. Thousands of Catholics may die, but the *Gazette* may rest assured they will not fall unavenged. If officers of the law ever dare to close Catholic schools in this country, as the *Gazette* advises, we are much deceived in the temper of our fellow-Catholics, if they do not give to them short shrift and speedy execution. We say this with no braggart disposition. No one deprecates, no one would lament such scenes, more than we. But we are certain, if persecution of Catholics is begun in this country, these will be the inevitable consequences.

Our loyalty to the Republic is without a stain; it is an atrocious insult to question it; our devotion to our

country, nothing can disturb or weaken. Our love of liberty, religious as well as civil, is so intense, that we fear no party of bigotry, that will seek to deprive us of either. We esteem liberty so much, that if ours is ever endangered, *we will decide that it is worth our lives and theirs, too.* The *Gazette* asks: "What shall we do with the Jesuits?" We answer, desiring the peace and prosperity of the country, *let them alone.*

THE CHURCH AND LIBERTY.

[From the *Catholic Telegraph*, January 23, 1873.]

The Cincinnati *Gazette* is repeating from day to day, in the hope of exercising an influence adverse to Catholic citizens upon the Constitutional Convention, that the Catholic Church is organically hostile to liberty; that it is anxiously waiting until time shall give to it an ascendency of a majority to fetter all free institutions and begin a reign of religious intolerance. It sounds again and again with every passing dawn this cry of alarm. It is by no means improbable, that many believe that there is a ring of honesty and sincerity in this repeated noise about hostility to the State. Protestantism is always a school of error. It perverted the doctrines of the Christian religion, bringing in sects that never come to *the* truth. Guilty of this unpardonable crime, it has never hesitated at a less one of changing the facts of history, so as to make the slaves of its religious shams believe that the Catholic Church has been in all ages the relentless, persecuting foe of liberty. This view of the Catholic Church has become one of the deepest convictions of Protestant ignorance. Though eminent Protestant writers, Hallam, Buckle, Stuart Mill, and others, have historically shown that Catholics in this respect have been more sinned against than sinning, and that the observance of silence on the question of liberty would indicate at least prudence on the part of Protestants, the uneducated masses of false religions still believe that Catholicity and liberty can not co-exist. In this depth of ignorance, that no ray of truth can even touch, much less penetrate, is the strength of the anti-Catholic press of this country. By means of this blind

leading, it counts upon frightening its easily persuaded victims into acts of violence; it aims to obtain popular pressure for legislation against the existence of that liberty, which is said to be endangered. False dogmatism upon the political bearing of the Church is the lever which its enemies in this country are ever working for its destruction.

Yet the Catholic Church, as those know who have traced its history with the finger of truth, is the only defender of religious and civil liberty, which resists alike the strength of monarchical absolutism and the turbulent passions of the multitude. It has been at all times and in all places, by the very doctrines that it is forced to preach, the clear-toned herald of true liberty. When all other powers of the world conspired to betray it, it alone has remained faithful, "among the innumerable false, unmoved, unshaken, unseduced, unterrified." The monogram over the ancient Cathedral of Sienna, *Libertas*, is the rightful motto of the Catholic Church in every age.

It is the very claim of spiritual power over the world, of which the modern teachers of false liberty, and the instigators of persecution, are so jealous, which prevents the Catholic Church from being false, to the fundamental principles of the American government. There can be no liberty without law and order, and Catholic faith is the conservator of both. To deny the supremacy of the spiritual, would not only be anti-Christian and heretical in the order of religion, but it would be to promulgate the seminal principle of political anarchy. Anarchy and civil liberty can never form an alliance. Yet it is this alliance which they desire and deem possible, who denounce the Catholic Church as hostile to political freedom.

If this Church of eighteen centuries fostered the

freedom which is built upon law and order, it must do so still and until the end of time, for its doctrines can never change. False notions of freedom may arise and prevail, as they do now; but because they are false, no matter how many, powerful, and eloquent may be the defenders of a new and delusive system of politics, the Church can not and will not accept or approve it. In the name of *true* liberty, it holds that religion is the reason of all society, since without it man can not find the reason of any power or any duty. Religion, then, is the fundamental constitution of every state in which political liberty can possibly be enjoyed. Civil society is composed of religion and the State, as man is composed of soul and body. Christian society is nothing else but religion, which makes political society serve the happiness of the human race. From this view of mankind, which the Son of God brought into the world, as a divine teacher, the liberty of men can only be preserved by an adherence to the doctrine of Him, who first made men free; that is, to maintain at all risks, even that of death, that the civil power, as inferior, subordinate, distinct, but not separate from the spiritual, can not lawfully contravene the authority of God. Here is the resisting wall erected by the Catholic Church against the despotism of either the ruler or the people. Take this away, as has been done in Europe since the Reformation, when civil authority was allowed to say that it was not bound to answer for its acts in the court of the spiritual, and liberty vanishes. In thus placing the spiritual above the temporal order, the Church arrogated to itself nothing that does not belong to it, or that has not been decreed by God himself, and admitted by all who hold to the divine origin of Christianity.

The contrary doctrine, which is gaining a world-wide advocacy, is the revival of despotic Gentilism. In its

Christian gradation of authority, the Church has no sinister intentions against the rights of any State, under any form of government; for the distinction of the two powers has been rigidly, inflexibly maintained by unbroken Catholic tradition. There have been frequent collisions of the two powers; but when the history of these conflicts is critically examined, no matter where or when these struggles between Church and State have risen, it becomes apparent, that they were caused by aggressions of the State upon the central axiom of civil liberty, that God reigns over man, and religion over law. When every other voice has been silent or impotent, the Catholic Church has raised its own to drive back the invaders of the rights of the people. Through it alone, in past ages, liberty lived and triumphed over kings; and through it alone, civil liberty will live and triumph, in modern times, over the sophistries of demagogues and the political insanity of the people who follow their guidance.

Every page of history furnishes us with the record of the invincible valor of the Catholic Church against these enemies of the human race. The writings of its theologians are the Magna Charta of civil liberty that the people of these times possess. Those who have studied "the ages of the faith" in which the Church was the faithful, vigilant guardian of the rights of the masses, ever lightening, until it finally broke the yoke of serfdom, which barbarism had placed upon their necks; commanding legislation to mitigate, diminish, and annihilate their grievances; restraining the despotic pride of monarchs, by teaching them that they were but the stewards of God's authority, and that it must be used only for the benefit of the people; decreeing by solemn edicts the right of resistance, when that authority was misused; plucking from royal hands the weapons

of tyranny by the sentence of excommunication, know that our statements can not be contradicted.

But in the sixteenth century, some of the nations of Europe forgot their divine benefactress. Religious demagogues, bent upon the destruction of all genuine liberty, taught them to cry, like the Jewish regicides, "*Non habemus regem nisi Cæsarem*" — "We have no King but Cæsar." It was the brutal, despotic roar of the Reformation, banishing God from political society, and, at the same time, banishing civil liberty. Then absolutism, formerly unknown in the history of Christian Europe, found in the false religions of Protestantism the long-sought means to rob the people of their civil rights. Since that day, civil liberty has been treading a downward path; or, if it has halted and regained in any country the heights from which it ruled the world, when the world was Catholic, it has been effected only upon the Catholic principles adopted in laying the foundation of Christian Europe.

The Reformation gave birth to State Churches — every Protestant King was invested with the irresponsible power of an Eastern Caliph. From this pagan revolution of Christian Europe, this introduction of Cæsaro-papism, civil liberty was left without a single defense. The history of England and Germany in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, when Protestantism reached the zenith of its influence, corroborates what we say, and it was only where Protestantism did not attain to absolute supremacy in the form of a State Church, but where an element of Catholic population remained, while another element formed various religious communities, that there arose, from the collisions and limitations thereby occasioned, a greater measure of individual and political freedom.

With and through the Reformation arose a despot-

ism, the equal of which had never before been seen. The new religion required the aid of the princes. It had nothing but the political power to support it. As a reward for the services of the State, it conferred upon it not only the property of the Church, but the absolute disposal of its subjects. A princely dominion, without bounds, was placed over conscience and religion, by the doctrine, for the first time announced to Christendom, that "to whomsoever belonged the territory, belonged also the religion"; so that at the will of the temporal ruler was everything which the State can bestow or the people yield. The Reformers revived, in the heart of Europe, Byzantine absolutism. The insurrection of Protestantism against the Church, the removal of the Pope from the headship of the European commonwealth, and the establishment of national churches under the episcopacy of the prince, dragged after, as an inevitable consequence, the suppression of civil liberty. This sad result is attested by every page of the history of the period. The *free* cities, the *free communes*, and the *free* republics, which flourished so gloriously in the Catholic ages, perished. The ardent spirit of liberty, which Sir Walter Scott tells us pervaded the political constitution of Europe, while princes feared the Court of Rome, immediately expired. Civil liberty was not born of the Reformation. It was its death-knell, in every land where it was by law established. It was the protege of Caesarism, and depended upon it for its life and progress. It not only had no inherent strength to restrain arbitrary civil power, but surrendered religion and the people to the discretionary power of princes. England, Germany, Denmark, Sweden, and Switzerland, where the doctrines of the Reformers became predominant, presented the same slavish, degraded condition as Russia. That condition can be

attributed only to the same cause — separation from the Church of Rome.

Wherever in particular the blight of Calvinism fell upon the State, every trace of individual, as well as of political liberty disappeared. The exclusive and tyrannical course of its children, the Puritans of this country, is but a faint picture of its earlier influence in Europe. The nobles absorbed the rights of the peasantry, and the king absorbed the power of the nobility. Hallam and Mill are forced by the logic of facts to make this acknowledgment; and Lord Molesworth admits, "that in the Roman Catholic religion, with the supreme head at Rome, there is a principle of opposition to unlimited political power. It is not the same with the Protestant clergy, who depend on the civil authority as their spiritual and temporal superior." It is a pure invention, that Protestantism has ever favored or now favors political liberty. It can not do so without committing suicide.

The *Gazette* and its party might allege that the United States owe their freedom to the Reformation. Never was there a more egregious fallacy. The revolution in England in the seventeenth century was the germ of the freedom which found a fertile soil in this country; but that revolution was provoked by the Protestant principle that the State has a right to legislate in matters of religion. The Puritans contended against the Anglican Establishment, as Catholicity had always taught, and as many of the Popes of the Middle Ages had decided, unterrified by the threats of imprisonment and death, that the State had no competency in spiritual affairs. It was fidelity, not to the teachings of the Reformation, but to Catholic tradition, that drove them from the shores of their native country. But this defense of liberty was abandoned as soon as they found

themselves masters; and this desertion must be attributed to their false religion, which is nothing more than a mere opposition to both the religious and political truths of the Catholic Church. The root of all American liberty is the same which the Catholic Church planted and watered by the martyrdom of millions of her children under the Roman Empire, and the sufferings of her hierarchy during medieval times: that the spiritual is higher than, and independent of, all temporal power. It is the observance of this Catholic principle, that has so far preserved our liberties, and it is this principle which a large party seek to overthrow in order to extinguish the Catholic Church. If successful, there will be a double calamity; for civil liberty will be destroyed with it, as in the days of the Reformation. A legislative remembrance of the right of religion to be supreme and unassailable, is the only security for the rights of man, which, in a Christian government, are always identical with the rights of religion.

In England, Ireland, Scotland, Denmark, and Sweden, Protestantism, which, according to the *Gazette*, was so tender-hearted that it mourned like a Niobe over the slightest wound to Catholic feeling, affixed the punishment of death to the practice of the Catholic religion. Calvin espoused with joy his religious law of blood. He only wanted the power, as his acts assure the world, to make him the most merciless of monsters. He was the religious Robespierre of the sixteenth century, reveling in blood, ever inciting his followers to persecute for the sake of God. Not satisfied with the victims which Geneva furnished, Bolsec, Servetus, Peter Arneaux, Henri de la Marc, and others, he wrote to the Duke of Somerset, the Regent Protector of England, to end Catholicity in that country with the sword.

Among all Protestant theologians, there was not one

of that time, who would allow toleration for Catholics. Not one expressed the slightest doubt of the justice of the principle of intolerance, and everywhere their practice harmonized with their theory. "Persecution," says Hallam, in his "Constitutional History," "is the deadly, original sin of the Reformed Churches, that which cools every honest man's zeal for their cause, in proportion as his reading becomes extensive." From this we conclude that the editor of the *Gazette* is deficient either in honesty or in knowledge, or perhaps in both.

"All the leading Reformers," says Lecky, in his "History of Rationalism," "seem to have advocated persecution, and in nearly every country where their boasted Reformation triumphed, the result is mainly to be attributed to coercion." It was, then, a portion of Protestant faith to persecute — it never was a part of the Catholic. "The mildness of the Church," declares Leo the Great, "contents itself with the sacerdotal judgment, and desires no blood-stained vengeance." If, during the Middle Ages, the Albigenses suffered, it was not for their sin of heresy against religion, but because their immoral doctrines attacked the life of the State. They were the Communists of that period; and deserved, as unprejudiced Protestant historians attest, their punishment for crimes against civil order.

In the days of the Reformation, Catholics and Catholic powers knew full well, from the course the Reformers were pursuing, that oppression was decreed for them, if Protestantism should gain a foothold. In self-defense they used all means to prevent this. If excessive violence was used, the Catholic Church is not responsible, for it never, like Protestantism, incorporated persecution in its religious creed.

Buckle, in reviewing the religious persecutions, that have stained the history of Europe, says, that mildness

was the characteristic of the Catholic Church in all ages, but ferocity was the distinctive mark of the sects.

"There can be no question," observes Lecky, "that the Papal power was on the whole favorable to liberty." "But what shall we say," he continues, speaking of Protestantism, "of a church that was but a thing of yesterday, a church that has yet no services to show, no claims upon the gratitude of mankind; a church that was by profession the creature of private judgment, and was in reality generated by the intrigues of a corrupt court,— which nevertheless suppressed by force a worship that multitudes deemed necessary to their salvation, and by all her organs, and with all her energies, persecuted those who clung to the religion of their Fathers!"

The invariable argument of Protestantism against its religious antagonist, wherever it could safely wield it, was compulsion, the last argument of Kings, whom it, by a protest against the doctrines of Christ, and by assimilation with paganism, made the rulers of the religion of their people. It is the same state of things, the supremacy of the State, which the *Gazette* wishes to have restored. If coercive laws against Catholics could be forced into the new Constitution of this State, which is about to be formed, the Protestant instinct of the *Gazette* would be satisfied.

THE WEAKENING OF THE GAZETTE.

[From the *Catholic Telegraph*, January 30, 1873.]

The Cincinnati *Gazette*, we would infer, from its last article on the intolerant spirit of the Catholic Church, so comparatively mild in tone, that sometimes it seems to breathe sorrow over its unfortunate controversy, is quite ready to drop its position for the present. We do not anticipate, that its failure to support its indefensible thesis, that the Catholic Church has been the foe of liberty and the instigator of all religious persecutions, will induce it to abandon its hatred of Catholics, or to relinquish its effort to oppress them by legislation. Such a change would be honest, but it would be suicidal. It would not pay. This desertion of its guiding principles would bring financial ruin. It thrives and fattens on the religious animosity, to which from time to time it gives loose rein, to show the bigots who support it, that it is scrupulously faithful to its early traditions. It is, however, a pleasant reflection, that if we can not entirely stop the flow of its anti-Catholic venom, we can periodically apply an antidote, which may render it harmless. When the hissing of the serpent becomes loud and threatening, we can at least give temporary security to the attacked, by drawing its fangs and driving it back to its former retreat and silence. The *Gazette* seems ready to accept this issue of the contest, retiring with the weak, aimless, Parthian shot, that the Catholic Church, even if it was the mother and protector of civil and religious liberty, before the days of the Reformation, has, nevertheless, committed acts of intolerance since that period. It adduces as proof the massacre of St. Bartholomew, the revocation of the Edict of Nantes,

and the cruelties of the Spanish wars in the Netherlands. Of course we at once confess that it is useless to demonstrate again, what has, in this day of critical historical inquiry, been admitted, by Protestants of sufficient information to spurn the slavery of bigotry, that the common view of the St. Bartholomew massacre is one of the great historical errors, which has been transmitted from teachers, to be taught during a long period of years. The *Gazette* is wedded, in spite of light, to its god of stupid ignorance. The Catholic Church had no more to do with the massacre of St. Bartholomew than the editor of the *Gazette* with the murderous atrocities of Cromwell at Drogheda and elsewhere.

The accusation that this midnight slaughter was an outbreak of religious intolerance, that it was instigated by religious motive, that it was urged or applauded by the authority of the Catholic Church, is a good, round lie, a hundred times refuted. The misstatements of Protestants, prepared with persistent and perverse ingenuity, have all been thoroughly exposed; the official documents, concerning that brutal massacre, that this century has unearthed, particularly the manuscript containing the Salviati ciphers which Chateaubriand discovered, have convinced eminent historians, who have made this event a special study, that not a drop of the blood which was shed on that night, either in Paris or the provinces, stains the garments of the Catholic Church. History has finally vindicated Pope Gregory and all the clergy of France. It was purely a political *emeute*, the unlawful punishment of a dangerous political faction by another, both ambitious of controlling the King and the government. The Huguenots were not slaughtered for their faith, though for years they had persecuted the Catholics of France, burning and desecrating churches, mutilating and murdering clergy and laity. They per-

ished, because their leaders were the political rivals of Catherine de Medici, the pupil of Machiavelli, who cared as little for the advancement of the Catholic Church, as her political record proves, as any Protestant ruler of her time. Catholics, as such, took no part in the massacre. Though it was done by Catholics, it was not done from Catholic instincts, or by Catholic action, or for Catholic purposes; religion gave no impulse to the act. The *Gazette* derives its version of the massacre, not from history, but from the Opera of the Huguenots, in which monks are introduced to bless the poignards of the assassins, and the slaughter is pictured as the result of the teaching of the Catholic Church. No Catholic writer ever defended this horrible crime; neither by Pope nor layman has it ever been approved, as known to us in history.

We are at a loss to know how the Catholic Church can be held responsible for any crimes which the lieutenant and army of Philip II. committed in the Netherlands. Philip II. was not Pope, nor did he slaughter the rebellious Dutch by the command of the Catholic Church. Nor could the Catholic Church by its authority have restrained that monarch from any policy he chose to adopt towards his subjects. Though he was a Catholic, there was no monarch of his time, who was, in his public acts, less submissive to spiritual authority. He had caught the spirit of absolutism which Protestantism introduced into the countries of Europe, Catholic as well as Protestant; he was as fierce in his resistance to spiritual control as the most heretical among them. Philip waged war upon the Netherlands not as the defender of the faith, not to root out the heresy, as the Protestant princes of his time waged war to root out Catholicism, at the instigation of their religious teachers, and in obedience to the doctrines of the Reforma-

tion, but as one asserting his claim to temporal sovereignty over them. Those who perished, even though sometimes they were barbarously treated, perished because they were rebels to him, not to the Church. We have no desire or interest to exculpate him or to cover up any brutalities of Alva. But historical truth forces us to say that there is quite as much fiction thrown around the Spanish wars in the Netherlands, as around the massacre of St. Bartholomew. The wars were carried on with inhuman bitterness and with the commission of unlawful crimes. But the crime of religious persecution lies at the door of the Dutch Calvinists. Their revolts were prompted only by the desire to exterminate the Catholic religion. In every success which they gained, this motive was apparent. As soon as they were released from the fear of Spanish retribution, they persecuted their Catholic countrymen with a more zealous fury than Philip ever exhibited. They were the children of Calvin; and received as their spiritual inheritance, a full share of his rabid, intolerant spirit. The House of Orange is not suggestive of religious liberty.

The Catholic Church is as little responsible for the political acts of Louis XIV. as for the sanguinary policy of Philip of Spain. The *Gazette* would do well to remember, that Louis XIV. lived after the Reformation; that Catholic sovereigns, as well as Protestant, had ceased to regard the Pope as the head of the Christian commonwealth. Though some of the monarchs clung to their faith, they insisted upon the same independence in the administration of political affairs as Protestant princes. From the outbreak of Protestantism, France had assumed this new relation toward the Holy See. In the days of Catherine de Medici, a plan was meditated to ally France permanently with Protestant monarchies, and add it to the list of heretical kingdoms. If

the *Gazette* knows anything of Louis XIV., it knows that he promoted Protestantism in Northern Europe for his own political aggrandizement more than any monarch of his time. He declared himself, in the direction of his government, above the laws of religion; he was the incarnation of Byzantine absolutism. He has never found a eulogist among Catholics. Gallicans praise him, but they are not Catholics. He was not only not obedient to the Holy See, but resolutely set to work to make a national Church, like his royal Protestant brothers, that he might be Pope as well as King. The revocation of the Edict of Nantes was a purely political measure of a monarch, who was guided in every act of his reign by the thought of political advantage. He never hesitated to injure the faith he professed, but did not practice, if his own power could be increased or his kingdom enlarged. He became the ally of Protestants against the Catholics of Germany in a religious war, in order to make himself the most powerful monarch of Europe.

In France, the Protestant theory that the religion of the King should also be that of all good subjects had, in the seventeenth century, met with general acceptance. To Protestantism, and not to the Catholic Church, is to be attributed the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and the attempt to change Protestants into Catholics by all means, gentle or coercive, allowable or unallowable. Protestantism made Kings, Popes; and Louis XIV. was only using the authority of an office which Protestantism had conferred upon him.

The *Cincinnati Gazette* will never denounce Louis XIV., who brought upon France the horrors of French infidelity, as bitterly as Catholic historians, for the anti-Papal and anti-Catholic influence of his reign. To him must be traced all the revolutionary miseries which

have since afflicted the French people. Only downright ignorance of the relations of the Pope and European sovereigns, even though they were Catholics, will hold the Catholic Church responsible for any of their acts since the Reformation. If the Popes protested against unlawful assumptions of temporal power, it was a barren protest, for which Protestantism, which taught them that the temporal power is independent of the spiritual, is responsible.

The *Gazette* puts to us this query: "Will the *Telegraph* avow a desire to preserve liberty in this country, as Americans understand it, if the Catholics should ever become a majority?"

We respond with honest voices and full sincerity, that it is not only our desire that religious freedom, as it is understood by Americans, should continue, but that Catholics, in obedience to the very faith which they profess, will be the first to avenge any attack upon it. If Catholics ever become the majority in this country, as we hope and believe they will be, the religious freedom of Protestants will enjoy a security which the Catholic Church has never felt in this country. We refer the *Gazette* to the past history of Catholics in this land, where they have been the majority. When Protestants were persecuting, the Catholic came across the ocean and lifted the banner of religious toleration. It was Catholic influence, it was the persuasion of the maligned Jesuit, that made religious liberty an article of the Constitution. Catholics will freely accord, as a divine right, to all others the same amount of liberty they now ask for themselves — the liberty to worship God as they please, and to educate their children as they please.

Doubtless, in the opinion of the *Gazette*, Austria has been in modern times the most Catholic of nations. In population the Catholics, as compared with Protes-

tants, are six to one. Yet, in Austria, Protestants have always been allowed to profess their religion without the least restriction. Their churches have been supported from the same fund as the Catholic. They have controlled their own schools, in which their children have been taught the Protestant religion, without interference. In some parts of this country, as in Auglaize and Mercer Counties, of this State, the Catholics have a majority. The school fund is entirely in their hands. But Protestants receive their full share of the benefit of the school taxes. The Catholic Church would immediately condemn and exclude from the sacraments any Catholic official who would dare to refuse them, what religious liberty and natural justice demand for them, according to the unchangeable doctrine of the Catholic Church. Protestants have nothing to fear and nothing to suffer from an ascendency of the Church in this country. It has only to fear the principles of religious despotism upon which Protestantism was built, and which the *Gazette* and others are laboring to establish in this country.

THE COMMERCIAL AND GALILEO.

[From the *Catholic Telegraph*, February 27, 1873.]

"He [the editor of the *Catholic Telegraph*] says that 'neither Paul V. nor any other Pope ever condemned the Copernican system'; that 'neither Copernicus nor any of his disciples were ever molested for their scientific views!' Now, that Copernicus himself was not molested, may, perhaps, be sufficiently accounted for by the fact that he expired on the very day on which his work, which had just come from the press, was put into his hands; and by the further fact that the theologians of the Church had not yet come to a 'realizing sense' of its dangerous tendencies. But the *Telegraph* says that what Paul V. condemned was something very different from a scientific theory. 'He condemned the statement of Galileo, who maintained that the Copernican system was not only a theory of science, to be supported by the logic of science, but a truth that could not be denied, because it was taught by the Holy Scriptures.' It may not be agreeable to our would-be infallible contemporary to be told that there is not a word of truth in this assertion, but he must be told so nevertheless. It is pure fabrication. The editor of the *Telegraph* can not produce a line from the writings of Galileo, or a sentence from the lips of the Pope, to prove that this was the ground of condemnation. Galileo nowhere asserted that the Scriptures taught the Copernican theory; what he did assert was that they did not expressly teach any theory of the heavenly bodies, and that the new system was not necessarily incompatible with them."—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

Thirty-five years ago, before Rev. Peter Cooper had pulled to pieces the long-believed, tragic fiction, of which Galileo was the hero and center, by his masterly if not exhaustive article in the *Dublin Review*, the *Cincinnati Commercial* might have found a large circle of readers, pretending to be intelligent, but equally as ignorant as itself of historical truth, who would have believed in the Papal condemnation of Copernicanism and the persecution of Galileo on account of his scientific doctrines. Many, well read in the past, would have been ready to subscribe both to its crude knowledge of the facts, concerning Copernicus and Galileo, and its sweeping but harmless denunciation of the editor of this paper, for gross ignorance or gross violation of the truth. But happily that day is forever past. The Galileo controversy has been ended by a full publication and thorough sifting of the official documents, relating to the trial of the Florentine astronomer, and the Catholic Church, by the voice of its enemies who have minutely studied this hitherto unknown point of history, has been pronounced guiltless of persecuting either science or any of its teachers. The *Commercial* may cling to the exploded version of the story, and may rail at us for controverting its false statements. But its course will not silence the evidence which late researches have brought to light, and will not change the verdict, namely, that Galileo was, as we stated in our last issue, never persecuted, and he suffered neither condemnation nor torture nor any imprisonment for his scientific belief. As briefly as we can, we shall prove that Galileo was never even molested for his scientific doctrines. If he fell into trouble, was cited before the Roman Inquisition and censured, it was for the reason we have advanced, because he traveled out of the limits of science, and insisted upon demonstrating the scientific theory of Copernicus by written revelation.

As the *Commercial* has asserted that the Catholic Church combated the heliocentric system of astronomy from the beginning, and tried to make the memory of Copernicus as odious as the name of Galileo, we must begin our response with a reference to the life of the former. The history of the Polish astronomer places in clearer light the cause of Galileo's condemnation. It will also teach the *Commercial*, that opposition to the Copernican system of astronomy arose not from the Catholic Church, but from an entirely different source.

Nicholas Copernicus was a priest, born in 1473. Educated in part in his native country, he finished his scientific studies in the Catholic University of Bologna. When he was but twenty-seven years of age, and more than a century before Galileo was summoned to Rome, Copernicus was invited to the same city, honored with a professorship, and openly taught the same astronomical doctrines, for which we are told Galileo was condemned. During his whole life he was honored by Popes, Cardinals, and Bishops, and extolled for his scientific learning. Ten years before the publication of his work ("De Revolutionibus") explaining his discoveries and defending his theory, one of his most celebrated followers, Wiedmanstadt, at the invitation of Clement VII., lectured in the garden of the Vatican to an approving and delighted audience of ecclesiastical dignitaries, upon the heliocentric system. If the Catholic Church was opposed to this innovation in science, the Head of the Church adopted a strange method of exhibiting that opposition. Clement VII. favored so much this theory of Copernicus, that he bestowed upon Wiedmanstadt, in token of his esteem, a valuable Greek manuscript, still preserved in the Royal Library of Munich.

For seventy-seven years before the first citation of

Galileo, the Copernican system was taught in Catholic schools in every part of Europe. Books, defending as well as controverting it, were freely published. Against the support of the new doctrine, no Papal anathema was ever whispered. The enemies it encountered were found in larger numbers in the schools of astronomy than in the schools of theology. The Catholic priesthood in Rome, as elsewhere, were chiefly instrumental in promulgating the new system. Under the protection of the Holy See, twenty years before Galileo appears upon the stage, Francis Patritius was employed in teaching the diurnal motion of the earth. Nay, more, a century before, as early as 1495, Nicholas de Cusa, afterwards a Cardinal of the Roman Church, had defended this system without restraint, in advance of Copernicus. Finally so well assured was Copernicus of the friendly attitude of the Catholic Church towards him and his doctrine, that he dedicated his great treatise, " De Revolutionibus Corporum Coelestium," to Paul III., the reigning Pontiff, The dedication was accepted, after the Pope had made himself perfectly acquainted with the nature of the work. Moreover, the preface of this work states, as the motive of the dedication, that he thus sought the protection of the Catholic Church against the enemies of science. Through fear of these enemies, as well as through modesty, which always adorns the true scholar, he withheld his investigations from the public until 1543, and was, even then, only persuaded to publish them by the urgent solicitations of two members of the Catholic hierarchy, Cardinal Schonberg and the Bishop of Culm. We shall quote the words of the preface itself, that the animosity which the Copernican system encountered, was expected, not from the Head of the Catholic Church, who never condemned it, but from a very different religious quarter.

"I must be allowed to believe," says Copernicus, "that as soon as what I have written about the motion of the earth will be known, cries of indignation will be uttered. Besides, I am not so much in love with my ideas as not to take into consideration what others may think of theirs. * * * Their motives, as well as the fear of becoming an object of laughter, on account of the novelty and apparent absurdity of my view, almost make me abandon the undertaking."

The only religious opponents of the Copernican system are found among the leaders of the Reformation. It will be well for the *Commercial* and others of the romantic school of history to bear this in mind. They alone endeavored to resist the progress of astronomical science. In his "Table Talk," the Protestant Pope, Luther, says, in derision of the new system: "People gave ear to an upstart astrologer who strove to show that the earth revolves, not the heavens or the firmament, the sun, and the moon. This fool (Copernicus) wishes to reverse the entire science of astronomy. But Joshua commanded the sun to stand still, and not the earth." Melancthon, like his master, declared that the science of Copernicus was opposed to the teaching of Holy Scripture. He dogmatizes against it in the following manner in his work, "De Initiis Doctrinae Physicae": "Certain men, either from a love of novelty or to make a display of their ingenuity, have concluded that the earth moves, and they teach that neither the eighth sphere nor the sun revolves. Now, although these clever dreamers find many ingenious things with which to recreate their minds, it is, nevertheless, a want of honesty and decency to assert such absurd notions publicly, and the example is pernicious."

This much, then, is certain, that while Rome not only permitted the discussion of the Copernican system and

propagated this sweeping revolution in science, the leaders of the Reformation inveighed bitterly against it. Nor did Protestantism, in its hostility to astronomical science, confine itself to verbal anathemas. It made the only martyrs of science of whom the history of this period speaks. While the Papal Court was the protecting home of all who accepted the teaching of Copernicus, the Protestant Tycho Brahe was expelled from Protestant Denmark for his devotion to the cause of scientific truth. The same fate from Protestant hands befell the Lutheran Kepler. The theologians of the Protestant University of Tuebingen condemned him for his adherence to the Copernican system. This persecution drove him from Protestant Germany. Where did this boldest, as well as most learned, supporter of Copernicanism seek refuge and find rest, and full freedom to teach scientific doctrines, which the leaders of Protestantism pronounced to be heretical and contrary to revelation? Hunted down by Protestant churchmen like Descartes, afterwards by the Dutch Calvinists, the Pope opened to him the doors of his own university at Bologna, and offered to him the Professorship of Astronomy. From these facts, with all of which men of moderate knowledge are fully acquainted, it is easy to decide who were the real persecuting enemies of the Copernican system. To the Catholic Church alone belongs the credit of shielding it from the destruction with which Protestantism threatened it.

We come now to Galileo, and we shall prove our statement, that "neither Paul V. nor any other Pope ever condemned the Copernican system." We read carefully, three years ago, the whole record of the trial of Galileo — the minutiae of the Proces Verbal, as it was elaborately and critically presented in the *Revue Catholique* of Louvain. It is not necessary here to enter into

the curious history of these documents, which have convinced the reading world that the so-called persecution of Galileo was as groundless a fable as the legend of Pope Joan. The publication of the authentic records of this trial which, after many years of wandering, were returned to the Vatican archives, was first undertaken by the Prefect of the Library, Signor Marini, in 1850. Though it was done in a partial and unsatisfactory way, it threw sufficient light upon the whole life of Galileo to scatter forever the legends of Montucla, Bernini, and others. The falsehoods, that Galileo was ever tortured for his scientific opinions, that he was kept in prison, that his eyes were put out, that he suffered any punishment whatever, were transparently exposed.

After Marini, who but partially performed his task, Henri de L'Epinois, to whom free access to all these documents was given by the present Librarian of the Vatican, Dr. Theiner, undertook this important work and gave to the world all that Marini had thought unnecessary for publication.

This valuable addition to history has been a sore disappointment to those who are wont to accuse the Catholic Church of being the sworn enemy of science. They expected that the Proces Verbal would confirm all that pious Protestants had always believed concerning "Galileo and his starry woes." But, alas, it ended the unhistorical farce. Poor Galileo ceased to be a hero; the publication stripped him of all the glory of martyrdom — it did not even leave him his penitential shirt; even the grandiloquent phrase, with all its dramatic coloring, "*E pur si muove*," was found to be an invention of bigotry, like the more important parts in the play of Galileo.

The industry of L'Epinois, to which the custodian of the Vatican archives gave a willing assistance, because

he foresaw it would result in the vindication of the Holy See, has utterly destroyed the tangled mass of fiction thrown around this trial, and demonstrated, what we stated last week, that no Pope ever condemned the Copernican system. We based that assertion upon the knowledge of the subject which we had obtained from the pages of the *Revue Catholique*. We shall make a brief but explicit narration of the facts which Protestants, who regard truth, are now forced to accept.

In 1611, Galileo, after publicly teaching the Copernican system for years, and enjoying from the beginning of his career the patronage of Cardinal Del Monte, paid a visit to Rome. He was received with the highest honors. He was not only permitted, but pressingly invited, to deliver lectures upon the great scientific questions of the day. This was only the liberty which dozens had enjoyed in Rome from the days of Copernicus. At his departure, the Pope was foremost in giving him marks of esteem. His next visit was made in four years after, in obedience to the summons of the Inquisition. For what? it may now be asked. Because he taught the Copernican system? By no means; but because he was accused by Lorini of asserting that this theory could be demonstrated from the Scriptures. A copy of a letter of Galileo to his friend Castelli, was laid before the congregation, as evidenced that Galileo had dragged in revelation, as we stated, to support a vexed question of science. So careful was the Inquisition not to punish the innocent, and so anxious to screen from blame, this teacher of Copernicanism, that it demanded the original letter, not accepting the copy, the exactness of which had been attested by oath. Though the original existed and agreed in every word with the copy, as it was not advanced, this court, whose duty it was to examine the case, immediately dismissed it. So well was it known,

however, that Galileo was giving a theological phase to the doctrine, that his life-long friend, Cardinal Barberini, who was Pope when the decree of the Congregation of the Index was passed, sent him a letter of advice "not to travel out of the limits of physics and mathematics, but to confine himself to such reasoning as Copernicus used, because, declaring the views of Scripture, the theologians maintain to be their particular province." These words of the letter of Urban VIII. corroborate our statement, that Galileo met with opposition because he persisted in mingling divine and human things. It clearly indicates the position of the Church during the whole controversy. Galileo was not only at liberty, after his appearance for trial, to leave Rome whenever he chose, but he wrote to Picchena the following year, that his enemies were defeated and the Cardinals "had managed his affairs in the most liberal and kind manner."

But Galileo was not satisfied. He wished an official declaration that his astronomical opinion was taught by Holy Scripture. His imprudent friends urged him to ask for this triumph over his enemies. One of them, Cardinal Orsini, laid the matter before the Pope and Cardinals in a public meeting, and requested a decision. After one failure, the friends of Galileo did not desist. They again sought from Paul V. a dogmatic approval of Copernicanism. Wearied with their persistence, Paul V. sent the investigation of the matter to the Inquisition, where it properly belonged. The system, as Galileo held it, no man of science believes in, at the present time. And yet it was his great desire, leading him into every misfortune that clouded his life, to impose his theory upon the world as orthodox. Hallam, in his "Literature of Europe," tells us that in his famous letter to Christina, the Duchess of Tuscany, he argues very

elaborately for that purpose. The same Protestant author says that "for eighty years the theory of the earth's motion had been maintained without censure; and it could be only the greater boldness of Galileo which drew down upon him the notice of the Church." Sir David Brewster acknowledges "that the Church party were not disposed to interfere with the prosecution of science."

Galileo forced the matter upon the consideration of the Inquisition. Now what was the result of the examination? The teaching of Galileo was not pronounced, as the decree shows, to be heretical, but that it appeared to be contrary to Holy Scripture. Bellarmine, the head of the Commission, simply declared that it was untenable in its absolute and unqualified form, until a new demonstration should arise to prove its truth. So conscious was Galileo that the Congregation had not passed condemnation on the Copernican system, as a theory of science, that he wrote to Picchena the following words, which we beg the *Commercial* to note carefully: "The result has not been favorable to my enemies, the doctrine of Copernicus not having been declared heretical, but only as not consonant with the Sacred Scripture; whence the whole prohibition of those works, in which the consonance was maintained." It does really seem as if the great Galileo had fallen into the same historical muddle, concerning the decision of the Inquisition, as the grossly ignorant editor of the *Telegraph*. It may be well here to note the opinion of Cardinal Bellarmine, as he belonged to the order which the *Commercial* foolishly believes to have persecuted Galileo. In a letter to Galileo's friend, Ciampoli, he says: "By confining himself to the system and its demonstration, without interfering with the Scriptures, the interpretation of which they wish to have confined to theo-

logical professors, approved and authorized for the purpose, Galileo would be secure against any contradiction." If Galileo's scientific doctrines had been condemned as heretical, which no one who understands the text of the decision of the Congregation can hold, Cardinal Bellarmine would not have submitted Galileo's opinions to the examination of four Jesuit Fathers, all of whom, as shown by their answers in Venturi, agreed with Galileo. Bellarmine himself, as a man of science, belonged to the Copernican party. But, as a theologian, he asked not for theory, but demonstration, before the ordinary interpretation of Sacred Scripture should be changed to harmonize with the discovery of science. Galileo could not and never did demonstrate his doctrine. It does not diminish his fair name to say that he committed great blunders; that one of the leading points in his theory, the immobility of the sun, has been long since rejected. The Inquisition enjoined silence upon Galileo, because of his well-known intemperance and haughtiness of speech, but it left him free, as the certificate which he received from Cardinal Bellarmine proves, to hold his scientific opinions. "We, Robert Bellarmine," says this document, "declare conformably with truth, that the said Galileo neither before us, nor before any other person whomsoever in Rome, nor in any other place that we are aware of, made any sort of retraction in relation to any of his opinions or his ideas, that no punishment or penance was inflicted on him." It is a telling fact against the falsehood, that Paul V. or the Congregation of the Index condemned the hypothesis of Galileo as heretical, that in this very year the Chair of Astronomy in the Pope's University of Bologna was offered, as we have before mentioned, to Kepler, holding the same opinion. If others were allowed to teach Copernicanism, if it had been taught for nearly a cen-

tury without censure, and Galileo alone was silenced, there can be only one reason, as we have shown. In his turbulent dogmatizing disposition he would not confine himself to scientific argument.

In the *Dublin Review* of 1838 we find the following letter of the Ambassador of Tuscany, revealing the necessity of the precaution of silence which was placed upon him, and at the same time showing that the condemnation of Galileo, as a heretic, was never thought of. "Galileo makes more account of his opinion than that of his friends; and the good Cardinal Del Monte and I, together with many Cardinals of the Holy Office, have tried to persuade him to keep quiet, and not to agitate this affair, but if he had a mind to hold this opinion, to hold it in peace. He is heated in his opinions and displays an extreme of passion, with but little prudence and strength of mind to know how to govern it."

In the same year, Galileo returned to Florence. He left Rome assured, in a final interview, of the friendship of Paul V., who passed no condemnation upon Galileo. The Pontiff assured him, when leaving, that as long as he lived, he would listen to no attack of his enemies. If Paul V. had punished Galileo, the latter ought to have been aware of it; and yet in his celebrated Dialogues he opens with a reference to this pleasing visit to Rome in 1616.

We come now to the second trial of Galileo. When that took place, it should be borne in mind that his devoted friend, Cardinal Barberini, was seated on the Pontifical throne. He was summoned to answer for his violation of the rule of the Congregation, imposing silence upon him. This he had broken by the publication of his Dialogues, after he had solemnly sworn to observe it. By law he was obliged to appear; and his friend Urban VIII. could not alter it, even if he had

desired to do so. No one doubts, who has read of the many testimonials of friendship, which Galileo received from Urban from the beginning of his pontificate until the date of the trial, a period of ten years, that such was his disposition toward him. It had been proclaimed at the Papal Court, that the geocentric doctrine was not a matter of faith — that the opposite was not heresy. But all Papal favors, showered upon Galileo and his party, met only with ingratitude. In the first page of his "Four Days' Dialogues," he attacked the Pope with irony and sarcasm. By a fraud unworthy of his reputation as a scholar, he obtained permission to publish this work. The censor of the press, at Rome, who was not only a friend but a pupil of Galileo, demanded, before the work should receive his approval, that all allusions to the teaching of Scripture should be expurgated; and that his theories should be advanced by the arguments of science. Galileo pretended to comply, and permission was given to print. The publication showed that Galileo had practiced an infamous deception. The old fault of mingling revelation with his science was repeated with aggravating circumstances. For disobedience to the decree of 1616, not for holding the system of Copernicus, Galileo was again placed on trial. It was not the Jesuits, as has been asserted, who instigated this second summons of the philosopher before the Congregation. The Jesuits were Galileo's friends, as he himself testifies in a letter to Prince Cesi. The heliocentric system was at the time universally taught in their schools. Grienbegero, Guldino, Tanner, and others, all Jesuits, were the ablest exponents of the doctrine. The *Dublin Review* shows that in the correspondence of the day it is expressly affirmed as the favorite doctrine of the sons of Loyola. Italy, at that time, was far ahead of the rest of the world, in the cultivation of

astronomical science. The Italian academies, that could boast of a Leonardo da Vinci and Cesalpini, were crowded with the famous scientists from all parts of Europe.

In the trial of 1633, no more than in 1616, was the Copernican system declared, in the ordinary meaning of the word, heretical. The tribunal, before which Galileo appeared, could make no such decision. As Riccioli, who fought most fiercely against the teaching of Galileo, says: "Galileo was not condemned for heresy —for the Sacred Congregation of Cardinals, taken apart from the Sovereign Pontiff, does not make propositions to be of faith, even though it should actually define them to be of faith or the contrary ones heretical." Neither Urban nor any other Pope approved the decree of the Congregation, passed at the close of the second trial. So we here repeat, on the authority of historical truth, our statement of last week. Pius VII. simply revoked the act of the Congregation, to which no Pope had ever given assent. The *Commercial* entirely misrepresents the cause of the second trial, when it says that Galileo "was tried and punished for his scientific opinions." He was brought to trial because he had knowingly violated his oath. The use of the words "heretical," "heresy," "suspected of heresy," in the decree of 1633, does not in the least weaken our position, that no Pope ever condemned the Copernican system. The Pontiff by whom the Congregation was convoked, declared that it was not heresy to hold the opinion of Galileo. And the astronomer speaks of his doctrine before the Court, with its full acquiescence, as a doctrine condemned *ad interim*, that is, not to be taught in its absolute form, or, in other words, as demonstrated, until proved to be true. That point of demonstration has never yet been reached; on the contrary, the immobility

of the sun has been demonstrated to be false. Why, then, since it was known that the Pope did not consider the Copernican doctrine to be heresy, was the term used? The *Dublin Review* truly answers, "Because it was *stylus curiae* — the style of the Court,—which, being primarily established 'against heretical depravity,' always terms everything that comes before it 'heresy.'" This is done in trials before the Inquisition, *even for offenses not at all against faith*, as the records of this Court abundantly show; *nay, matters of fact, which have nothing whatsoever to do with opinion, the sole punishment of excommunication inflicted on the staunchest Catholics and most unsuspected in faith, for some moral fault, are always called, in the formula of this Court, heresy.* If the *Commercial* suspects the truth underlying this argument, a little reading of the cases and decisions in the "Directorium Inquisitorium," compiled before the time of Galileo, will convince it, that the word "heresy," and cognate terms, in this decree, that he quotes with a flourish, are employed in a technical sense, after the manner of Courts, and not with the meaning usually assigned to heresy.

The *Commercial*, it is but just to say, seems to shrink from reproducing the old fables about the torture of Galileo. It has learned something from the last life of Galileo, published in the English language, containing a few scattered pieces of the Proces Verbal which L'Epinois unearthed. It might have saved itself from inglorious defeat, if, in reading this book, which contains nothing valuable but the letters of Galileo's daughter, it had not overlooked the important and pointed statement, 'Neither Paul V. nor Urban VIII. ratified these documents (the decrees of the Inquisition) with their signatures." Thus all authorities, Protestant as well as Catholic, and we could quote them by the score, as they now lie before us in the Italian work of Signor

Marini, make us a better historian than the *Commercial* would have its readers believe. The sentence of the Congregation against Galileo was never carried out. For a long time it was universally believed that on the 21st of June, of the same year in which he was tried, he was horribly tortured in the dungeon of the Inquisition. Both the dungeon and torture are now known to be as imaginary as the heroic and tragic phrase, "*E pur si muove.*" There was no imprisonment at all. The sentence was immediately commuted to a relegation to the Villa Medici. In the following month he departed for Sienna. The Archbishop of the place received "this heretic," condemned to the dungeons of the Inquisition, as the schoolboy of the *Commercial* believes, as a beloved guest.

He survived eight years, but, strange to say, he never spoke of the persecution which has been connected with his name in Protestant literature. There are a great many quite as ignorant of the persecution of Galileo as ourselves; it will be the *Commercial's* duty to hold them up to the ridicule of its learned readers. Among them are Von Reumont, Lord Brougham, and all the French writers who have criticised Ponsard's late drama of Galileo. They have all sorrowfully concluded, that Galileo was not persecuted at all. In conclusion, we shall say, to the surprise, no doubt, of the *Commercial*, and, as an additional proof of our stupidity, that the doctrine of Galileo, concerning the motion of the heavenly bodies, is called a system by extreme courtesy; that he merely accepted the old theory of Pythagoras, and brought to its demonstration, not a single new argument, that was not absurd and long since abandoned. His extraordinary merits as an astronomer are quite as fictitious as his suffering. He added very little, indeed, to the wealth of astronomical science, and

nothing by way of explaining the motion of the heavenly bodies.

It will be now in order for the *Commercial* to scratch again the surface of the Galileo story, and mix with its thin scrapings a large amount of impertinence and indecency.

THE COMMERCIAL AND GALILEO.

[From the *Catholic Telegraph*, March 13, 1873.]

After a silence of a week the *Cincinnati Commercial*, deeply pained and fearfully tormented, by its failure to prove that Galileo was ever condemned or persecuted for his scientific doctrines, endeavored to cover its retreat from the controversy, and to assume a triumphant air by an article that is as blundering and evasive in its assertions, as it is showy in its pretensions to careful reading and accurate learning. It has followed the course we anticipated — gathered the usual thin, deceiving scrapings of falsified history, proceeds to ring the usual lying interpretations of the documentary proofs that Galileo was not in any sense the victim of ecclesiastical enmity to science, and bridges over the intervals of its falsehoods with the usual amount of indecency toward its adversary. To this farrago of misrepresentation and transparent self-conceit, occupying three columns of the *Commercial*, we respond as briefly as possible, but to an extent suffcient to convince all who have read our historical version of the Galileo story that it stands unimpaired and unanswered. The disreputable impertinence of the *Commercial* we shall pass in silence.

We are first accused of raising a false issue. Our response to this shall not only be simple, straightfor-

ward, but a full vindication of our position. Not we, but the *Commercial*, first linked the name of Copernicus with the condemnation of his system in the person of Galileo. The celebration, this year, in honor of Copernicus suggested to the anti-Catholic spirit of that journal to refer to it as a proceeding distasteful to the Church, and to the "Ultramontane party," especially, because the Church was opposed to the Copernican system. As evidence of that opposition, the *Commercial* stated that Paul V. had condemned it and Pius VII. had removed the anathema. This was the exordium of the *Commercial* on the subsequent controversy concerning Galileo. On this point, the first article of the *Commercial*, as well as its first blunder on a subject, for which it has since been injudiciously and slovenly cramming, is testimony in our favor, and at once relieves us from the charge of making a false issue. From the beginning to the close, we have, on our side, not in the least turned aside from the refutation of this old but untruthful assertion, that Paul V. condemned the Copernican system.

Meeting the issue directly, we denied that Paul V. or any other Pope had promulgated an anathema against the heliocentric system. It was the duty of the *Commercial*, in defense of the issue which it had made, to produce the documentary proof of condemnation, viz.: a Bull signed by Paul V., declaring this doctrine of science heretical. Its statement demanded this evidence; without it, the position, which it had taken, had to be abandoned. Doubtless, when the first article was penned, it firmly believed, in its gross ignorance of the subject it was treating, that Paul V. had really signed a decree to this effect. But a little investigation sadly convinced it that no such document existed; that no Pope had ever condemned Galileo for any reason at all; that the decree

of 1616, no matter what might be its scope and bearing, was not a Papal decree, but the act of a Congregation. We might justly have ended the controversy here, as the issue forced upon us had been fairly met and a complete victory had been gained. But for the sake of instructing others, as well as the *Commercial*, we supplemented the original question, by declaring and proving, that the persecution of Galileo was a myth, in which the well-read in history, Protestant as well as Catholic, no longer believe, and that he was condemned, only, because he insisted on dragging in revelation to defend his theories of natural science. This was the end which we proposed to ourselves when the *Commercial* drifted away from the original question. We know, by the tone and character of the last article of the *Commercial*, that it is secretly but fully convinced that this end has been successfully attained. The article throughout is the expression of one, who can not evade the lash of defeat, but will not admit his evident humiliation.

We shall now respond to the errors in which we are said to have fallen. We are mistaken, says the *Commercial*, in saying that Copernicus taught, during his residence in Rome, the "same astronomical doctrines for which Galileo was condemned; that is, he did not teach the revolution of the earth around the sun." This is styled a ridiculous blunder, "because Copernicus left Rome in 1503, and the earliest date assigned to the completion of his system is 1507, which, according to the best authorities, is more than twenty years too early." Now, suppose we accept all that is here affirmed, that the system was not completed until twenty or even thirty years after, would this refute our statement that he lectured on his system in Rome at the close of the fifteenth century? It would be as valid an argument to maintain that men of modern science do not lecture upon their

theories until they have made all the discoveries possible to demonstrate them. The contrary is the rule of scientific men, and the history of science in all periods of its growth. Copernicus followed this uniform law; he had reached the central truth of the system, to which he has given his name, at the University of Bologna, where, Laplace tells us, that astronomy was taught with success before he visited Rome. Gassendi, in his Latin biography of Copernicus, Westphal, and Dr. Hipler, in their lives of the astronomer, all teach that at Rome he lectured on his system in the year 1500, before an audience of two thousand, composed of the highest ecclesiastics and students. So much to show we have made no blunder.

It is a matter of little moment, and we would not notice it, except to show the rawness of the *Commercial* in thumbing secondary authorities and the incorrect memoir of some encyclopedia. The *Commercial*, however, in vainly attempting to show our ignorance, vividly exposes its own. It says: "He (Copernicus) remained in Rome only until the beginning of 1503 (we can easily imagine why, if we remember that Alexander VI. was Pope), when he returned to Cracow." The *Commercial* is troubled with too much imagination. We propose in the name of history a little pruning. Copernicus did not, according to Dr. Hipler and all other biographers, return to Cracow. In 1500, the same year he lectured in Rome, he returned to his canonry at Frauenburg. He was restless, says Hipler, because he still sought for more satisfactory proofs of his system than he had advanced on his visit to Rome.

In 1501 he obtained leave of absence to visit Italy again, for the purpose of advancing his knowledge of Greek, to aid him in his astronomical studies. His brother Andrew was nominated to supply his place, and

began to pursue the required study for a seat in the Chapter. He went to Padua, in 1501. He did not go at all to Cracow, but returned to Frauenburg in 1505. The imagination of the *Commercial* has worked out for the first time a connection between Alexander VI. and the departure of the astronomer from Rome. It gives us no clue to determining the nature of that connection. The whole statement in all its parts is bald fiction, without meaning or purpose. He left Rome, because he had run short of funds to prosecute his studies. Only this and nothing more. This is the account of Dr. Hipler, whose biography is the best that has been published, who bases his chronology of the life of Copernicus, not merely on the authority of Gassendi, but upon documentary evidence drawn from archives. From these documents, Dr. Hipler shows that Copernicus taught in Rome in 1500, as we said, "the same astronomical doctrines for which Galileo was condemned." The *Commercial* thus fails, by glaring errors of its own, in imputing blunders to us.

We are accused, in the next place, of not even knowing the name of the work of Copernicus, in which he sets forth his doctrines. This is alleged against us because we quoted it under the title "De Revolutionibus." This is highly amusing, as it exhibits the pettifogging to which our adversary is reduced. When we speak of scientific works, we employ not the language of the book-maker — reading a whole title page — but the phrases of men of letters, as far as possible. We use the title that is now stereotyped. Our ignorance consists, according to the *Commercial*, in not adding to the word "Revolutionibus" the words "Orbium Coelestium," and we suppose the rest of the title page of the first publication. We are astonished that the *Commercial* did not insinuate that we believed Copernicus to have

written about the Revolutions of Red Republicans, instead of the Revolutions of Heavenly Bodies. We wrote of the work of Copernicus as we would mention, as a man of education, the "Summa" of St. Thomas, without adding of what it was a summary or against whom it was written. Thus perishes another imputation of ignorance.

In the next place, we know nothing of Nicholas Cusa, and have again blundered in saying that he taught the Copernican system. All this is based upon the statement of the *Telegraph* that he lectured in Rome in 1495, whereas he died thirty years before. We admit that he died in 1464, and we might add with truth that in placing the time of his astronomical teaching 1495, seventy years after his defense at Rome of the revolution of the earth, we were the victim of a printer. But this would be pounced upon as an after-thought, a subterfuge, by our dishonest adversary. So we discard this defense. Our knowledge of ecclesiastical history may not be very extensive, but those who know us know also that it is in dates quite exact. As a churchman, having learned enough in our younger days of Nicholas de Cusa, of his work in the history of the Church as a theologian, of his part in the Council of Basle, in the early part of the fifteenth century, and of his appointment to the Cardinalate and the Bishopric of Brixen by Nicholas V., we can easily bear our betrayal by another into saying that he taught as late as 1495. But the correction, that he taught as early as 1425, is to the decided injury of the assumption of the *Commercial*, that the Pope condemned the Copernican system as a scientific doctrine. As Cardinal de Cusa, in his work dedicated to his professor, Cardinal Julian Cæsarini taught this system so many years earlier (forty-eight before even the birth of Copernicus), then

it follows Rome so much longer allowed it to be defended. We thank the *Commercial* for its reference to this typographical error, as it corroborates more and more the fact, that the Copernican system was less of a novelty in Rome and less subject to suspicion or censure. The denial of the *Commercial,* that there was any resemblance between Cusa and Copernicus is a mere assertion intended to deceive. The only question is, did he teach the heliocentric system, that the earth revolved? As that question must be answered in the affirmative, it is settled that Rome, for more than a hundred years before the publication of Copernicus, allowed the heliocentric system to be taught. Nor did the teaching die out with Cusa. Cardinal Amboise, after the death of Cusa, published, with the permission of Rome, the whole theory of this scientific innovator. His disciples were found in every part of Italy. In 1510, thirty years before the publication of Copernicus, Leonardo da Vinci, following the system of Cusa, based his theory of falling bodies on the revolution of the earth. The motto of the Cusan school, taken from the writings of the founder, "shows that he had entirely rejected the Ptolemaic system": *"quod coelum stet, terra autem moveatur"* — "the earth moves, the sun stands still." That Cusa was inferior in his discoveries, we admit; that he supported his science with reasons that Copernicus disdained to advance, because his investigations had exploded them, is also true. But in all that this controversy calls for, they were identical; inasmuch as Nicholas de Cusa taught the revolution of the earth, a complete rejection of the old astronomical system, they were one and the same. The system of Galileo, in all except the revolution of the earth, in the reasons he advanced as a defense of his theory, and in all its details, has no more resemblance to the science of the

present day, than "the moon has to green cheese." But, nevertheless, the central truth of Galileo's teaching, which we are told brought his condemnation, was known and held by Cusa as it is at the present day. So the list of our blunders is still further diminished.

We expected that our allusion to the condemnation of Kepler by the Protestant University of Tuebingen, (the *argumentum ad hominem*) would be exceedingly painful. But we certainly were not prepared for the foolish and foolhardy response which the *Commercial* makes, "when he (the Ed. T.) alleges that the theologians of the University of Tuebingen condemned Kepler for his adherence to the Copernican system, there is just as much truth as there is in the fable about Kepler's being offered a professorship in the Pope's University of Bologna." We accept the parity which the *Commercial* establishes between these two facts, and shall sustain one, and thus we are relieved from proving at further length, than we did in our last issue, the other. Wolfgang Menzel, a standard German Protestant historian, is the authority we summon to our aid, though we could cite a dozen historians, all Protestants, including even the bigot, John Quincy Adams, in his speech in this city, who are forced to make this confession. We believe and hope, for the sake of this poorly cultivated writer of the *Commercial*, that there is an English translation of Menzel's "Geschicte der Deutschen." We think that a translation will be found in Bohn's Library. If not, he will find the condemnation of the Faculty of Tuebingen in the second volume of the third edition of Menzel's History, page 645. Speaking of this condemnation, this Protestant historian says "that the theologians of Tuebingen condemned his discovery, because the Bible teaches that the sun revolves around the earth, and not the earth around the sun (Joshua

said to the sun, stand still). He was going to suppress his book, when an asylum was opened to him at Gratz. The Jesuits, who better knew how to prize his scientific talents, kept him, though he never renounced Lutheranism. It was only at home that persecution followed him, and he scarcely succeeded in saving his own mother from being burnt to death as a witch." These are the words of a Protestant historian; the statements of all the cotemporaries of Kepler, and all of his biographers of any note harmonize with them. We might, if it were necessary, add the hostility of the Protestant divines of Wittenberg, because Kepler tried to introduce the Gregorian Calendar. We sincerely pity "the now bruised reed and smoking flax" of the *Commercial*, else we would make a remark or two about Tycho Brahe, another master of science, banished by the Protestants to the desert island of Uraniberg.

From this last blunder, concerning the University of Tuebingen, it leaps again into its muddle concerning Galileo.

It begins thus: "It will be remembered that in his first article he (Ed. T.) asserted that no Pope ever condemned the Copernican system." Well, we desire this to be remembered, as we now reassert it in our last article. Until the *Commercial* produces the Bull of condemnation, sealed and signed, which it can never do, our assertion stands unrefuted. We again recall the *Commercial* to the first issue. Its criticism of our defense of the Congregation of the Index, which composes the balance of its article, is as pointless and inaccurate as the exordium which we have so easily answered. It is difficult, however, to keep pace with the blunders it fabricates and ascribes to us — and yet these blunders are all so poorly constructed that, even if we subscribed to most of them, they would not in the least alter the

verdict. We have already drawn from the lips of history the truth, that the Congregation did not condemn, any more than Paul V. or Urban VIII., the teachings of Galileo as a doctrine of science. We shall, however, notice some of these blunders. Our first grave crime is in saying "a letter of advice was sent to Galileo by Cardinal Barberini, who was Pope when the decree of the Inquisition was passed." Here the *Commercial* finds two difficulties, viz.: that Barberini did not write the letter, but Ciampoli; and Barberini was not Pope when the decree was passed.

In the first place, we never stated that Barberini wrote the letter to which we alluded. We published a portion, the very text of the letter, translated. Having the text before it, it was a small piece of contemptible trickery to so change our remarks upon this letter, as to draw the conclusion that its authorship was unknown. But the portion that we quoted, was not the advice of Ciampoli himself, but the sentiments of Barberini, which he desired Ciampoli to express in his name to Galileo, namely, "not to travel out of the limits of physics and mathematics, but confine himself to such reasonings as Ptolemy and Copernicus used." Ciampoli writes for the express purpose, in his letter of the 28th of February, 1615, to convey this advice of Barberini, which we are informed had been given a year before by Barberini, through a letter from Bishop Dini to Galileo. We properly quoted the advice given, as the advice of Barberini, and not the counsel of Ciampoli, whose letter contained it. The second difficulty is in calling Barberini, Urban VIII., when the decree of the Congregation was passed.

We can see no difficulty here; it is entirely beyond our mental vision, unless the *Commercial* pretends to believe that we refer to the first decree. If so, it has

fallen to a lower stage of intellectual imbecility, than we can hope to reach by any rational explanation. We mentioned the date of the first decree in the very article in which the *Commercial* finds its second difficulty. We stated that Paul V. was then reigning as Pope and sent the subject to the Inquisition; we expressly stated that it was at the time of his second trial, that Galileo's friend, Barberini, was on the Pontifical throne; there could, therefore, not be the slightest doubt that we referred to the second decree. The difficulties have no existence save in the mind of the *Commercial*, driven by its desperation to manufacture them.

We come now to the denunciation of Lorini, based upon a copy of Galileo's letter to his pupil, Castelli. We stated that Galileo was denounced to the Inquisition, because this letter contained the offense of dragging in Scripture to demonstrate his theory. The *Commercial* asserts that this was not the accusation of Lorini, that there is not the slightest attempt on the part of Galileo to demonstrate his theory from the Scriptures, and that this was not, therefore, the cause of his appearance before the Inquisition. But the *Commercial*, while it blunders in a variety of circumstances surrounding this correspondence between Castelli and Galileo, is cunning enough not to quote the text of this letter of 21st of December, 1613, upon which the great point of the whole controversy hinges, viz., that Galileo was condemned for adducing theology as a defense of his theory. Why did it not produce the letter? Because it would convict the editor of deliberate falsehood. In Marini's work, ("Historica-Critical Memories of Galileo and the Inquisition," page 83,) the text of a portion of the letter is given, as well as the account of Nelli of the controversy to which it gave rise at Firenza.

The controversy which took place on the return of

Galileo to Firenza before the Medici princes, was conducted by Dr. Boscaglia on one side and Castelli on the other. What was the cause? The fact, says Nelli, that Galileo "had written a long letter to the same Castelli about the mode of interpreting the Holy Scripture about things in a purely physical and natural sense, as, for example, the passage in the book of Josue, . . . by explaining the words literally according to the Ptolemaic system, the consequence would be the falsity of this system." Now these are the words of the important letter to Castelli for which Galileo was tried, and which the *Commercial,* with incomprehensible effrontery, knowing that it was driven to the wall and its cause was lost, says did not contain any reference to Scripture, as a demonstration of the opinion of Galileo. This letter is printed in the first volume of Venturi, page 203, and found on the sixth page of the works of Galileo, printed in 1847. The letter, after speaking of the absolute immobility of the sun, drags in, as we said before, the command of Joshua to the sun as no objection, because, says the text of this letter, "the command of Joshua ought to be understood as not made to the sun, but to the first mover, *(primo mobile)* which carries with it the sun and the other planets and the starry heavens."

Now all this assumption of Galileo, as an interpreter of Scripture, is found not only in the text of his letter, but in the pages of the Proces Verbal, which the *Commercial,* to its own confusion, professes to have before it. The Proces Verbal gives Galileo's defense of his interpretation of Scripture: "To every one who understands the first elements of astronomy, it is manifest that, if God had checked the motion of the sun, in place of lengthening the day, he would have abbreviated and made it shorter, because the motion of the sun, being

to the reverse of the diurnal motion, *(conversione,)* the more the sun would move to the east, the more would he come *(revebbe)* to retard his course to the west — and thus diminishing or annulling the motion of the sun, the sooner would he have made the setting." And before he says: "that the day and night were the effect of the prime mover, and that from the motion of the sun did not depend day or night, but the different seasons and the year itself." (Proc., page 4.)

"To repulse the reproaches, that he had made himself an interpreter of Scripture, he said that many texts in it ought to be explained and understood in a sense contrary to the literal; and he strengthened this his assertion with propositions, in censuring which (these propositions), the Inquisition expressed itself thus: *Licet ad bonum intellectum reduci possint — primo tamen aspectu male sonare videntur!*

"And in truth what sinister impression would they not have produced on the people, *(vulgo)* incapable of interpreting them (these problems of Galileo) in the true sense, and what little reverence toward the Bible would have been entertained in learning, that 'in Scripture there are found many propositions false as to the nude *(nudo senso)* sense of words, and that in natural disputes (disputes on natural subjects) Scripture ought to be reserved for the last place.'" (Proc., page 2.)

To deny that this letter contained the Scriptural arguments which Galileo associated with his system, is nothing less, as will be seen from the above, than shameless misstatements. But this falsehood takes vengeance on its author by the broken quotations, which the *Commercial* gives with inexplicable blindness, from the deposition of Lorini, and his reference to the letter of Castelli concerning the conversation at the table of the Archduchess of Tuscany, (not of Lorraine)

in which she objected to the heliocentric system on Scriptural grounds. The editor of the *Commercial* admits that the letter of Galileo in question was a reply to these objections; therefore it was to show the harmony between Scripture and his science.

The *Commercial*, pursuing its folly, asserts in this most important part of its article that Lorini did not ascribe the letter to Galileo, but the Galileoists. Truly a distinction without a difference — another fabricated loop-hole of escape in which he is again badly caught. Does the *Commercial* pretend to say that Galileo did not write it, but that his whole party, numbering hundreds, some of whom belonged to the tribunal of the Inquisition itself, engaged in the composition? There seems no end to his absurdities. For he first avows that Galileo wrote it, then insinuates, by this ascription of Lorini, that some others did it; and finally sandwiches this statement by another contradiction in referring us to the letter of the Archbishop of Pisa, who tried to obtain the letter from Castelli. He refers us to this letter in Marini, with which we are well acquainted. But it is this very letter of the Archbishop which states that the epistle which he failed in procuring in his interview with Castelli was Galileo's own. From this letter, we learn that Castelli had promised to write to Galileo, not for the epistle of the Galileoists, but for Galileo's own letter *(la sua littera)* which he had returned to his own hands *(nelle sue mani)*. Apart from the evidence of these documents, (given in the Proces Verbal) there can be no other explanation of the secrecy in which this letter was sent back and kept, of its rapid withdrawal and the refusal to deliver it on the part of Galileo, than the known fact that it had presumed to establish the system upon Scripture. This is the only view which, as we remarked in our last article, Sir David Brewster,

Hallam, the *Edinburgh Review*, of October, 1837, and a dozen other scientific as well as Protestant authorities, take of the whole proceeding. On this important point, the verdict has been given against Galileo, and all the multiplied falsehoods that bigotry can invent will not change it. Before we leave this portion of the Galileo story, we must return to another false statement of the *Commercial*. It makes the *Commercial's* version of the story of one color throughout. It is this: In consequence of Lorini's letter of denunciation, we are told that Castelli had been forbidden by the provveditore of the University, Mgr. D'Elci, to make an allusion to the system. The very opposite is the truth. Nelli, Venturi, and Marini, all state that at the examination of Castelli for his chair of professorship, 1613, he was expressly told that he could teach the astronomical opinions of his master "as probable, provided only he did not put it forward from his seat as the declared opinion of the school." We would add, if it was allowed in a Catholic university as probable, it could not have been considered heretical.

The *Commercial* admires the ruse of Galileo in refusing to deliver up his letter, and sending a copy without his signature. The unprejudiced, now informed of the facts, will only see in this ruse, what it was, a confession of being guilty of the crime charged against him. We have in both our articles proved the cause for which Galileo was arraigned. The decree against him, in 1633, was based on the decree of 1616, which he had violated after he was oath-bound to observe it. In both trials, the complaint was not his scientific doctrine. Of the minutiae of the trials, we need say now but very little. For our version of the trial and the result, which the *Commercial* has not attempted to refute, save by assertion, we refer again to the certificate of Cardinal

Bellarmine, "that Galileo was required to make no retraction of scientific opinions; that he was to confine himself to the system and its demonstration." We refer the *Commercial* to a letter of Bishop Dini, in a letter to Galileo, in which he testifies "that Bellarmine said there was no question about Galileo, and that by pursuing the course mentioned, that of speaking as a mathematician, he would be put to no trouble" (Venturi); and we refer it also, again, to Galileo's letter to Picchena, in which he says that the prohibition of the Inquisition extends only over that portion of his works in which "consonance with Holy Scripture is maintained."

We are falsely accused of falsifying the decree of 1616 because we gave as the wording, "that the system appeared to be contrary to Scripture." This additional charge has the usual result of again displaying the ignorance of the *Commercial*. The *Commercial* has read its authorities too hurriedly. The condemnation was first expressed "as false and wholly contrary to Holy Scripture." But at the prayer of Cardinals Barberini and Cajetan it was softened down to the words we have given, "that the system appeared to be contrary to the Sacred Scriptures." Francisco Buonamici di Prati thus gives the change which the first form of the decree underwent: "*E cosi, si ridu isse il decreto Pontificio, a temperamento di ordinare che il sistema non si potesse difendere ne tenere* perche pareva *fosse contraria alla sacra scrittura.*"

We are accused of intending to suppress the truth, in giving only the first half of the strong certificate of Bellarmine, denying any retraction on the part of Galileo with regard to science. There was no suppression aimed at, because the object was to show the extent of the decree, against which the latter part does not in the least militate. The part left out is as follows: Bellar-

mine says, "A communication was made to him of a declaration of his Holiness, which declaration was promulgated by the sacred Congregation of the Index, from the tenor of which it results that the doctrine attributed to Copernicus is opposed to the Holy Scriptures, and consequently may not be defended or held." Rather this addition containing the allusion to Holy Scriptures is another proof, unfortunately, for the *Commercial*, that Galileo had appealed to them for a demonstration, and that was the only cause of condemnation.

The *Commercial* avoids mention of the cause of the second summons of Galileo to Rome; of the deceit and fraud which, in violation of his oath, he practiced upon Riccardi. A critical investigation of this closing part of the self-incurred troubles of Galileo would have thrown light upon the obscure places in its fiction, and would have crushed its system of inventions as contrary to truth, as the imaginations of Galileo are contrary to the received dicta of modern science.

In closing, we recollect that the *Commercial* stated that while Copernicus was permitted to dedicate his work to Paul III., Giordano Bruno, for the same doctrines of science, was bound at the stake. We do not wonder that a writer who can twist history to make Bruno a martyr of science, can build a scaffold for the persecution of Galileo.

We shall tell our readers something of this scientific saint of the *Commercial*. The author, who was one of the first to develop the Protestant fiction about Galileo, finds nothing in him but what deserves condemnation. Whewell, in his "History of Science," says that "the heresies which led to his unhappy fate, were not his astronomical opinions, but he was punished for an attack upon the Papal Government, contained in a work published in England." But his crimes were many and far

greater than this. He was an apostate priest, a revolutionist, an enemy to every State in which he found a temporary home. He not only denied Catholicity, but became an avowed pagan. He was by turns Lutheran, Calvinist, and infidel. The Calvinists drove him for his crimes from Geneva. He was obliged for the same reason to fly from Paris. His brutalities expelled him from Helmstadt. He was such a monster of depravity and corruption, that the boldest scoffers shuddered at his blasphemies. Bayle, who had no love for the Holy See, draws a frightful picture of his character. He was punished, as all cotemporaries attest, as a political traitor and an enemy of the human race. Science never dishonored itself by counting him among its martyrs. He was, though, considerably in advance of his age — for he was a devil-worshiper.

THE END OF THE GALILEO CONTROVERSY.

[From the *Catholic Telegraph*, March 20, 1873.]

The poor scholar who has been occupying the columns of the *Commercial* with his superficial stuffing on the Galileo question, has reached the end of his many evasions and false statements. We propose to give his rope of falsehood a final twist, and leave him to his contortions, no matter how protracted they may be, and to his subsequent silence. We present the following summary of what our preceding articles have proved, leaving aside all relevant or irrelevant details.

We have historically demonstrated: (1) That no Pope, neither Paul V. nor Urban VIII., nor any other Pontiff, ever condemned Galileo for any reason; (2) that no Bull of condemnation has ever been written; (3) that

the Inquisition condemned Galileo not for his scientific doctrine, but for his meddling with Scripture and advancing his interpretation of it as a demonstration of his theories; (4) when the *Commercial*, abandoning its assertion that Paul V. condemned Galileo, and asserting that the Inquisition anathematized him on account of his science, denied that he made any reference to Scripture, as an argument in defense of his system, we referred it to the letter of Galileo to Castelli; (5) when it boldly asserted that there was no mention made of Scripture in that letter which caused his trial before the Inquisition, we produced the text of the letter from Marini, an authority which it had accepted, and from the Proces Verbal, fully and explicitly testifying to the fact, that he had dragged in the Sacred Scriptures to support his scientific opinion; (6) as additional corroborating evidence, that he was suspected, and on trial found guilty, by unimpeachable testimony, and, on his own confession, of traveling beyond the limits of science and of setting himself up as a teacher of religion in connection with it, we advanced proofs equally unanswered and unanswerable, the advice of his friends, Cardinals Barberini and Bellarmine, the letters of Ciampoli, and the minister of the Archduchess of Tuscany, and the correspondence of other individuals of the time, all Galileoists and believers in the heliocentric system; (7) more than this, we advanced the letter of Galileo himself to Picchena, immediately after his trial, joyously informing him that his teaching as a doctrine of science had not been condemned, but "only so far as its consonance with Sacred Scripture had been maintained." There has not been the slightest approach to the refutation of these cotemporary and official documents. Some of them have been wisely passed over in silence; and when the contents of some of the documents have been denied,

we have enforced silence, as in the case of the telling letter of Castelli, by producing the words of the letter as they were produced in the days of Galileo's first trial. With regard to the second trial, and the circumstances preceding or following it, its cause, the dishonesty of Galileo, the violation of his oath, the repetition of the offense for which he had been condemned in 1616, our position has not even been attacked. The effort of the *Commercial* to reconstruct the fable of Galileo's persecution, which Protestant scholars, Brewster, Hallam, and others, as well as Catholic historians, have all abandoned, because it is in direct contradiction of documentary history, has ended, as all such impositions upon the credulity of mankind sooner or later end, in entire, pitiable failure.

There is one point of history, however, to be attended to, before we bid farewell to this controversy. We think, that it will inflict painful and mortal strangulation of our opponent, whom we leave dangling from his rope of falsehoods. We refer to the repeated denial of the *Commercial*, in its last article, that the Protestant University of Tuebingen had condemned Kepler for teaching the same scientific doctrine as Galileo. While the *Commercial* admitted, with evident reluctance, that Luther and Melancthon, the leaders of the Reformation, had promulgated their anathema against the heliocentric system, it remained doggedly obstinate in its falsehood, that the Protestant theologians of Tuebingen had not followed their example. Yet the persecution of Tuebingen is a fact more generally known and found in a larger number of Protestant authorities, than the condemnation of Luther and Melancthon. If the most illustrious Protestant pulpit of Tuebingen condemned the heliocentric system, it would not cast greater odium upon Protestantism, if it were admitted that pupils and profes-

sors of lesser note had joined in the hue and cry of persecution.

To drive home this telling fact against our Protestant adversary, we quoted as an authority, the words of a Protestant German historian, Wolfgang Menzel, in which the condemnation of Kepler was laid at the door of this Protestant University. To this proof, it is replied, that Wolfgang Menzel is a fictionist, that his mendacity is proverbial, and that the *Commercial* will not accept his statement. Now it is out of the range of credibility, that a Protestant historian would make such a damning charge against a body of Protestant divines, if it were not historically true. If this statement were a fable, by every law of controversy, the *Commercial* was bound, after we had produced it, to show it to be so by counter historical authority. Does it do so? Not at all. After its dogmatic definition that Menzel lies, on no authority except its own, it says:

"Kepler had not yet completed his studies in the theological school at Tuebingen, had not yet written any book at all, when he was recommended by the Faculty for the place of Professor of Mathematics in the Protestant gymnasium at Gratz, whither he went in 1594. He was not persecuted at home; did not need an asylum; did not go to Gratz to find one; and when he was expelled from there, after the counter-reformation had begun, (in September, 1598,) he was expelled, as a Protestant, by Catholics — he and all the rest of his fellow-professors with him. So much, then, for Wolfgang Menzel; and now for his brother in the truth, who quotes him as a standard historian. He says, in set terms, that the theologians of Tuebingen condemned the Copernican system."

This, a delicious bit of fiction, to repel the accusation against Tuebingen, which the *Commercial*, cornered and

bewildered through a sense of helplessness, must have the credit of originating. We shall puncture it with the precision of a needle gun; we shall, by reliable authorities, fix the crime of condemning Kepler upon Tuebingen, so tightly, that the mere *ipse dixit* of the *Commercial* or any multitude of romancists will not remove it. We offer for the examination of our foolish antagonist, and all interested in this subject, in vindication of our loyalty to truth, the following writers, who, with no friendliness to the Catholic Church, bear witness to the condemnation of Kepler by the theological faculty of Tuebingen: "John Kepler's Life and Works," by Breitschwert, published at Stuttgart, 1831, in which copious details of Kepler's persecution are given; "Historie de l' Astronomie Moderne, Tom II.," by Bailly; Adolph Menzel, the brother of Wolfgang, in his "Modern History of the Germans"; "Lives of Galileo and Tycho Brahe," by David Brewster, London, 1852, in two volumes.

Now, from these authorities, but more especially from the critical and extensive discussion of this persecution, in the work of G. L. le Freiherrn von Breitschwert, the facts of condemnation can be gathered; these facts expose the craft, which the *Commercial* has employed in the extract we have given, to conceal the central point of the controversy, that the Faculty of Tuebingen condemned the scientific writings of Kepler.

The first work of the astronomer, who had been a student of Tuebingen, was a construction of the calendar according to the Gregorian computation of time. It was first published at Gratz, the Capital of Styria, in which place he found refuge from the ostracism that had been passed upon him as a Calvinist by the University of Tuebingen. He refused to subscribe to the "formula concordiae" of the Lutheran Church, and confess the

ubiquity of the body of Christ. To save himself from starvation, he fled to Styria.

As soon as his Calendar appeared, the persecuting divines of Würtemberg condemned this astronomical correction of time, because it had been begun by a Pope. Kepler complains of this senseless opposition to science, and this persecution of scientific truth, in a letter to his old professor, Michael Maestlin, who defends the action of these Protestant theologians. The next work of Kepler, upon which our accusation against Tuebingen rests, is his exposition of the heliocentric system (*"Mysterium Cosmographicum de Proportione Orbium Coelestium," etc.*). This work was first presented in manuscript to the University of Tuebingen, in order not to become estranged from this home tribunal, and to restore the *entente cordiale* with it. But he utterly failed in this undertaking. "They declared that the theory of Kepler concerning the heavenly bodies was worthy of damnation, because it contradicted the words of the Bible." When, in response to this condemnation, Kepler argued that the accommodation of the customary manner of speaking, *(usus loquendi)* would remove all difficulty, these Protestant theologians were shocked at the audacity of the astronomer, and admonished him not to distort the true doctrine. Kepler was terrified, and resolved, as he writes in a letter to his friend Maestlin, "to imitate the Pythagoreans by keeping silence about his discoveries, so as not to lose his bread and die of hunger." The *Commercial* need no longer ask for proof, in either real or assumed ignorance, that Tuebingen condemned the Copernican system.

When the work was published at Tuebingen, in 1596, it was by the command and under the patronage of the Duke of Würtemberg, to the great chagrin of these

theological persecutors of science. The Duke expressed a desire to give him an office in the University, but he was afraid, on account of the theological odium against Kepler, to execute his desire. When the Government of Austria expelled all Protestant professors, Kepler left Styria and had determined to go to Hungary. But the Jesuits obtained for him permission to return. He was afterwards called to the Court of Prague by the Catholic Rudolf II. Tycho Brahe had found also an asylum with this Catholic Prince, when driven from Protestant Denmark. With him, as Director of the Imperial Observatory, he was engaged in making observations until the death of Brahe, when Kepler became his successor. He held this office during the reign of two successors of Rudolf. His old age, like his youth, was clouded by Protestant persecution. He was denounced by Hitzler, the Lutheran pastor of Linz. And the Consistory of Stuttgart formally condemned him as a heretic, because he would not accept the Lutheran Confession.

In conclusion, we shall notice one statement of the *Commercial* with regard to Copernicus, which, it has been intimated to us, we have passed over. It is the assertion, that Copernicus deferred the publication of his discoveries for many years, through fear of the persecution of the Catholic Church. To remove this last grain of its mountain of falsehood, we shall quote "Humboldt's Cosmos" (Vol. II.), of the Stuttgart and Tuebingen edition:

"An erroneous opinion, unfortunately, prevails, even in the present day, (alluding to Delambre, 'Hist. de l'Astronomie Moderne,' XL., p. 140,) that Copernicus, from timidity and from apprehension of priestly persecution, advanced his views regarding the planetary movement of the earth, and the position of the sun in the center of the planetary system, as mere hypotheses,

which fulfill the object of submitting the orbits of the heavenly bodies more conveniently to calculation, ' but which need not necessarily either be true or even probable.' These singular words certainly do occur in the anonymous preface attached to the work of Copernicus, and inscribed '*De Hypothesibus Hujus Operis*'; but they are quite contrary to the opinions expressed by Copernicus, and in direct contradiction with his dedication to Pope Paul III. (That preface is by overcautious A. Osiander.) . . . When Copernicus is describing, in his dedication to the Pope, the origin of his work, he does not scruple to term the opinion generally expressed among theologians of the immobility and central position of the earth ' an absurd acroama.' . . . In order to show that, deeply penetrated with the truth of his own deductions, he had no cause to fear the judgments that might be passed upon him, he turned his prayers from a remote corner of the earth to the Head of the Church, begging that he would protect him from the assaults of calumny, since the Church itself would derive advantage from his investigations on the length of the year and the movements of the moon, etc."

THE ENCYCLICAL.

[From the *Catholic Telegraph*, December 25, 1873.]

We regret that the text of the last Encyclical letter of the Holy Father has arrived too late for publication. We must content ourselves with the promise to our readers of its appearance in our next issue. It is a document in every way worthy of the unflinching Pontiff-martyr and the suffering Church, to which he sends this Encyclical as a message of hope, eloquent with the courage of a true Vicar of Christ. Though he counts the slowly moving years of his divinely extended Pontificate, only by the long bead-roll of surpassing sorrows; though he hears from almost every quarter of earth, only the same sad tale of persecution; though around him in the central sanctuary of religion, the sacred home of two hundred millions of Catholics, reigns a paganism as sinful, hideous, and corrupt as darkened the face of the earth, when "the Word was made Flesh" and the first Christian altar was found in the stable of Bethlehem; though nations professing to be Christian have imitated the Jewish people in blindness of soul and obduracy of heart, crucifying anew the Son of God and making a sacrilegious mockery of his religion; though he looks forth from his prison only to see the devouring element of infidelity enwrapping the whole edifice of Christianity, and threatening it with extinction throughout all Europe and a portion of this Western world; though the Church, for which alone he lives and speaks, is afflicted as never before by the spirit of anti-Christian politics, which has smitten all classes of society, opening in some places the abyss of the lawlessness of anarchy and in others the destructive action

of centralizing rule; though this be the dark, affrighting shadow resting upon the threshold of a new year,— still this heroic Pontiff, whom sorrow only strengthens, that he may be like his Divine Master, a "light in darkness," meets the allied forces of evil with the same contempt for their human power, as a bound and scourged prisoner showed, centuries ago in Pilate's Hall, for similar enmity. Against the bold, unscrupulous, and compact system of persecution on which every new crime seems to confer new strength, this world-letter of the divinely appointed defender of religion, order, and peace, opposes an unbroken front and all the vigor of resistance and condemnation, with which the God of nations has clothed his spiritual authority over the world.

The Encyclical is a concise and moving history of the calamitous times through which the Church is passing. It shows, as it traces the religious and political degradation of Europe, that the anti-Catholic spirit, which now prevails, and which has never paused in its career since revolution struck a fatal blow at Papal independence, aims at nothing short of the total extinction of the Christian principles which gave birth, not only to that independence, but gave form and life to Christian Europe. From the overthrow of liberty at the center of religion, moral death has radiated in all directions. Since that hour, a policy, whether of Kings or Parliaments, has been growing daily in strength as well as in virulence, pledged by the oaths of secret societies and by the criminal craft of devilish diplomacy, to overthrow all ecclesiastical rights and liberties. The breach which infidelity made in God's sanctuary by the invasion of Rome, has been daily widening, to the grief of the Father of the Faithful. The outrage has not stopped at the silence of desolation which it first enforced, by

the seizure of places of divine worship; but, for three years, apostates from the faith have tormented the stricken soul of the dethroned Vicar of Christ, with the cries of religious men and women, who, without even the preface of accusation, have been driven from their homes of poverty and scattered hither and thither by hostile hands, which would have torn with as little compunction the vesture from the bleeding flesh of the Man-God. For it was the identity of their lives with his, in their self-sacrifice, which excited their animosity. It was the observance of his divine poverty that gathered these possessions of the poor, upon which the army of revolution long since had fixed its covetous longings. The political authority of Europe, darkened by loss of faith, forgetting the invariable lesson of history that all human authority is undermined, when divine authority, is smitten — agitated by a wild desire of innovating, which it mistakes for progress — attaching no weight to the sanction of divine law that can never be put aside with impunity, has regarded this revival of paganism and its assault upon the citadel of the Christian religion, either with a shout of approval or with stolid indifference. The rulers of Europe, instead of permitting the Divine Teacher of nations to go forth, for their benefit, in perfect freedom, to heal the gaping wounds of society, which schools of impious philosophy are inflicting, have all shared either actively or passively in its enslavement. In defiance of the dictates of even ordinary worldly prudence, Germany and Switzerland have emulated the greater criminal, Italy, in crippling the Church. A new political creed, as adverse to Christianity as the edicts of any of the imperial rulers of pagan Rome, has been everywhere adopted. By the leading articles of that creed, which logically strips the State of all delegated

divine authority, the Church is placed in the category of human institutions, and its duties assimilated by human laws to the duties of a department of police.

The Encyclical notices the practical workings of this pagan theory, that absorbs the Church in the State, in the anti-Catholic attitude of Switzerland and Germany. Both countries have been stricken with the Josephism of Austria, aggravated by more insolent boldness, and threatening to be more permanent in its injuries, because the Holy See is even more defenseless, and less able to resist the spoliation of guaranteed ecclesiastical rights, than in the beginning of this century.

Then only the internal administration of the Church was subjected to harassing imperial restrictions. There was at least some recognition of the inalienable right of the representatives of spiritual authority to hold Catholic churches, to appoint pastors, and to regulate the flocks committed to their charge. This right has now been denied, both in Switzerland and Germany. Joseph II. prepared political snares, by which the Bishops and clergy were finally to become the subservient tools of the temporal government. We must confess that, in a large measure, his quiet political plans and intrigues were crowned with success. The baneful consequences of the interference of Austrian bureaucracy in the concerns of religion remain. The suicidal ardor with which Febronian clergy fought, in the opening of this century, against the liberties of the Church has brought upon Austria all its national disasters.

But Switzerland and Germany, the latter of which has profited by the impiety of Austria, by reaching the political position it once occupied, have begun a more sweeping onslaught on the Catholic religion. They have both advanced far beyond the point, where Austria halted. The governments of both countries have under-

taken to change radically the constitution of the Church; to decide on the dogma that they will allow their Catholic subjects to believe; to force upon them pastors already condemned for heresy; to drive Catholic teachers of religion into exile; to seize and devote the churches, which Catholics have built, for heretical purposes; to enact laws that visit with punishment all members of the hierarchy, who, in their fidelity to their solemn vow of consecration, refuse to admit the legitimacy of these measures for the extirpation of the Church.

The warm sympathy of the Supreme Pontiff's heart goes out to his brethren of the Episcopacy, who have taught the world in this conflict forced upon them, that the martyr spirit of the Church never becomes extinct. He addresses to them words of praise and encouragement. They deserve them, since they have met the encroachment of the State with the courage of resistance worthy of apostolic days.

In their own conduct, as this Encyclical publishes to their undying honor, they have given a glorious example to all future successors in the burdensome office of the episcopacy.

While the sufferings of the Bishops of Germany have excited and drawn to themselves the sympathies of the Catholic world, their heroism has banished all fear. They have, by their constancy, more firmly fixed the foundations of Catholic faith in that country — through them, the Church will be strengthened and glorified.

The Encyclical pronounces a long delayed anathema against the head of the "Old Catholics" in Germany. Upon Reinkens, excommunicated by name, the curse of heaven has been spoken. When God speaks in wrath, by the lips of His Vicar, His word does not return to Him void. It crushes with its weight upon whom-

soever it fails. Imperial protection will not shelter this pseudo-bishop from the arrow of divine justice. He is given over for his pre-eminent impiety to the power of Satan, whose cause, in his pride, he has espoused. He is an outcast from the fold of Christ, with a brand deeper than that of Cain upon his mitred brow. He has been elevated to the highest rank among German schismatics, only for his greater and, most probably, irretrievable, eternal downfall.

In the conclusion of this Encyclical are St. Chrysostom's words of hope, spoken fourteen centuries ago, when Byzantine Absolutism, which Kaiser William is so accurately copying, vainly labored to imprison the divine eloquence of his soul, when it imposed chains and exile on his body. These words have as striking and consoling application, after this extensive review of the war against the Church, which this Encyclical will hand down to future generations. In these words are expressed the unshaken faith of every Catholic, that the full light of triumph will dissipate the darkness of present persecution.

"Many waves and storms threaten us, but we are not afraid of being overwhelmed, for we stand upon the rock. Though the sea rage, it can not melt the rock; though the waves arise, yet they can not sink the bark of Jesus. There is nothing mightier than the Church. The Church is stronger than heaven itself. 'Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away.' What words are these? 'Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.' If you do not believe in words, believe in deeds. How many tyrants have tried to oppress the Church? How many gridirons, how many furnaces, how many wild beasts, how many swords have been prepared against her? How much

have they accomplished? Nothing! Where are her foes? They are forgotten. Where is the Church? She shines more brightly than the sun. Her foes have perished, her children are immortal. If, when there were few Christians, they were not overcome, how, when the whole world is full of holy religion, will you be able to overcome them? 'Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away.'"

CHURCH AND STATE.

[From the *Catholic Telegraph*, September 24, 1874.]

Whatever may be the internal relationship of the Catholic Church to the civil power of the world, her internal relationship never varies from the condition of a kingdom which is above and not of the world. The world, in turns, plays the friend and foe of the Church of Christ. At one time it loads us with its greatest favors, surrounds us with honors, and invites us to sit in its high places. Then its disposition changes, and it bestows upon us frowns instead of smiles, blows instead of caresses, though the change is often justified, as in our own day, by the insulting cant of liberalism. Or, again, it treats us with a seeming indifference, places us in the category of the thousand jarring sects which lay claim to be the religion of Jesus Christ, and which men who rule and direct the kingdoms of earth, wisely leave to carve out their own history, and pursue undisturbed their journey to the grave. Though, at different times, the world assumes all these various attitudes towards the Church, it never really abandons its principles of hostility. The world is ever, as Jesus Christ foretold, the enemy of his Church and its members. Even when a government calls itself Catholic, it holds to the title only so long as it can be advantageous to it; as soon as its superiority is denied, there is a change of front, as all past history teaches, and its political course is as directly in antagonism with the rights of the Church, as any professedly uncatholic government.

Practically, the State is perpetually the enemy of the Church of God. Hence, the whole history of the past shows us that, inevitable as has often been the alliance

between the spiritual and temporal powers, there have been no periods so disastrous to pure religion, or so barren of the benign and elevating influence of the Church upon human society, as those in which the world has courted the Church only to betray her; and in which it has shown friendship to the prelacy and priesthood only to enslave them. If a reason for the decay of religion in these times of amity is sought for, it is found in the fact that only thus has the world been enabled to gain over the Church of Christ that superiority for which it is ever yearning. Against the Church itself, the world as an enemy strikes in vain; persecution is not only impotent, but beneficial, so long as Catholics do not forget their allegiance. The corruption of the world's favors is, however, the greatest danger. If the civil powers can induce the members of the Church to love the gifts of its hands better than the gifts of heaven; if it can make them more covetous of the rank and wealth and titles which it possesses than of the spiritual goods which Jesus Christ confers; if it can bind them with chains of gold, and make them, like purchased slaves, cower before its authority, then the work of ruin to the Church of God in any land, where the corruption is successful, is not only begun, but far advanced. The patronage of the civil government is invariably a "Greek gift," to obtain possession of the City of God.

The disaster of the Church in France, during the Revolution of the last century, is a terrible confirmation of this truth of history. There Caesaro-Papism, which had crept noiselessly and by degrees into the sanctuary, proved to be in the end a most deadly blight, a sweeping curse to Catholic faith. For a century previous the coils of kingly power had been winding themselves around the Church, intending, like the South American Liana, to crush the source of its own life and strength.

The clergy, with many exceptions, it is true, became the servants, the unconscious tools of their hypocritical enemy. We know the result — it has been written in the blood and flame of the revolutionary storm, upheaving the foundations of religion, that had been deeply buried for centuries in the Catholic soil of France. First came, as the fruit of the friendship and patronage of the State, the secret inculcation of heresy in the schools of France; then the cynical infidelity of fashionable society; the fatal seed quickly developed into an outburst of a nation's wrath; then the winnowing of the many faithful from the faithless few, by the sword of martyrdom or the decree of exile; and then the climax of the curse, in the worship of atheism and immorality, at the very altar of God. In the light of the past, we read that State patronage of the Church has been anything but a boon and a blessing.

The inward antagonism between the Church and the world ever lives. Whether the world has persecuted or caressed the Church, its aim has ever been to oppress it, in its divine sovereignty over souls; to interfere with the fulfillment of its divine functions. It determines its treatment of the fold of Christ by one rule alone, that of its own interests; but that only prevails and can injure, when a treacherous peace is substituted for open war, and when the allurements of the gifts of power are adopted in the place of the ferocity of persecution.

With this instructive lesson before us, we can not but think, that out of the release of the Church, in our own day, from all connection with the governments of the world, there will grow the greatest advantages to Catholic faith. Nay, more: we have no hesitation in regarding such statesmen as now rule Italy, and Germany, and other countries, where all the cords that bound the Church to the throne are being snapped

asunder, will be regarded in some future day, when their blinded enmity has done its work, as instruments in the hands of God, to advance the interests of the Catholic Church. The temptation of surrendering the smallest iota of faith, or the least tittle of ecclesiastical right, will never occur again in the history of the Church in Europe. The unconquerable spirit of independence, which brutal violence and sacrilegious spoliation have created and infused into the whole body of the Catholic hierarchy and priesthood of Europe, will more than compensate for any temporary and temporal losses which the civil power can inflict upon them. When the livery of the State is completely dropped, the livery of Christ will be more honored, and become more attractive. Out of poverty and humiliation, will spring a wealth and glory, which the world can not give and can not take away.

The policy of modern persecution is as sad a mistake for the modern world as it was, when the world regarded the children of the Church as a wretched, helpless sect of superstitious dreamers, and struck them with all the impotent hatred of paganism. It will be the eve of greater victories for Catholic faith, when all the plans of Bismarck and his imitators have been consummated; when the Church stands isolated, leaning only on the arm of God, neither heeding nor receiving the siren-wooing of the world; when the priesthood stand forth unbound by the lightest of State-chains; when the Church in Europe is identical, in its relation to the governments that would now exterminate it, with the flourishing Church in the United States. It will be a time of rejoicing, and not of mourning, when the era of Concordats is ended; when the salaries which the State pays to the clergy have ceased, and the clergy become entirely dependent for support on the exhaustless char-

ity of the faithful; when all privileges within the walls of the sanctuary are denied to the secular power, and the latter confines its favors to the few traitors, like Reinkens and Loyson, who may be found among us.

It is an old proverb, that God afflicts with lunacy those whom he wishes to destroy. That affliction has fallen upon the Bismarcks of Europe! Satan has overreached himself — the anti-Catholic powers of Europe are playing the wrong card at the very crisis of the game; they are engaged in a movement, which will give to the Church a vantage-ground for conversions, such as never was hers since the apostasy of the sixteenth century. They are setting the Church free, and are, therefore, making it more powerful; they are making it manifest to all Catholics that they have but one enemy to fear -- the favors of those who rule them; they are rapidly closing up the long yawning and dangerous abyss of nationalism; they are tearing down all partition walls in the House of God; they have awakened in all Catholic hearts the same sympathies; they have strengthened and emboldened in the cause of Catholic truth the weak and vacillating; they are making all Catholics faithful and loyal to one another; they have given to us the courage to laugh hostility to scorn. This is the golden harvest which the Church is reaping on the fields of modern persecution. Like the mythical Antinous, it touches the earth under the blows of its adversaries, only to rebound with redoubled vitality.

There is but one party in the modern State, with whom at present the Church is safe, not because it is friendly to the Church or desires the propagation of its doctrines or the widening of its spiritual supremacy; but because they deem it advantageous to infidelity that every link of the union between Church and State should be broken. It is nothing to us that their grounds for

this policy are un-Christian and un-Catholic to the last degree. Catholics should unite with the party that has adopted the American principle, that every religion should be disconnected from the State, and receive from it neither gifts nor persecution. These are the only political friends of the Catholic Church in our day. That party, when viewed in the individuals who compose it, may hate our creed and dread the power of the Church over the minds of men, but, politically, the party is committed at least to the justice of letting us alone; it is alike hostile to persecution, and the far greater evil, State patronage; it will win for us the indifference of the civil power, which will best subserve, in the present condition of the world, the interests of the Catholic Church.

DOELLINGER VANISHES.

[From the *Catholic Telegraph*, October 22, 1874.]

The Old Catholic schism has played its last card and lost the game. The late Conference at Bonn, which was expected to result in a union of the German heresy with the National Establishments of England and Russia, adjourned, leaving the lines of division as broad and as deep as ever. Doellinger and his party, feeling their weakness and anticipating a speedy extinction, unless they received foreign support, were willing to make any concessions. They professed themselves ready to cast overboard any number of dogmas to which they have hitherto clung, for the sake of cementing a union with other apostates. But, lately, Doellinger based his faith on the definition of the Council of Trent, and pronounced all the heresies of the sixteenth century to be spurious forms of Christianity. In his work on "Church and Churches," he denounces vehemently the Erastian principles in religion, which the Anglican and Russian Churches pre-eminently embody. But apostasy has blinded Doellinger to the errors which were so gross and glaring, when he was guided by the searching light of Catholic faith. He takes these State-forms of religion so kindly to his embrace; he yearns so much for this marriage of heresies, that he now yields his old base-line of religious doctrine, and spurns the authority of all Œcumenical Councils. To win the spiritual kingdom of the Czar, he rejected the decision of the addition of the first Council of Constantinople, on the procession of the Holy Ghost, as fundamental a doctrine of Christianity as the Incarnation of the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity; to please the decrepit and dying

Establishment of England, he rejected the Canon of Scripture which the Council of Trent proclaimed. This decision was made upon the judicial authority of the Church, in the first century, and the earliest writings and the historical monuments of Christianity. The Council of Trent only formulized the traditions of the Church handed down from the Apostolic age. This fact is unquestionable.

In the works of St. Clement, the third successor of St. Peter, a letter to the Church of Corinth names inspired texts from nearly all of the books of the Old and New Testaments; among the quotations are some which Doellinger is ready to drop from the Canon, as deutero-canonical or apocryphal. Shortly after the death of Pope Clement, the Roman See sent to Africa a list of the canonical books; in that list were contained the seventy-two books which the Council of Trent enumerated. In the fourth century, a Council of Hippo accepts that Canon in all its integrity. Age after age repeats the same testimony. In the century preceding the Reformation, Pope Eugene IV. sends the same Canon to the Armenians, insisting upon its acceptance as an article of Catholic faith.

At the Bonn Conference, Doellinger argued that a scientific and historical method should be followed, in determining the genuineness of Christian traditions. The adoption of this rule would only add confirmation to the decision, which the Catholic Church has made concerning the authenticity and divine inspiration of the books she receives as the Scriptures. For if Doellinger is the ecclesiastical historian he pretends to be, he must be aware that Avinghi and others in their researches have proved by the inscriptions, sculptures, and paintings of the first Christian ages, that the books, which he pronounces to be apocryphal, among them Esther,

Tobias, Daniel, and the Apocalypse, hold, by the judgment of historical science, the same sacred rank as the Gospel.

The second proposition which Doellinger framed, to effect a union with other heretical churches, we suppose, was intended as a second blow at the Council of Trent, but it was directed in a very unscientific way and sadly missed its mark. It ran thus: "No translation of Holy Scripture can claim an authority superior to that of the original text." This would lead to the impression that the Council of Trent drew a comparison between the original text and the Vulgate, to the disparagement of the former. Such is not the fact. The Council did not by a single word lessen the value of the original text, nor did it discriminate against the accuracy of the earliest translations, though it might have done so with good reason. To insure uniformity throughout the Church, it decided that the Vulgate, mostly the work of St. Jerome, should be followed as an authority in quotation, "forbidding its rejection on any pretense whatever." But the Vulgate had established, for centuries before this Council was convened, its superiority over all other versions. The verdict of science, to which Doellinger is so much attached that he deems it more infallible than the voice of God, recommended it to the Church. By its merits, it superseded the Vetus Itala, the oldest Latin translation, which dates its origin from the first century. The Fathers of the Church, theologians and doctors, who were as far superior to Doellinger in human knowledge as in orthodox faith, are lavish in their praises of its clearness and accuracy.

The great light of the Church of Hippo crowned these innumerable eulogies of the Vulgate by saying, "It has not been possible to charge it with any error." In this opinion the most learned Protestants, Grotius,

Walton, Michaelis, and others, have occurred. Though approved by Doellinger's law of "science," the Council of Trent did not pronounce it to be faultless, but declared that it was sufficiently exact to be followed in teaching faith and morals.

In his propositions concerning the Holy Scriptures, the Sacraments, and the Procession of the Holy Ghost, making them the primary rule of faith, Doellinger has completed his spiritual ruin. He miserably failed in his effort to coalesce with older enemies of divine truth, for the Russian Church scorned to surrender a single iota of its doctrines, and the Anglicans and the solitary representative of the Episcopalianism of this country, had no power to act in the name of any religious body. His shameless denial of all authority in the Church, for this is the essence of his proposed bond of union, has been properly rewarded. He abandons the Church that alone has the authority of heaven to teach what books of Holy Scripture are canonical; that alone has the right, founded upon rational principles, to interpret them dogmatically and judicially; in the betrayal of truth he contemns both faith and science. He abandons God, and even heresies worn threadbare have sufficient honor left to spurn the fawning apostate. There is no lower depth of infamy to which the fallen leader of the "Old Catholics" can descend. As an opponent of the Catholic Church he has sunk into insignificance. His power has forever passed away.

DOELLINGER ON THE USE OF THE SCRIPTURES.

[From the *Catholic Telegraph*, November 5, 1874.]

When the "Old Catholic" Congress at Bonn resolved "that the reading of the Holy Scripture in the vulgar tongue can not lawfully be forbidden," it was undoubtedly the design of this formidable resolution to repeat, in a new way, the old calumny against the Catholic Church, that it is hostile to the use of the Scriptures, and that it forbids its children to read them. This was the substance of the third article of the platform upon which fallen Doellinger proposed to unite with other schismastics and heretics. To give new life to a wornout falsehood, this prince of apostates was willing to write himself down as ignorant as the most illiterate American Methodist preacher, who howls through our Western wilderness about the darkness and superstition of the "Romish" Church. Never did intelligence descend to lower degradation, to gratify wounded pride. Dr. Doellinger has cast away faith; but "science" remains his possession. With the science of history he is specially acquainted. Poor, feeble, and flickering though the light of such knowledge may be when it is separated from faith, it is sufficiently strong and steady to disprove this recklessly imputed calumny of the "famous" ecclesiastical historian. It may be well to cite a little of the testimony of the past, that protests against this weak, malicious attack of Doellinger upon the Church which gave him all his theological knowledge, and conferred upon him its highest scholastic honors.

From the earliest portion of her history, we find

that the Catholic Church founded schools for the interpretation of the Scriptures at Rome, Nesibe, and at Alexandria. Rome, through the guiding influence of its Pontiffs, preserved these schools, when they had perished in other places, and when the scepter of the Caesar had fallen into feeble hands, and the Empire was rushing to destruction. So early as the beginning of the third century, Pope Anterus had collected a Scriptural Library. When Latin had ceased to be generally spoken; when it ceased to be a vulgar tongue; and when the dialects spoken by the people were but barbarous jargons derived from the Latin, the Church put these dialects into grammatical shape and symmetry, that they might be a channel through which to convey to her children the knowledge of the Scriptures. The historian Voigt, aware of this fact, asserts that the Catholic Bishops who were sent to convert and civilize the different tribes of Germany, urged the necessity of using and cultivating the national tongue, as the best medium of conveying to ignorant minds the sacred truths of the Gospel. In all parts of the world, the Church manifested from the beginning the same spirit, the same anxiety to circulate the Written Word of God. "The Holy Scriptures," says St. Augustine, "diffused far and wide through the various languages, were made known to the nations unto salvation." Great as was the zeal of the Greeks and other Oriental nations, to possess the Holy Scriptures in their respective tongues, and numerous as were these translations of the Sacred Writings, the labor in this field fell far short of the effort which Rome made, to supply translations in the languages of the new nations of Europe. The Church multiplied them so fast for Western Europe, that it is almost impossible to enumerate them. Down to the middle of the fifth century, when Latin was the universal

language, there was a flood of translations of the Bible. When the modern languages dropped their chaotic state and assumed a somewhat decided character and form, then the missionaries of the Catholic Church began anew the cherished task of spreading a knowledge of the Bible. So much was this the case, that the Sacred Scriptures were read by the European nations, in their respective idioms, centuries before the invention of printing. The Protestant Hallam says: "In the eighth and ninth centuries, when the vulgate Latin had ceased to be generally understood, there is no reason to suspect any intention, in the Church of Rome, to deprive the laity of the Scriptures. Translations were freely made." Hallam is wrong in one particular: he places these translations at too late a period. In the middle of the fourth century, as so eminent a historian as Doellinger should know, Ufilas, the Bishop of Maeso-Goths, transcribed the Bible into the Gothic dialect for the instruction of his semi-civilized flock. Under the patronage of Charlemagne, the Bible was translated into the Teutonic language, the bone and sinew of the modern German. Every day, in these Catholic times, portions of the Sacred Scriptures were read and explained to the people. These versions were the work of Catholic churchmen, and yet nowhere is it intimated that they were checked in their desire to impart Biblical knowledge to the masses, by any misgivings on their part, or by any remonstrance on the part of the Church; a sure sign, every honest mind will confess, that the alleged hostility of Rome to the Scriptures, in any tongue, did not exist in these early times.

So far, indeed, was the Church from opposing transcription and free circulation of the Scriptures, that she alone preserved sacred literature, and endeavored, by every means in her power, to encourage Biblical studies

and all that could facilitate the right understanding of the sacred books. To men who spend their lives in communicating the divine wisdom of the Bible to the people, she gave the highest rewards she could bestow.

Translating the Word of God and commenting upon it, was at all times a labor of love to the Doctors of the Catholic Church. No land contributed to this work more than England. Saxon translations of the Bible are traced back to the earliest days of the Heptarchy — they are associated forever, in the annals of literature, with the name of The Venerable Bede. They are numbered among the antiquities of the Church of the Anglo-Saxons. To St. Anselm, the world owes the present division of the English Scriptures into chapters. The fruit of all these labors, stretching through rude and illiterate centuries, was a widespread knowledge both of the letter and meaning of the Scriptures. It was a knowledge, not confined to churchmen alone, but widely diffused among the whole community. Most Protestants live and die in the belief, that in the "dark ages" the Bible was a book sealed to the laity, and but very indifferently known even to the Catholic clergy. A perusal of the "Life of Innocent III.," written by Hurter, before he became a Catholic, would dissipate this monstrous error. The Anglican Maitland informs his religious brethren, in his "Dark Ages," that both the laity and the clergy were well versed in the Sacred Scriptures. Scripture phrases adorned every-day conversation; Scriptural allusions were the most common figures of speech; and pulpit references to the Bible, this Protestant minister confesses, were much better understood than in these days of progress and universal reading. On the stage, nought but Scriptural scenes were represented; the poet sang, and the historian spoke their themes in Scriptural language. It would certainly

have been both useless and absurd for the writers of that period, to quote from the Bible, if its contents were unknown to those whom they addressed. The truth is, the Bible was never more in the hands and minds and hearts of the people, than during these misrepresented ages of the Faith. Certain it is, the Church of those days exerted all her zeal to instruct the people who had just emerged from barbarism; she did all that lay in her power, by every art and science, by every contrivance that her divine ingenuity suggested, to familiarize their minds with the supernatural lore of the Old and New Testaments. So engrossed was the Church in this occupation, that Guizot considers it a blemish in her history, and a drawback to progress. He censures the Church for giving too much time and importance to the study of Scripture.

Nearly a century before the Reformation, just as the art of printing was discovered, the Catholic Church furnished the world with thousands upon thousands of copies of the Bible in every language of Europe. Before Luther was born, as early as 1471, the Bible was printed, simultaneously, at Venice and Rome in the vernacular. The Italian Bible of the monk Nicholas Malerimi had passed through thirteen editions before the apostate monk of Germany had sent the first sheet of his mutilated Bible to the printer. In less than twenty-five years after the first-printed Italian version appeared, the "ignorant and enslaved subjects of the Pope" received eight new editions in the vulgar tongue, with the approbation of the terrible Inquisition.

Catholic Spain was the most active rival of Italy in the number of its translations of the Bible. We find it, long before the dawn of Protestantism, written in all the various dialects of the different provinces. Sixty years before Luther's Bible appeared, the Catholic Church in

Germany provided the people with printed copies in their own language. Fust's version was printed at Mentz in 1462; Bernler's at Augsburg in 1467; another edition at Nuremberg in 1474. Altogether, there were thirty-three well-vouched-for different editions in the languages of Germany and Bohemia, a half century before Luther apostatized. We might cite other translations in other countries to corroborate the testimony we have given, in defense of the truth, that the Catholic Church, always and everywhere, encouraged the reading of the Sacred Scriptures.

Fenelon, in his famous letter on "The Use of the Bible," thus answers the calumniators of his Faith: "It is my opinion that many writers have given themselves a very needless degree of trouble to prove what can not be called in question; namely, that the laity were wont to read the Bible in former ages of the Church. The Christian public possessed in their own languages the Bible, which, for their pious education, the very children were made to read; the pastors were accustomed to explain, regularly and in order, the entire books of the Scriptures; the sacred text was familiar to the people; they were continually exhorted to read the sacred volume, and censured if they omitted this duty; in short, the Church always considered the neglect of the Scriptures as a source of heresies, and a cause of the relaxation of piety and morals. When modern heresy began to abuse and pervert the Word of God, by corrupt translation, the Church was compelled to protect the faithful from moral injury by forbidding, to a certain extent and to a portion of her people, the indiscriminate reading of the Bible. It was her duty to prevent the seduction of the simple, the unthinking, and the uneducated."

"Before the heresies of Luther," says Caranza,

Archbishop of Toledo, "had come from the infernal regions to the light of the world, I do not know that the Holy Scriptures, in the vulgar tongue, were anywhere forbidden." The fourth rule of the Index directs that not all Catholics, but certain individuals only, should be forbidden to read the Scriptures, without the advice and permission of their spiritual guides, whom, as Catholics, they are bound to regard as the guardians of their faith. When the Albigenses were teaching that the Bible was not the inspired Word of God, as Protestantism is now doing; when the socialism of the Middle Ages was devastating France, the Church wisely withheld the faithful, for a time, from the perusal of the sacred oracles, which were advanced by these fanatics, as an authority for all the terrible crimes they committed. So, in the sixteenth century, the Council of Trent, seeing that thousands were wresting the Scriptures to their destruction, making them an apology for heresy, strife, sacrilege, murder, and the most desolating wars with which Europe has ever been afflicted, wisely decided that those who were in danger of being blinded by these errors, should be denied the privilege which all had heretofore enjoyed, of reading at will the sacred volume. The Index imposes no other obligation; anything less, would have been a neglect of that eternal vigilance which the Church must keep over the souls committed to her.

"LIBERAL" HOSTILITY TO THE RELIGIOUS ORDERS.

[From the *Catholic Telegraph*, October 29, 1874.]

The Catholic Church, in its long, eventful history, has received from the world a varied treatment. But while the moods and the disposition of the latter change and shift rapidly from friendship to frowns, from caresses to cruelties, from attempted patronage to the most brutal persecution, according as its own selfish interest prompts, there is underlying all these changes of attitude, which the world so easily assumes, one undying spirit of enmity. In its relation to the Church, the character of the world contained in the words of our Lord, is always realized. It is the enemy of God; it is ever, in spite of all disguises, the implacable enemy of uncompromising Catholic faith. Ever behind the mask of amity, when the sword of persecution is sheathed for a time, lurks the hateful visage of a relentless foe. Hence, every outbreak of this hostile spirit finds millions ever ready to meet and encourage it with the deepest sympathy. Hence, amid the fervid acclamations, with which the most impious outrages upon religion are saluted at the present time, scarcely a voice outside of the Catholic Church is raised to protest against the persecution of religion. From the un-Catholic world throwing away all regard for the most ordinary justice, they receive the most pressing encouragement. There is no depth of injustice, no senseless brutality practiced against her, which the anti-Catholic press, representing the world, is not ready to defend, or at least palliate.

Against the religious orders of the Church, have

the heaviest blows of modern persecution been dealt. In Germany, Italy, Spain, and Switzerland, their houses have been seized, their inmates expelled or imprisoned. When the power to inflict these wrongs is recognized as the right of the State, and when this principle of persecution is zealously defended, even by those who still profess to be Christians, and to prize religious liberty, it is well that Catholics should not forget the sacred rights of religious orders, nor the motives of this pitiless war, which the modern Caesar has excited against them.

All the laws which had been framed against the religious, to drive them from their sacred homes in Europe, and to confiscate their cloisters, are a gross, indefensible violation of the natural rights of man, as well as the basest ingratitude to the benefactors of the world. The individual liberties of all men are assailed, when the mailed hand of political atheism strikes down the faithful followers of the perfect Gospel of Jesus Christ. The monk or nun chooses religious life, because he or she judges it to be most conducive to happiness. In the exercise of this natural freedom, which is above all human law, they have the same rights as every other class of citizens. No human power can lawfully interfere in this election, or throw a difficulty in the way of its fulfillment. The right of religious association is as inviolable as the rights of the family; it is a right of human nature, and remains not only unassailed, but it is fostered and protected in every country, where brute force is not the first principle of government.

Again, the State, by the expulsion of the religious, closes the door of happiness against a numerous class, who find all the enjoyment of life in self-sacrifice, in the pursuit of that phase of beneficent heroism embodied in the divine theory of monasticism. That idea, im-

planted by grace, ruling and coloring their lives, is stronger than all earthly attachments, more enduring than all other ties of life. This idea may, in the dialect of modern statesmen, be called superstition; but in the language of divine truth, in the teaching of the Catholic Church, it is the highest form of faith and charity blended together. The highest type of heroism is fed and strengthened and glorified by the monastic vows. Human power has often tried to repress and extinguish it; but human power, in its struggle with this divine element of humanity, has ever been worsted. It has been buried again and again in the bloody graves, which godless revolution has dug for the Catholic religious orders; but this spirit of self-sacrifice has shown that it is even stronger than death; that it carries within itself the germ of immortality. In spite of its hatred of the Church, the world is forced to confess the beauty and moral grandeur of the life which the religious follow. Politicians who make a god of the State may condemn it; but it never fails to warm the heart of the unbelieving world. It even wins the approval of the nobler portion of humanity. Poverty, chastity, and obedience, the triple cord that binds human heroic souls to this supernatural life, may be condemned by the selfish and worldly; heresy may mock them, because it lacks the power of imitation; infidelity may decry them, because it can not understand them; but the honest and unprejudiced will willingly give to them a reverence which is akin to the adoration that is paid to the divine pattern of this heroic life, the crucified Son of God. It must be confessed, that such a life is the direct outgrowth of the life of the Man-God, and that it is the sovereign remedy for the most fearful evils of the age.

The modern State complains that this heaven-born

race are useless to society, and must be destroyed; that their convents are a useless encumbrance of the soil, that they have blessed with their unnumbered labors, and must be converted to other purposes. This inquisition into the utility of religious life, so long as religious fulfill all their obligations to the State, (and they can not be charged with any fault in this respect,) is a tyrannical usurpation of authority. The sacred duties in which their lives are employed, may appear useless to a besotted Bismarck, but he has no right as a politician to interfere with them. They are declared an anachronism, because they will not indorse the anti-Christian tendencies of the age — approve of its luxury and corruption; hence modern society in Europe, degraded and debauched by the atheists who rule and direct it, attempts to crush this strongest arm of religion, forgetting that the restoration of its strength is divinely assured.

But one of the real motives which have urged modern liberalism to raise the cry of fierce war against the religious orders, is the traditional desire of revolution to possess itself of the treasures of the Church. This motive is but thinly disguised by the sophistry that modern statesmen have industriously circulated about the mortmain and unproductiveness of the religious orders. The State says, with rare modesty and still rarer justice, "Though I hold that vested interests are sacred things, always held inviolable, I have a right to change, at will, and to my own advantage, the laws of succession to property and rights of tenure, that have descended unimpaired and unquestioned to you, through hundreds of years." Under the plea of defending the material prosperity of the State, it practices this robbery, trying, under the garb of the most iniquitous laws that were ever framed, to conceal the unbounded

covetousness of these "liberal" politicians who are now sweeping the foundations of Christian charity, the patrimony of the poor, from the face of Europe. This is nothing less than the acknowledgment, on the part of law-makers, of the justice of the Communistic principle of Proudhon, in relation to the religious orders: "Property is robbery." The wholesale confiscation that is perpetrated on such a plea is the dethronement of all justice. It is the spirit of Jacobinism returning to torment and afflict the world. It is the history of sacrilege repeating itself. It finds its counterpart at the outbreak of the Reformation, when kings plundered the monasteries to have means to gratify their passions, or gave them to their apostate nobility to repair their wasted fortunes.

But the annals of the past show that, in the natural order of things, this iniquity of ecclesiastical spoliation never goes unwhipped of justice. The sacrileges of England were washed out in the blood of those who committed them. The robberies of Joseph II. of Austria were punished by the unbroken series of misfortunes that marked his reign. In France and Spain, cursed by the same crimes, all rights of property suffered; and those who stripped Jesus Christ in the person of his servants, as a prelude to a new crucifixion, have been willing to accept any master, no matter how tyrannical he may be, provided he would save them from the same wrongs at the hands of the Commune, that they had inflicted upon the religious orders.

In the beginning of the French Revolution it was said, "In robbing the religious orders you throw the first stone at the rights of property. This attack will not stop of itself nor be confined to them." The political monkey, Thiers, tried to sneer this prophecy into oblivion. But he lived long enough to see in the cap-

ital of France, in the orgies of Communism, events which forced him to confess its truthfulness. The whirligig of time accomplished even something more. It has produced a book from the pen of this gyrating politician in which he assures the people of France, that, if civil order is to be firmly re-established, they must begin by assuring to the religious those rights of property which past ages have held to be sacred.

When the nefarious spoliation, which Europe has ordered, has seen its full length, that Continent may see again the fulfillment of a prophecy that was uttered nearly a half-century ago. "Gentlemen," said the Catholic and far-seeing Chateaubriand, "I venture to prophecy to you, if under a Government which represents the principles of order, you do not put a stop to the sale of religious houses and restore them to their lawful owners, not one of you will be able to reckon on his children peaceably succeeding to his estate. I know that, in this century, men are very little moved by reasons drawn from things beyond the time of their lives. We sell the property of the religious orders; we see the immediate consequence in the replenishing of the coffers of the State; as for the distant consequences, as they will not reach us, we care nothing about them. Let us not have such confidence in the grave. Time flies rapidly; the future is always close — it comes often sooner than death."

The last Revolution in France has justified the wisdom and foresight of the orator. Justice outraged, in the person of the monk or the nun, always wreaks a terrible vengeance. The State is never benefited by this sweeping plunder, for it is dripping with the avenging life-blood of religious. If any one believes otherwise, let him look at the rotten financial condition of Italy, Spain, and Mexico. The Liberals of the present hour

are not the first of their breed; they are not the first who demanded in the name of human progress the pillage of the Church; they are not the first who excluded religious from the enjoyment of natural rights. But if they profit in the end by the cruelties which Europe is now witnessing, they will be the first benefited in the long, dark history of ecclesiastical spoliation. A greater than either Bismarck or Victor Emmanuel, one with whose power none might cope, completed in Spain the robberies which Pombal, the antitype of Bismarck both in his genius and in his hatred of the Jesuits, began in the last century. The world knows the story of his fall and the ruin of his gigantic Empire. Spanish Liberals followed years after in his footsteps. The monasteries of the Catholic peninsula afforded them a rich feast and they glutted their appetite. They laid in ruins the most ancient foundations, the consecrated sites of historic renown, the magnificent nurseries of learning, the holy dwelling places of God. Hoarded treasures of knowledge were trampled in the mire, in search of gold, and scattered, like the valuable libraries of Rome at the present hour, to the winds of heaven. Like a golden stream, the wealth of the Spanish Church flowed into the public exchequer. A Protestant historian tells us that the amount confiscated reached four hundred millions of dollars.

The Church mourned over the frightful desolation; the centers of religion and learning were left desolate, and infidelity filled with its blasphemies the vaulted roofs of superb monastic chapels, that had echoed for centuries the midnight praises of God. But in a few short years the weight of that accursed rapine, that hung like a millstone around the neck of the State, had sunk the credit of Spain below redemption. The religious were driven to the mountains, where they died, by the score,

of starvation. Revolution in Spain sang the same paean of triumph, as the banks of the Tiber and the Po now echo. But those joyous strains were soon changed into a Dies Irae for the nation. When the banishment of the religious orders was completed, when their wealth disappeared as quickly from the coffers of the State as if it had been sunk into a fathomless sea, then God demanded retribution of the poverty-stricken land. The calm sunshine of prosperity which the religious orders had spread over the face of Spain from sea to sea, on the testimony of Robertson, was swallowed up in the dark anarchy which the crimes of the State had provoked. The religious orders were not the greatest sufferers. The State was gibbeted for its rapacity; and was only saved, in the last gasp of death, by the return of the very religious whom it had persecuted. Religious life, which the corroding virus of Liberalism had expelled, was again infused into the body politic, and the political death of Spain was averted.

The disciples of Jesus Christ, who had been crowned with thorns and had trodden without a murmur the wine-press of the Passion of their Master, returned good for evil, and, enriched again, with the priceless harvest of religion, the State, that had stolen all they possessed, then mocked them in their destitution. They brought back with them the first rays of a returning golden age; and as they filled once more the decayed church and moldering abbey and deserted school, the cheering light of a second spring gilded the mountains and vales of Spain. Liberalism, in spite of its strength, found its conqueror in the cross-marked sons of St. Benedict, St. Dominic, and St. Ignatius, and in the purity-robed daughters of St. Theresa and St. Ursula; and loosened its death-grip upon the heart of this Catholic nation.

What has been, shall be; wherever modern Liberals adopt the policy of confiscation to destroy the religious orders, the finger of God will write the same sentence of retribution.

The anti-Catholic governments of Europe hate and persecute the religious orders, because the lives they lead and the doctrines they teach are a very inconvenient and repulsive gospel to modern society. The vow of poverty forms a strange contrast to its feverish pursuit of wealth. Divine charity, that finds in religious its most perfect exponent, is the most eloquent of philippics against the injustice of Prussian and Italian laws; their obedience to a supreme spiritual authority constantly irritates the ambition of a Caesar who would draw all power to himself. The world has relapsed into paganism; it is only natural, then, that paganism should drag from the tomb of ages the edict that sent to the stake or into exile those who first taught the Evangelical counsel: "If thou wouldst be perfect, sell all that thou hast, give it to the poor, take up thy cross and follow me." Hence those who obey this counsel, preferring God to the world, are treated with Draconian rigor. For this reason, the dead embers of pagan hatred against Christianity have been raked together, and fanned into a fierce flame to sweep the religious orders from a continent, covered with the monumental traditions of Catholic faith. The euphemistic shibboleths of "liberal" politics can not obscure this cause of hostility. For wherever the religious orders of the Catholic Church have a foothold, their enemies recognize a citadel of divine strength, a pulpit of divine eloquence, to repel and refute their anti-Christian social theories; they find in their hands a hammer mightier than that of Thor, to break in pieces the god that they have

moulded out of the passions of human nature to fill the place which the Incarnate Son of God has occupied for eighteen centuries.

The legitimate descendants of a viperous brood, the Encyclopedists of the last century, have again decreed that the "Infamous One," whom angels adore as the King of tremendous majesty, shall be blotted out of the individual belief of men and out of the politics of Europe; and they shrewdly think this will be most effectually done by the wreck of the religious orders. They would bury, as they say, all Catholic superstitions in the debris of monasteries and convents. Never did the world witness a work of more stupendous folly. These blind leaders of the blind have not looked well to the consequences. The civil powers of Europe are living in a state of chronic fear; they tremble before the chained power of revolution; they hear the fierce, sanguinary roar of the mob growing louder, as it dashes itself against the ramparts of social order, which the Catholic Church has erected for the protection of the civil power. Tear the religious orders from these defenses of civilization, tear down the cross which surmounts them, and which alone can keep these tigers of the human race in check, and they will sweep the persecutors of the Church from their exalted places, with the speed and strength of a whirlwind.

It is a marked proof of the ingratitude of mankind, that the greatest benefactors, the first in merit, should be compelled to drink these bitter waters of tribulation. For who but the most ignorant dare deny the good the religious orders have done, or who will count the blessings that have followed their footsteps. One of that holy race has presented their claims to a world's gratitude in his own inimitable eloquence:

"History," he says, "has kept a faithful record of their labors. Time has seen many heresies arise, and new worlds discovered; but whether in the regions of thought or world of waters, no mariner could penetrate farther than the learning and devotedness of the religious orders. Every coast bears a trace of their blood; the echoes of every shore have been awakened by their voice. The Indian, hunted like a wild beast, has found shelter behind their gowns; the Negro has still upon his neck the sign of their embrace; the Chinese and Japanese have sat down to listen to these wondrous strangers; the Ganges has seen them communicate divine wisdom to the Pariahs; the ruins of Babylon have lent them a stone to rest on, for a moment, as they wiped their aching brows. What lands or forests have they not explored; what tongue have they not spoken; what wounds of soul and body have not felt their healing hands. And while they made, again and again, the circuit of the world, under every flag, their brethren have argued in the councils and enlightened the wisest assemblies of Europe; and, blending the genius of the Fathers with that of Plato and Aristotle, taking in hand the pencil and the pen, the chisel of the sculptor and the compass of the architect, they wrote of God, and framed those famous systems of science which our own age begins to read and love."

So wrote the prince of religious orators, Lacordaire, who saw the children of the cross "rise from their ashes" and return to France, from which the civil power had banished them. These French sons of Jesus Christ had their martyrdom; but suffering only gave them a freshness and vigor of life which they never before possessed. So it shall be with their brethren in other parts of Europe, when this day of trial is passed.

They will again stir the hearts of men with the stimulating thrill of Religion; they will remount the spiritual throne from which the madness of the hour has driven them; they will wield again the gentle scepter of Catholic charity, which the ascended King of peace placed in their hands as a divine, imperishable legacy.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND THE WORLD.

[From the *Catholic Telegraph*, January 7, 1875.]

The enemies of Catholicity, whatever may be the standpoint from which they base their speculations, differ widely on the conclusions to which these speculations lead. And this difference is never more wide or more marked, than in the views which they take of her intellectual and civilizing aspect. They are like the schools of philosophy, ever wrangling among each other, seeking knowledge or already boasting of its possession, and yet sharing the common lot of all sectarians, never reaching the truth. One school of Protestantism is ever teaching the world that listens to its ravings, to dread the ensnaring wisdom of the Catholic Church; it is always attributing to it a wonderful mysterious knowledge of the human mind, controlling it like some unearthly wizard, casting a resistless spell by its matchless skill upon mind and heart and senses. According to this class, that would instill into the minds of listeners an habitual dread of the Catholic Church, it is so potent, as to vanquish and subdue to its will the unsuspecting, with a single glance. Like Macaulay, they esteem and fear it, as the most perfect of human institutions, that forces from them an unequivocal, though reluctant admiration. Diametrically opposed to them, is another Protestant school that never wearies repeating, that the Church has governed the empire of humanity only by ignorance, violence, and every odious passion; that its path among the nations is necessarily known by the night of intellectual desolation and social disorganization that follows it; and they sneer with lordly contempt, when the civilizing tendencies of

Catholicity and the mental eminence of Catholics are spoken of. The unbelieving litterateur, with his refined sarcasm, and the coarse, vulgar representative of Protestantism, daily reproach us with isolated instances of contrast between the social and political condition of Catholic and Protestant nations, to the discredit of the former; this contrast, they assume, is a convincing proof that the Catholic creed impedes secular civilization, degrades man, and can not be a Gospel from Heaven. They tauntingly ask us to name Catholic historians, poets, philosophers, politicians, who can ever approach the Protestant intellectual giants who rule and direct modern thought, and who are to a great extent making all modern literature the vehicle of purely rationalistic principles. They challenge a comparison of the general cultivation of the mind in Catholic countries with those in Protestant and infidel, and of the individual renown attained by the great thinkers on either side, in the various fields of human speculation.

In this age that has grown delirious, and is beside itself in the pursuit of human knowledge, esteeming it the highest good of life; that sets no store on ancient truth; that is all in love with the new; in an age for which the base glitter of novelty has a value and fascination which few resist, this objection has immense weight with political observers, who limit their comparison between the influence of Catholic faith and modern heresy to a very narrow compass of time; and who draw their conclusion from an unjust and deceptive mutilation of human history. It admirably suits the purpose and convenience of these anti-Catholic controversialists, to dishonestly ignore the whole facts, which long centuries, reaching back to the earliest era of the Church, would present; they invariably limit the question to one or two countries on each side, and to their

relative condition at the present hour — a piece of trickery of which even heresy should be ashamed, and which can not lead to any truthful conclusion.

Those who have recourse to this species of argument against the Catholic Church, in the first place lose sight of this important principle, springing from the supernatural nature of the Christian religion: that knowledge, and the power of acquiring knowledge, have nothing in them that is either moral or religious. There is a very false and foolish modern adage that "knowledge is power," but no person is so demented as to affirm that knowledge is holiness of life, which alone the Gospel was promulgated to create. Intellectual growth, whether individual or national, as it does not argue immorality or irreligion, as little does it imply morality or religion. To say that this material frame of things has impressed a certain array of conceptions on one man's mind, more brilliant and more numerous than on the mind of another, no more implies the existence of moral virtue or viciousness in him, than the reflection of objects on a mirror would argue that the mirror possessed the attributes of virtue or vice. So that if we granted, as a boon to our opponents, that the leading non-Catholic intellects of the modern world outnumbered and surpassed the Catholic; that a majority of famous thinkers are engaged in fierce cynical war against the life of Catholic faith, the thesis that Catholicity is inimical to human progress would gain nothing. It would by no means be established. It would serve the interests of the enemies of the Church no more than if it were fully proved that Protestants and infidels were taller or stronger than Catholics, or had any other material advantage. As an instrument, intellectual excellence may be good or bad, but in itself it is neither good nor bad, neither religious nor irreligious. The

Word of God singled out the poor as the more religious or the more ready recipients of religion, for to them the Gospel was preached; the poor has always included by far the largest portion of the rude and ignorant. Our opponents must admit that the Christians of the first three centuries were the most perfect type of regenerated, civilized humanity. But no one can read the earliest uninspired writings of the Christian Church, comparing them with the productions of a St. Jerome, a St. Augustine, or any of the later fathers who adorned the faith with their unrivaled learning, and not confess the immense intellectual disparity between the two. That disparity can not be attributed to a greater love or more fervent practice of religion in the latter, than in the former. This mode of reasoning is equally fallacious, when applied to later times. There is clear evidence that the pagan intellect, when the Christians of the Catacombs built their ill-spelt monuments, prided itself on its scientific wealth, and despised the ignorance of Catholics, much in the way in which we behold it despised now. According, therefore, to the Protestant theory that the possession of supernatural truth is necessarily linked with intellectual superiority, paganism was more true, and more divine in its origin than the Christian religion. This conclusion is hardly a victory of which they should boast very loudly.

If, however, Catholicity and Protestantism are to be compared, in their relation to civilization, we have a right to insist that the investigation of the subject shall not be confined to a single century, nor to a few existing nations of Europe; but the comparison must cover the whole period in which the Church has been a distinct, prominent agent in the world's history. The examination of her claim, that she is always a factor in human progress, should start from the period when, like a

gentle, faithful handmaid, she saved society amid the wreck of paganism. It was Papal Christianity, the religion of sacraments, masses, image-worship, mockery, and every other of those corruptions to which the supposed degradation of Catholic States is imputed, that dispelled the darkness of intellectual death, that was settling upon the face of humanity, and breathed into it a higher intellectual life than it had ever known. This was a time, too, when the dominance of the Church in the world was undisputed, and when its priesthood was the dominant class. It was a time when its intellectual power received the severest test possible — when it was compelled to measure its strength against the most savage demonstrations of brute force. The vindication of the Catholic Church, as the promoter of civilization, is completely established by the fact, that it conquered, where a human religion would have inevitably failed and perished. A religion that possesses no more vitality than modern heresy has exhibited, in all its phases, wherever it has obtained a foothold, would have been, in the barbaric convulsions of Europe, as a reed before the blast. Here, then, is a fair example of the civilizing tendencies of the Catholic Church, during ten centuries, in which she stood alone, not only unassisted, but combated as the creator of everything, that is included under the name of progress. Popery had it all its own way; and it enriched the world with its unexampled opportunity. The intellectual improvement of the world, that found deepest and most fertile root, under the shadow of the Church, was, we still maintain, an accident, so to speak, of the faith. Even without that intellectual splendor which surrounds her like a halo on the pages of the past, she would have been just what she was before, when hidden in the Catacombs; what she is now, when her religious orders that cultivated knowledge

with untiring zeal and almost incredible success, are proscribed, and her education everywhere trammeled by modern heresy and infidelity. Still, if the Church is to be judged by the work she has done to elevate man socially, intellectually, politically, we can assert fearlessly that there has ever been the closest and most natural alliance between Catholicity and civilization. There is nothing that ennobles or refines the mere natural man, nothing worth having, nothing worth preserving, that we do not owe to the Church, as it existed before the Reformation.

If some Catholic nations, since that time, have been distanced in the race of material progress, that degeneracy can be accurately traced to the operation of a variety of causes, entirely irreligious and un-Catholic in their nature. Some of these causes, that have retarded and repressed the intellectual advance of Catholic bodies, have been local, and others the result of a cause everywhere the same. It will be convincing to all men of candor, that if for ten centuries the Catholic Church, in leading men to the next world, invariably, in her passage, scattered innumerable blessings upon this; the more recent decay of the social system, in some few Catholic nations, is not due to any moral and social paralysis which she is accused of inflicting on mankind. The reason of that decline must be sought elsewhere than in the dogmas and discipline of the Church of Rome; and we can add, that they will be found in the introduction of religious principles which she condemned — in the application of social theories which Catholic morality abhors. Whatever deficiencies exist in the intellectual and social conditions of Spain, Italy, and Mexico, where the masses are Catholic, are to be laid at the doors of anti-Catholic organizations, which spread themselves over these countries like a moral

plague, blighting, destroying all that they touched, when their governments ceased to be Catholic. Their rulers deserted the Church, or remained in it only to conspire repeatedly against her, and rob her of the liberty of controlling men, as she did when all arts and sciences flourished within their borders; from that desertion dates the decline of every independent Catholic nation, that does not compare favorably with Protestant countries. In one nation the genuine influences of Catholicity have continued until the last few years, when Free Masonry, in trying to enslave the Church, aims at destroying a civilization which neither it nor any other human power could create. That country is Belgium. Adjoining it is intensely Protestant-Calvinistic Holland. If the tendency of Popery is to enslave and weaken human intelligence, it is unaccountably strange that Catholic Belgium should so far outstrip, as it does, its Protestant neighbor in material prosperity and social order. While Holland barely tolerates any but Calvinists, Belgium has been prominent in Europe as the land of religious liberty. The masses are the best educated in Europe; its manufactures in quantity almost equal those of England, and in the quality of many goods surpasses them, though it has far less resources to feed and sustain its manufactures. Its people are the most orderly, the most industrious, and the most intelligent on the earth. Pauperism was unknown, as it was in most Catholic countries, until the selfishness of heresy was imported during the present reign of Free Masonry. Though self-government is no proof of advanced civilization, since paganism was acquainted with it, and a modern nation enjoying it may become a disgrace to humanity, the Belgians have a larger share in the administration of public affairs than any other people on the

other side of the Atlantic. Their constitutional form of government, in which all ranks of society are represented, is, like the English Parliament, the heirloom of Catholic ages and of Catholic wisdom. If other Catholic nations of Europe do not stand on the same plane of civilization as Belgium, their religion certainly can have no share in their decadence, for the same cause can not produce two contradictory effects. That decay is not so deep or so widespread as our opponents assert; for in many elements of human progress and refinement, the inhabitants of Spain and Italy are far superior to the most Protestant kingdoms of the world. No intelligent Protestant would dare to compare the people of either with scandalously immoral and degraded Sweden or Norway, or with the larger portion of the working classes of England, the nearest approach of the human kind to the brute creation. These Catholic countries may not be politically great — though they were so, when the Catholic Church had stronger control; but, in all that makes up the happiness of life, the millions are superior to their own order in Protestant countries.

The varying and local causes of depression, in Catholic countries, arise from the ancient, unnecessary tendency to resist authority. This tendency, since the outbreak of heresy in the sixteenth century, has formed into a subtle and highly systematic warfare against the Church. In almost every European country, the Catholic Church has been put in chains, and whilst all other systems have been encouraged and allowed the freest and widest expansion, the Church has been hampered and constrained, and its influence more and more narrowed. The ambition of politicians have fought it, and done all they could to neutralize its beneficent action upon every soil. Thus the class that is particularly

studious of intellectual advance has been torn from the guidance of the Church. The middle classes have, in a large degree, been drawn into the maelstrom of skepticism; to its propagation, they have given all their vitality and energy. In these countries, it is not among the masses who have remained faithful, but in the upper classes, who have apostatized, that the elements of social disruption are fatally active.

DR. LORD AND HILDEBRAND.

[From the *Catholic Telegraph*, November 11, 1875.]

In his preface to his "History of Clement XIII. and XIV.," the learned and eloquent Jesuit, Pere de Ravignan, says that the Popes need nothing but the truth. Underlying this pregnant saying, is a principle which a Catholic historian, seeking the truth buried in the past, whether it be favorable or injurious to the reputation, of the successors of St. Peter, never disregards. He never hides a fault; he never cloaks a crime. He knows that the Catholic Church can bear the fullest and freest scrutiny. He is convinced that the Church is ever benefited, when the whole light of historical criticism is thrown upon its supernatural path through the world. The truth, the whole truth, is its strongest and wisest defender. Even under the test of the most searching and hostile examination of prejudiced historians, the Catholic Church, despite the grievous weaknesses of poor humanity, despite the disgrace and dishonor which a few of the occupants of the Holy See have brought upon their high, unequaled dignity, comes forth from the ordeal, radiant with its supernatural brightness, attesting in the lives of unworthy as well as saintly Pontiffs, its divine origin. It is never necessary, in defense of the Catholic Church, in maintaining the truth of its doctrines, to extenuate or to gloss over the shortcomings, the sins, or even great and notorious crimes of which any Pontiff may have been guilty. They do not compromise, in the least, the grand note of sanctity which the Church at all times, even in the darkest period of the past, bears upon its brow. They do not, to the minds of the honest and dispassionate, weaken in the

least the claim of being a divine institution, the Church of the living God.

Among the Apostles there was a Judas; but the betrayal of his divine Master, and the crime of suicide that sent his soul to perdition, did not invalidate the divine authority of the Apostolic College. When any Pope is found in his private life, or by his public acts, to have dishonored the Chair of Peter, it is the Catholic historian who treats him with the greatest severity, for he has a clearer knowledge, a truer appreciation of the iniquity of one whom God has so highly exalted; he always takes a wider measurement of the punishment which is due to one who pollutes the sanctuary, and drags in the dust the symbols of supernatural authority. He never deals in palliatives, when speaking of a Pope who thrust himself, or, as it generally happened, was thrust by the ambition of kings, into the Papal Chair. He knows from the teachings of his faith, that the smallest approach of falsehood is an indignity to the Church, instead of a defense of its honor. If, beneath the tiara, lurked a traitor to God, or God's people whom he ruled, the Catholic historian, who has at heart the true interests of Catholic faith, is always the boldest in tearing off the mask, and in exposing the Pontiff, who, owing to his high estate, falls, when he does fall, more terribly than is possible for the rest of mankind.

We make these remarks in reference to the lecture on Hildebrand, recently delivered by Dr. John Lord in this city. As a preface to the proper matter of his discourse, the Protestant clergyman presented his hearers with a picture of the depravity of the Popes of the ninth and tenth centuries. We freely admit that there were dark periods in the centuries to which the lecturer referred; that the deepest corruption did, in some in-

stances, force its way to the pontifical throne; that truth does and must condemn some, who governed the Church during those sad days, to the pillory of history. But Dr. Lord's prejudice, or his lack of knowledge of those times, led him to make a sweeping denunciation, which can not be sustained. He has been guilty of unscrupulous distortion of facts in beginning his line of bad Popes too early. He has destroyed all belief in his scholarship by painting them all in the same repulsive colors. He convinced the thinking portion of his audience that he spoke as a partisan, and not as a dispassionate historian, by failing to draw any distinction between the many that adorned the Chair of Peter with their exalted, resplendent virtues, and the few that desecrated their high position by their vices. And he overlooked a fact which is quite important, in connection with these bad Popes, and we can not but believe that it was intentionally ignored. That fact suggests itself to any one familiar with the life and the struggles of Hildebrand. It must, therefore, have been well known to one who had made that renowned and exemplary Pontiff the subject of a lecture. What is this fact? That not a single one of the bad Popes of the Middle Ages, upon whom the unbiased historian puts the brand of infamy, was canonically elected; not one who was not the servile creature of the civil power; not one who was not forced upon the Church by that unlawful interference of the Empire with Papal elections, which Gregory VII. overthrew. As Archdeacon, as well as Pope, Hildebrand devoted all his talents, his indomitable energy, his unflagging zeal, to lift the Church from a state of slavery, to give it that liberty which would and did effectually prevent imperial usurpation of the rights of the sanctuary both in the choice of Pontiffs and in the

investiture of Bishops. Through this accursed usurpation of the civil power came the appointment of all the bad Popes.

To the secular power and not to the Church, as even the Protestant Voight admits, all the Papal scandals are to be attributed. If there have been bad Popes, it is not the lawful elective power within the Church, but unlawful external force, which the Church could not repel in its helplessness, that has made them. Especially from the interference of Otho I., who ruled with an arm of iron and with a heart of brutal ferocity, arose that deporable condition of the Holy See, over which Hildebrand mourned with the sorrow of a saint, and from which he lifted it forever with the courage of an apostle, with the moral fearlessness of a true Vicar of Christ.

If Dr. Lord were a historian more anxious to discover the truth than to blacken the Catholic Church, he would not have taken as trustworthy the testimony of such historians as Luitprand and Flodoard, raving romancists and blinded adherents of schismatical Pontiffs. The statements of this class of writers, upon which Dr. Lord builds his sweeping denunciation of all the Popes of the ninth and tenth centuries, painstaking Protestant scholars, who discriminate between authorities, have long since rejected as unworthy of the least credit. That nobles, whose sole title was military force, may have been cruel and licentious before and after their intrusion into the Papal Chair, whether that intrusion was effected by the Counts of Tusculum or by the more powerful and audacious rulers of Germany, can not be a matter of wonder; and if God, in his Providence, permitted these persecutors to usurp for a time the control of the sanctuary, it must be admitted, even by Dr. Lord, that we ought to admire the power and approve the

course of Hildebrand, who, in a spirit of Christian heroism, never surpassed in the annals of Christianity, grappled with this anti-Christian spirit of the age and proclaimed, in the face of an Emperor, who controlled the whole Christian world, the great principle of human liberty which the American republic re-echoes — that the Church should be free and untrammeled in the exercise of its authority, in the government and direction of its own spiritual affairs. It is surely gross injustice to allege instances which occurred in an abnormal state of the Church, when its voice was gagged, its will suppressed by foreign violence, as evidences of the spirit and morals of canonical occupants of the Holy See; still less can they be advanced against the divine constitution of the Church, or as an evidence that the promise of Christ is not with her. Rather it should be said that restoration of its freedom, of which it was so long deprived; of its purity, which was horribly dimmed in high places; of its rights, which had been trampled in the dust — does not the restoration of all these things, which constitute the glory of the Christian Church, through the genius and self-sacrifice of a Hildebrand, reveal that the life of the Catholic Church is divine; that it is the Church of which it was said, no arm raised against it should prosper; that it is the Church against which the gates of hell shall not prevail? This is certainly the conclusion which the honest, serious thinker would draw from the study of the stormy times of Gregory VII. It surprises us that a lecturer who assumes to teach others, did not perceive that this would be the impression produced upon the more intelligent portion of his audience.

In the body of his lecture, treating of the Pontificate of Hildebrand, Dr. Lord is not more free from errors than in his preface. There is a glittering rhetoric, mixed

here and there with platitudes, made more dreary, we are told, by his unfortunate, unattractive style of oratory; but there are also some woful blunders in history — blunders of which men of less note or less pretensions would be ashamed. He has failed to a large degree, either through unconquerable prejudice or through ignorance, which a little solid reading would remove, to grasp the character of Gregory or to state accurately the events of his life. He belongs to that large class of writers who mold history according to predetermined theories, and who always judge of such Popes, as Hildebrand, with passion. He speaks of him, like a great many others, independent of the circumstances in which he found his life cast, or of the epoch in which he lived. He represents Gregory armed with inhuman vigor and severity towards the enemies of the Church. He transforms the stern, unbending justice which the times demanded into ferocious ambition and insatiable arrogance. In comparing him with the infamous Cromwell, he has imputed to him bad qualities, of which not the slightest trace can be found in his life. No historian would insult his own intelligence by drawing, save in their pre-eminent talents, any parallel between them. Dr. Lord is one born out of time. He belongs to a school of writers that have perished by the blows of historical investigation. Men who were unacquainted with the original documents of his pontificate, who never perused the decrees that he issued, who never weighed with studious minds the canons of the Councils that he held, who never even dreamed of the private letters, still extant, in which the purity and the humility of the life of Gregory is so unaffectedly revealed, have supposed, like Dr. Lord, that in his contest with Henry IV. he desired to contract and undermine the

civil power. But the researches and the candor of the Protestant Voigt, and all who have used the valuable mine of knowledge which he so diligently and successfully explored, are unanimous in asserting that this imputation does him the greatest injustice; that it not only distorts, but completely conceals the noble purpose that impelled him to the work of reformation; that it obscures the rectitude of his intentions. Such writers as Dr. Lord regard him merely as an aspiring politician, seeking only the unjust enlargement of the authority which he held, and they do not see him, as an analysis of his age and the authentic public documents of his reign, show him always to have been, in adversity as well as triumph, a faithful disciple of Jesus Christ, a true Pontiff, interested in re-establishing purity of the sanctuary, and that independence of the Church, with which its divine Founder clothed it, and craving nothing beyond it. "Gregory lived in a barbarous age," says the Protestant Voigt, "an age of iron, possessing nothing in common with our own, and therefore his conduct can not be judged by our principles and our conduct. We must, in the first place, bring before our eyes the period and the circumstances in which Gregory lived; the situation and the constitution of the Church, its relations with the State, and its disorders; we must examine closely the state of the clergy, their spirit, tendency, rudeness, degeneracy, forgetfulness of duty and discipline. We must form a precise idea of the situation of Germany, and understand well the character of his opponent, Henry. Then, indeed, we may form our judgment of Gregory. Following his method, considering his thoughts, his actions, intentions, efforts, with reference to his times, we may succeed in forming, if we lay aside our prejudices, a judgment far different

from the one formed by men who wish to prescribe to the Pontiff, as his rule of conduct, the views and ideas of their own times."

In conjunction with all these circumstances, Dr. Voigt, as a scholarly historian, has read the character of Hildebrand. He certainly is a truer witness than Dr. Lord, whose lecture betrays no labor of learning. It is only the repetition of the teachings of a defunct school. Voigt is compelled, though a Protestant professor at the University of Halle, to admit that there was no cunning or perfidy in his actions; that he did not seek to build a spiritual monarchy on assumed facts; that he was a man of that sincerity and that full conviction of which he so often boasts; that the cause of religion was the cause to which his heart was indissolubly wedded; that his letters are a copy of his great gigantic intellect, the mirror of his patient, brave, magnanimous soul, full of the noblest sentiment, an ardent, all-controlling love for religion, an unshaken faith in the divinity of Jesus Christ. Voigt discovers in him, throughout his conflict with Henry IV., the representative of every human passion, the strong, immovable bulwark of Christendom, which the traditional ambition of the Emperors of Germany and the debasing servitude imposed upon the clergy threatened with destruction. On all occasions, whether Henry kneels to him in feigned repentance at Canossa, or imprisons him in San Angelo, or drives him into exile, he is always the faithful Vicar of Christ, loving justice and hating iniquity. He had a great work to do, for which all succeeding ages should praise him, the overthrow of a grinding despotism that mocked at all laws, human and divine. He was the apostle of freedom of conscience, as was St. Peter in the days of Roman imperialism. And he set about this great task, as Voigt testifies, with calm deliberation, with pru-

dence, with a wisdom that was as conspicuous as his fitness for the undertaking. He was at all times conscious of the sacred duties of his office, and he sought, in all the strong measures that he adopted, only to fulfill them. It was his place, in his own words, to declare war on vice, whether it existed in the palace or the serf's cabin, to extirpate it, and to lay the foundations of the peace of the world; to extend a strong hand to those who were persecuted for justice and virtue. Before he was elected Pope, he began this work of purification in the See of Rome. As it was the only authority respected in that rude age, all the hopes of humanity rested upon it. The obstacle to those hopes was the power of the German Emperor. His interference with Papal elections and his nomination and investiture of Bishops, had been so long tolerated that he had come to regard them as an inalienable right — as an inheritance of the imperial crown. Gregory's first service to Christianity was to throw around the Pontifical throne the time-honored protection of the canons of the Church, that unworthy aspirants, even though favored by German imperialism, might be excluded. He baffled all the maneuvers of imperial intrigue by renewing and enforcing the decrees of Nicholas II., relegating the election of Popes to the College of Cardinals.

His next reforms were the removal of the two worst stains upon the garments of the Church, the inevitable consequences of investiture, namely, incontinence of the clergy and simony. In eradicating both of these abuses, which had taken such deep root in the sanctuary, that many of his virtuous predecessors despaired of a remedy, the great ability, and, at the same time, the prudence of Gregory VII. become signally conspicuous. Though the declared enemy of these scandals, when he filled the office of Archdeacon, he proceeded as Pope with the

utmost caution, that the opposition to reform might do as little injury as possible. But the fear of the world, of the tempest of human passion, did not diminish the vigor of his hand, or of his language, when the laws of God commanded him to strike. He announced his ascent to the Pontifical throne by a proclamation, that speaks volumes in defense of his public life. "The Church is in great distress," he wrote; "its ministers are criminals; they must reform, and be converted. It is necessary that the Church should be independent; that those who belong to it should be pure and above reproach. To accomplish this great work is the duty of the Pope. The Church shall be free."

He renewed at once the canons of the Councils of Nice, Chalcedon, and Orleans against simony. He took care, guided and nerved by the consistency of his principles, and by a soul all aflame with divine love, that this publication should be no mimic thunder. In their execution, he showed not only the earnestness that succeeds, but an activity that seemed to be ubiquitous. His mind embraced the world. Through his legates, every part of Christendom felt his cleansing, healing influence. The most obscure and distant portion of the Church could not escape his penetrating vision. His letters on this subject, breathing no oppressive, defiant tone, as Dr. Lord would have us believe, but full of mildness, wisdom, and good counsel, inclose the grandest and most eloquent lessons, and are the most beautiful monuments of the Papacy. When he wrote, it was as an angel from heaven, sent down to recall men to their duty.

Dr. Lord insinuated, if he did not assert, as far as we can gather from a report of his lecture, that, in disclosing these disorders, Gregory can not be excused from an excess of severity. But he forgets that the

maladies were desperate and of long standing, and a mild remedy would have been useless. These disorders, diametrically opposed to the Gospel, had spread through the Church like a deadly plague, and infected all orders of the clergy. They had corrupted Christian society to the core. And still, when his enemies have said their worst, it is only saying that he hurled against the obstinate and contumacious the anathemas, which had been pronounced against their crimes in all ages of the Church, from the birth of Christianity. To condemn him is to condemn the earliest rulers of the Christian Church.

One strong chain which attached the clergy to the world and to the State, and which caused a horrible neglect of these duties, was incontinence. Gregory determined to break this chain, not, as Dr. Lord says, in pitiable ignorance, by originating the life of celibacy for the clergy, but by enforcing the law of celibacy, which had been binding since the time of the apostles. We give the passage containing Dr. Lord's blunder on this subject:

"Hildebrand looked upon married life, with all its hallowed sacredness and beauty, as little else than a profanation. In his eyes, the clergy were married to the Church, and were raised above the cares and pleasures of the world. Domestic affections suited ill with the duties of a theocratic ministry, and any situation which diverted the labors of the clergy from the Church, and made them less devoted to its head, seemed an outrage and a degeneracy.

"Hildebrand was bred a monk, and all the bonds and habits of the monks, then the most influential ministers of the Church, inclined them to sympathize with their great protector. They became his firmest allies in the war which he resolved to wage against the pas-

sions of society, and with their mighty aid, for they composed a regular army of at least one hundred and twenty-five thousand men, he was sanguine of success. He assembled a Council and caused it to pass canons to the effect that married priests should not perform any clerical office; that the people should not assist at mass celebrated by them; that all who had wives — or, as he styled them, 'concubines,'— should put them away, and that no one should be ordained who did not promise to remain unmarried during his whole life.

"The clergy rebelled against the decrees, especially in Germany, but Gregory was stronger than his rebellious clergy, stronger than the best instincts of society, stronger than the united voice of reason and Scripture."

Dr. Lord's knowledge of the institutions of the early Christian ages would seem, from this quotation, to be as superficial as his estimates of the virtues of Gregory VII. A work, entitled "Ecclesiastical Celibacy," published by Abbe Jager, crowded with documentary evidence, that the Church from the first century prescribed for the clergy an unmarried life, in imitation of the virginal life of the great High Priest, Jesus Christ, would be for him most profitable reading. Neither Hildebrand nor any other Doctor of the Church ever denied the hallowed sacredness and beauty of married life. It is the Catholic Church that has given to marriage the sanctity of a divine sacrament. It is the Catholic Church alone, through the teaching of its Popes, that recognizes, in the holiness of the married state and in its indissolubility, its symbolical likeness to the union of the two natures of the Incarnate God, to which St. Paul refers when he says: "This is a great mystery, but I speak in Christ and the Church." It is the false and corrupt teaching of Protestantism, that has stripped it of its divine beauty, and that is burying modern

society in the rottenness that flows, in an incessant stream, through divorce courts, from its doctrines. When heretics of the first ages proscribed marriage, it was the Catholic Church that condemned the pernicious error. But while the Church sustains the holiness of the married state, it gives the preference to virginity. Echoing the words of our Lord, whose office the clergy fill on earth, and whose life they should imitate, the Church proclaims, and has proclaimed from the beginning, that the celibate life was a life of perfection, indispensable to the ministers of the altar, elevating them to the plane of those sublime functions. They were to convert the world by the surrender of the whole man; solicitous only for the interest of Jesus Christ; they were to heed the words of St. Paul and avoid a divided service, by placing upon themselves the obligations of being solicitous for the interests of a wife and children. The bond of marriage would have reduced the Christian priest to the level of the hireling. It would have made his office a profession, a mode of gaining a livelihood, which is entirely opposed to its divine nature. The life of celibacy began, therefore, by a law of internal necessity. It had no existence when the Apostles were called, because they were living under the Jewish dispensation. But it was the immediate fruit of the example and teaching of the Lord. First, it was the law to be the husband of one wife; that was the rule of the pastoral office, because Christian society afforded, among its converts, examples of those who had never divorced their wives, or who, becoming widowers, had never married again. Presently, we shall find the rule prescribed continence, in the married life itself, to the clergy. But as time advanced, places in the sanctuary were restricted to the unmarried, or, at least, the widower; and before the ages of persecution had ended,

a profession of celibate life is made universal. The most severe measures were enacted against those who violated this law. It is easy to furnish proofs of the existence of this law. We refer Dr. Lord, in the way of correcting his mistake, to the third of the Council of Nice: "*Interdixit per omni magna synodus, non episcopo, non presbytero, non diacono, nec alicui omnino qui in clero est, licere subintroductam habere mulierem nisi forte matrem, aut sororem, aut amitam; vel eas tantum personas quae suspicionem effugiunt.*"

The next testimony which we would advise Dr. Lord to examine, and which would release him from the blind guidance of the unreliable Mosheim, is the celebrated letter of Pope St. Sericius, written in 385, to Himerius. Himerius had inquired of the Pontiff what should be done with clerics who had received the greater orders and had refused to observe a life of celibacy, some of whom pleaded ignorance of the law, and others boasted that they could live after the manner of priests of the Old Law. Sericius responded that it was the universal law of the Church that they should observe a life of continence. He proceeds to show that it is the ancient law of the Church, and declares those that fail in its observance to be guilty of great crime. This sentence is confirmed by a letter of Innocent I. to Exuperius, Bishop of Toulouse, written in the year 405. To these testimonies we might add a multitude of others from particular Councils in Italy, Spain, and France, at which the same law was again and again published. But these are sufficient to meet the groundless assertions of Dr. Lord, copied in haste from second-hand authorities, that Gregory was the first to enforce the law of celibacy.

The course which Gregory adopted, to stop the sale of benefices and the investiture of Bishops, by the Emperor of Germany, needs no defense at this late day.

He has long since been justified by infidel as well as Protestant writers. He sought no quarrel. By every possible means, as his letters of expostulation and advice to Henry show, he endeavored to avoid it. But the quarrel, so disastrous to the Emperor, was forced upon him, because Henry, after promising that he would repress simony and restore to the Holy See the investiture of the Bishops, refused to obey. He was the head and front of the offending. Instead of abandoning the usurpation, productive of unnumbered evils to the empire as well as to the Church; to society, as well as to its spiritual head, he addressed only insults to Hildebrand, "the false monk and pretended Pope," cursed him, and ordered him to leave the Papal throne. Speaking of this conflict, Dr. Lord says:

"He, Henry, as well as Gregory, was resolved to maintain the rights of his predecessor, and perceived the importance of the approaching contest, and what a contest! The spiritual and temporal powers were now to be arrayed against each other in a fierce antagonism. The apparent object of contention changed. It was not now merely simony, but who should be supreme master in Christendom — the Pope or the Emperor; and to whom should victory incline? To the son of a carpenter, speaking in the name of his Church, or to the most powerful monarch of his age?"

Dr. Lord forgets that the predecessors of Henry had no rights in the matter of investiture; that no historian ever claimed for them the shadow of a right; that Henry himself, at the outbreak of the Saxon rebellion, confessed that the investiture of Bishops was an invasion of Papal authority; that he had unlawfully laid his hands on the property of the Church; that he was guilty of simony in selling its property to unworthy persons. The Church has so carefully preserved this correspond-

ence, through the labors of Labbe and Mansi, that Dr. Lord's attempt to make history is, in the eyes of all well-read persons, not only a failure, but a most dishonorable fraud. Nor did the object of contention change. The Pope at no time demanded anything more from Henry than to put an end to the crimes which the Holy See had condemned; to respect the Canons of the Church, which he was bound to obey by the laws of the Empire. The excommunication of Henry was the legal effect of his constancy. Dr. Lord desires to convey the conviction that this was a cunning plan by which Gregory intended to usurp all authority in Christendom. He would not have dared to make this accusation, if he knew any thing of the Swabian or Saxon code of laws, as they existed in the Middle Ages. Gregory delayed to inflict any penalty until Henry received a new admonition; and when he did strike, it was with the force of a law which the Empire, and not the Holy See, had framed, and which existed long before the time of Gregory. The law of the Empire gave to the Pope the right of excommunicating the Emperor for three causes: First, when he abandoned the faith; second, when he repudiated his lawful wife; third, when he brought ruin upon the churches, or interfered with divine worship. Again, deposition was according to the law of the Empire, the consequence of excommunication, if, after a year, the deposed was not reconciled to the Church. Instead of these laws giving a despotism to the Holy See, they, and they alone, preserved an equilibrium between imperial authority and the liberty of his subjects.

"The foundation of liberty," says Dr. Voigt, "reposed upon the authority of the Popes, and the nobles, who united with them, put a rein upon imperial power when it was abused. The power of the Popes, sup-

ported by the people, accepted by sovereigns, was a part of the constitution of States. It was the great charter of liberty in the Middle Ages; and never was power more legitimate."

Dr. Lord forgets, also, that Germany was an elective monarchy, which supposes between the King and the people a social combat. That compact was violated by Henry, and the nobles had therefore the right to elect another king. In the excommunication of Henry, Gregory was promulgating, as the true friend of humanity, an acknowledged principle of liberty—"The safety of the people is the highest law." Dr. Lord says that Henry did not disdain to have as his antagonist a priest, and a priest who was his subject. In this he only adds to his blunder. By no law of the Empire was the Pope a subject, but by the law recognized as the superior, since Henry was not Emperor until the Pope crowned him. Nor did Gregory ever willingly take the position of antagonist to civil authority. Far from being the enemy of kings, he was their support, their friend, and their truest counselor. He sought no extension of power, as his dealings with the crowned heads of Europe testify. William the Conqueror regarded him as his patron, and the Crown of Russia was laid at his feet. Gregory defended the rights of both. Above all, his conduct when the Emperor sued for forgiveness at Canossa, the willingness with which he forgave the criminal, the patience with which he bore the violation of his promises, and his hesitancy to recognize his successor, these and a hundred other circumstances, teach the world, that he was governed in all things only by a desire to regenerate Europe, and to replace society on its old basis of Christian liberty.

INGERSOLL AND MOSES.

[From the *Catholic Telegraph*, November 21, 1878.]

Last Sunday evening, a roving politician who having failed to obtain an office, seeks to fill his purse by lecturing, undertook, with that noble object in view, to demolish by the blows of ignorance and ribaldry, the authenticity and truthfulness of the Pentateuch. The lecture was a failure as brilliant as Ingersoll's flashes of ungrammatical rhetoric. It could boast neither of novelty in argument nor attractive language. It was a feeble imitation of the worst efforts of Voltaire or Tom Paine. No one ever accredited this tramping lawyer with scholarship. Those who heard him last Sunday now know that he is not even a rhetorician. His blunders in English would far outnumber the mistakes which the easy assurance of his fathomless ignorance claimed to have discovered, in the Mosaic writings.

The *Cincinnati Gazette* has crucified this oratorical mountebank in a plain, strong, convincing article which we copy with the anticipation that it will give the keenest delight to our readers. It is a sharp exposure of the shameless effrontery of the pagan Ingersoll, who assumes to find mistakes in an author, when he is unable to translate one sentence of his writings. Mr. Ingersoll was born too late to throw even the shadow of a doubt upon the authenticity of the first five books of the Bible. Unfortunately, for his role, he is the cotemporary of Davoisin, De Ranke, Glaire, Welte, Havernick, and a score of others, men versed in Oriental tongues, who have made the Pentateuch the study of a life-time. They have written upon the subject volumes of exegesis. These are an immense treasury of

learning, and they have effectually ended all discussion of the authorship or the truth of Genesis. Mr. Ingersoll has arrived after the feast, and his criticism of Genesis, if we can dignify his slang with that name, is a useless and disgusting handling of bones that have been cast away.

Putting out of view that the Mosaic cosmogony is a portion of the inspired word of God, its harmony with every other portion of natural truth has been experimentally established by the trials to which it has been subjected, for the sake of testing the purity of its truth. It has been put, again and again, in the crucible of investigating and searching science. It has been tried as gold in the fire. Men every way competent for the task of submitting it to the severest test, an endowment which Ingersoll does not possess; men possessed of penetrating genius, sharpened by constant exercise, having an extensive knowledge of both ancient Hebrew and of physical facts, with skill to apply them; stimulated with no more friendly spirit to revelation than that which is breathed forth in the vulgar blasphemies of an Ingersoll,— such men have made experiments on the authenticity and truth of the Pentateuch, each one in his own laboratory, and after his own way, and they have been constrained to confess that there was not one tittle of Mosaic cosmogony at variance with the certain results of unbelieving science. In the court of science, it has been, again and again, decided that the Mosaic history of creation is the only rational cosmogony that has ever been written. With true philosophical brevity, with the clearness of one who is a thorough master of his subject, with the modest confidence of one who knew he was speaking the truth, he has given the story of the origin of the world, the truth of which the warfare of ages has not shaken, but more

fully revealed. His lofty theme, as lofty as could be presented, either to the religious or the philosophical mind, he deals with, in a manner to call forth the highest admiration of every profound critic, sage or philosopher, whether pagan or Christian.

No one who can lay claim to learning, in which class Mr. Ingersoll can not be counted, is ignorant of the eulogium which the pagan Longinus has passed upon Moses. Who needs be told that the cosmogony of Moses has been believed in, and has been received as the highest truth, by the very brightest names in science — by a Descartes, a Newton, a Euler, a Leibnitz, a Bacon, the last of whom declared the Book of Genesis to be the highest and purest fountain of all human knowledge!

It is true that Moses does not come forward with his particular system of the world's creation, or discuss philosophical questions, in exact scientific terms. To make philosophers was not his province, and had he used the exact terms of science, he could not have been understood. It was not to give mankind an insight into the secrets of nature -- though, on the testimony of truly scientific men, he does that too,— that he penned his history of creation. As the religious instructor and law-giver of the Hebrew people, it was and could be only his main design, to complete his invaluable record of creation for their religious instruction. The end and aim of the whole Pentateuch was to make them a holy people; the depositary of the truth of facts which occurred before the creation of man, and which God alone could communicate. What preface so appropriate could be set in front of the Mosaic code of laws as the primary truth that God is the creator and ruler of the universe, from whom as a fountain all else must spring? It was the engrossing thought of his soul, as his writ-

ings attest, to enlighten men in the knowledge of one Supreme Being, to teach them their supernatural destiny, their hopes and their duties, and to transmit these religious truths to succeeding ages. It was Moses' purpose to make men true believers, not adepts in science. If questions or facts, coming within the province of science, are introduced, it is incidentally, and as they fall in with the main design of the sacred writer. That Moses, in writing a book with this design, should lead us into the hidden chambers of science — that he should lay open to us all the scientific discoveries of the latter ages, is what no one possessed of ordinary intelligence would expect. It would be the most extravagant and the most irrational criticism to condemn the Pentateuch, because it does not happen to be in form and phrase a scientific essay. All that the most severe criticism of the Mosaic writings can require, if that criticism be honest, is this, that in recording the history of creation, for the purpose of giving religious instruction, every fact which he advances shall be historically and physically true, and so far as the statement of each fact goes, it shall be a sure foundation on which to rear the superstructure of science. And this is the service which the Mosaic cosmogony has rendered to human science. The master hand of the Hebrew law-giver has sketched, in the Book of Genesis, the correct outlines of the sciences, which the study of after-ages had done and can do no more than fill up. The imperishable Mosaic history of creation is not only a monument of sacred truth, but it has been the truest guiding light of human science. This homage has been forced, reluctantly it is true, from the lips of modern science, and its very reluctance has but added weight to the truth of its testimony. Modern world builders who spoke not in ignorance, like the shallow, prating Ingersoll, but who drew

on large stores of gathered knowledge, intellectual giants in their day, have endeavored to overthrow the Mosaic account of creation, with almost numberless theories. We have had the Plutonian, the Neptunian, the Nebular, and a hundred other cosmogonies. We have seen hypothesis piled on hypothesis, theory upon theory, system upon system, until our scientific world builders rivaled the confusion of their predecessors who engaged in constructing the Tower of Babel. One system appears to-day and another to-morrow. This, too, after uniting all suffrages in its favor, for a passing day, gives way to a more successful rival, which, we are told, with a brazen self-conceit your Ingersolls always wear, will live forever. But the popularity of the last anti-Christian system is just as brief, as the first; its time of death invariably arrives; it is a race between it and its author for the grave. So rapidly have these anti-Mosaic systems been created, that at the beginning of this century, more than eighty had been born and perished, and despite their intended usefulness to the cause of infidelity, the framers of these systems became the laughing stock of the arch scoffer of the last century, who had a sneer even for the Ingersolls of his day. He said that "philosophers put themselves without ceremony in the place of God, and destroy and renew this world after their own fashion." For once in his life, he told the truth. In the words of a scientist, "time, that does justice to everything that is not true, has laid its heavy iron hand upon their ingenious and brilliant guesses of infidelity, and shattered them to pieces." One cosmogony, however, holds its ground — has held it for nearly four thousand years; no length of time has rendered it obsolete; no effort of science has weakened it; no discovery or observed fact has thrown discredit upon it,— and that one is the cosmogony of

Moses. Might it not be well for those who laugh at the facts of Genesis, and who laugh only because they are unable to translate a single word of the writings, upon which they pronounce judgment, to ask themselves whence did Moses derive this wonderful system? Who taught him to speak with such precision, that his words, when rightly interpreted, challenge successfully the scrutiny of all science? Who taught him to speak nearly four thousand years ago, in perfect conformity with physical facts, which the most advanced knowledge of geology has disclosed, and which were not dreamed of till our day? Did he have it from the surrounding nations, the Egyptians or Chaldeans? Certainly not, for they did not trace creation to one God. He could not have obtained it from his own people, for they were simple and ignorant. He did not evolve it from himself, unless we are willing to admit a miracle as astounding as his inspiration. It would certainly have been the miracle of miracles, for him to have anticipated, by the light and strength of his own mind, the results of modern scientific discovery. Those only who admit, not only the authenticity, but the inspired truth of the Pentateuch, can answer this question.

Christianity is ever ready to admit that, if any authenticated record of the origin of matter or the progress of ages contradicts the assertions of Moses, or impugns the order of creation, which he so graphically describes, the whole system of the cosmogony of Moses falls to the ground. He not only fixes the date of the world's origin, but he assigns the order in which the mere material world and man appeared; and, if science in its researches can successfully establish any one truth conflicting with this order and variety, again, this authority of Moses would cease to deserve respect. But the oldest page of history and the newest page of

science are nothing more than commentaries on the Mosaic record. History, stretching back to the most distant traditions of the human race, confirms the truthfulness of the Pentateuch, and the most reliable scientific authority of our day is only the echo of the same voice. The recentness of the origin of man, as described by Moses, is opposed, to be sure, to the annals of many nations; and were those annals well sustained, we might pause before admitting that six thousand years had not passed away, since man became an inhabitant of this globe of ours. But no authentic history precedes the time of Moses. We can still examine in classic dust the origin and power of Persia and Babylon. The dark and deeply-veiled land of Cheops opens her earliest traditions, and has slowly read to us her sacred secrets. But beyond, there is no light of history. The light, to guide us to the years beyond this darkness, gleams only from the pages of the Pentateuch. Arts, relics, buried memorials, all the treasures found in the tomb of ages, unite in showing that man's existence on the globe is one of recent date.

Science stands forth, as bold as history, in defense of the Mosaic cosmogony. Cuvier, the father of modern science, declares that no geological research can prove that man's existence can reach beyond the period assigned to it in the pages of the Sacred Chronicle. Philosophers who hold otherwise are still in intellectual infancy, and have not yet learned the alphabet of the science they pretend to teach. The age of the earth, as counted by the arithmetic of geology, not only agrees with the Mosaic reckoning, but even the order of creation, as science has determined it, is in perfect accord with the Mosaic development. The Mosaic cosmogony is precisely the order which is written upon the bosom of the rock strata, according as they have been unveiled.

De Seers, the scientist, tells sneering, ignorant Ingersoll, that the three Hebrew words of Genesis, which express three successive stages of creation, define, not only accurately, but scientifically, that which geological research has proved. It is the Biblical narrative which furnishes the key, to unlock the mysteries of the lower earth. It explains the rock-bound remnants of animal life to the advantage of science, when the orientalisms of the Pentateuch are rightly interpreted, and Hebraisms are translated without torture. The stone letters of the book of nature, as science reads them, shape themselves into the same story of creation, as Moses relates. On this point, such high authorities as Brocchi, Kirwan, Buckland, and others, having the same broad knowledge, do not entertain the slightest doubt. Their deductions are woven into a crown of glory to be placed on the brow of him who girdled all the creation with one flaming, inspired, philosophical sentence: "God said, Let there be light, and there was light." Science can no more destroy the truth of that sentence than it can extinguish the light of that primeval dawn.

PRATT'S SERMON ON THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

[From the *Catholic Telegraph*, September 12, 1878.]

The history of all heresies illustrates this truth, that the honor and dishonor of the Mother of God and her Divine Son hang together. The homage and veneration which all Christian ages have paid to the Virgin of Nazareth has its divine root in the mystery of the Incarnation, in the belief that he was miraculously born of her, that he was the Son of God by nature, the Redeemer of the world. Touch this honor of Mary with hostile hand, and the dogma upon which all Christianity rests, as its corner stone, crumbles to pieces. Both reason and faith invariably associate them, unite them together in prayer and worship, as the persons of both were united through the dignity of divine maternity. Aware of this truth, which the history of heresies is ever repeating, we were not surprised at the blasphemous impiety of a sermon which Rev. Mr. Pratt lately preached in a Protestant church of this city; but we were surprised that any one, assuming the office of teaching others, should exhibit, in his satanic hatred of the Mother of God, so much ignorance or resort to so much misrepresentation. An eminent Protestant minister said long ago that Calvinism was a "libel on God"; if Mr. Pratt be a fair representative of the sect, his sermon proves that, in a supplementary way, it should be called a "libel on the Mother of God." The awful, revolting impiety of that sermon, we shall try to forget, while we expose a few of the Scriptural, historical, and theological blunders of this horrible production. A worse mass of falsehoods, held together by the most wretched sophistry, was never presented to the Protestants of this city.

In the opening of his sermon Dr. Pratt says:

"Of Mary, the Mother of Jesus, we know little of her parentage. All that is recorded is that she was the daughter of Heli. Luke traces her descent through a long line of some seventy-five progenitors, to Adam, 'which was the Son of God.' In the Gospels she is never called the Virgin Mary, but 'Mary the Mother of Jesus.' As her history was of no consequence to Christianity, it is not given in the four Gospels."

In the very exordium, Pratt begins his impious falsehoods. "In the Gospels she is never called the Virgin Mary." In the first chapter of St. Luke we read: "And in the sixth month, the angel Gabriel was sent from God into a city of Galilee, called Nazareth, to a Virgin espoused to a man whose name was Joseph, of the house of David, and the name of the Virgin was Mary." It is strange, indeed, that one who pretends to believe in the Incarnation should forget the wondrous Gospel story of the accomplishment of that mystery. But, then, liars are not always blessed, as they should be, with good memories, if they wish to escape detection. The Gospel does *not* say that Mary was the daughter of Heli. The most careless reader of Holy Writ could have avoided this mistake. St. Luke says that Joseph was of Heli. By descent he was of Jacob, the brother of Heli; but Heli dying without issue, Jacob, in accordance with the Mosaic law, married his widow. The issue of this marriage was Joseph, not Mary. Mr. Pratt evidently knows nothing of the law which prevailed among the Hebrews, concerning marriage; otherwise he would know that the Gospel gave the full genealogy of Mary. The Evangelists wrote the pedigree of St. Joseph to conform to the custom of the Jewish people, who, in their genealogies, gave women no place. But Joseph

and Mary were near of kin, so the pedigree of one shows that of the other.

"Her (Mary's) history," says Dr. Pratt, "being of no consequence to Christianity, is not given in the four Gospels." All the points of her life, that would show an exact fulfillment of the prophecies, with regard to the birth of the Messiah, namely, that he was the Son of David and was born of a Virgin, are given. As the Gospels were intended to be the record of the life and works of Jesus Christ, it is not strange, and it does not argue, in the least, against the importance of the life of the Mother of God, that they should not be recorded by the inspired writers. It would be an extraordinary violation of the laws that govern the inspired Word of God, to do so. The record of the childhood of the Blessed Virgin did not enter into the scope of the Evangelists, any more than the life of Pratt; therefore it was not written. Even if very little was said of the *whole* life of the Mother of God, in Holy Writ, it would not follow, as a consequence, that she was esteemed of little consequence to Christianity. There are many works, miracles, instructions of our Lord, as St. John testifies, which were necessarily passed over in silence; and yet they would have shown forth his divinity as well as those that were recorded. The sacred writers had canons of writing, far different from those which Pratt would prescribe to them. The only deduction that can be drawn from the statement, that little is said concerning the early life of the Blessed Virgin, is that the Holy Ghost is wiser than Dr. Pratt. Upon this point most people will agree.

But in tracing the life of our Lord, wherever and whenever his Mother is even remotely connected with him, she finds a place in Holy Writ. According to Mr. Pratt's principles of logic, this frequent mention

bears witness to her importance. From the hour when she was elevated to the dignity of Mother of God, by the message of the angel, during all the years she exercised the office of Mother, her name occurs as often as that of our Lord, even more frequently. This is a death-blow to the standard by which Pratt judges of the importance of Scriptural characters. We read of her visit to St. Elizabeth, her journey to Bethlehem, her presentation of her Child in the temple. When the Magi visit the sacred cave, the inspired writer seems unnecessarily to introduce her name into the event by saying, "They found the Child Jesus with Mary his Mother." It is written that she fled with her child to Egypt; that she returned to Nazareth; that she accompanied our Lord to the Paschal feasts; that she lost him on one of these visits, and sought him sorrowing. During all the private life of our Lord, while she was fulfilling the divine vocation and office which God assigned to her, the Evangelist never forgets her. More than this, she is again brought forward to introduce him, when her ministrations necessarily ceased, at the opening of his public life, when he worked his first miracle at Cana. Again, when in the hour of his suffering, when that life is drawing to a close, she stands by his cross. Again, when the apostles were gathered together awaiting the gift of the Holy Ghost, that they might be able to discharge the commission that was given them, no one would expect to find mention of Mary; but Holy Scripture associates her with an event which could have no bearing on her. What Mr. Pratt calls "the only circumstances" in her history preserved by the Gospel narrative, become as many as the narrative could admit, when it is remembered that she was chosen to be his Mother, not an apostle. According to Pratt's theory, the name of the mother of an earthly ruler ought to be

coupled with his, in every transaction of his public office. This is to be the measure of her virtues. The honor of inventing this novel theory belongs, indisputably, to this learned preacher. Publicity is a new test for sanctity of life. If it be a true one, then many a criminal has more virtue, we will not say than all the saints of God, but even more than this illogical libeler of the Blessed Mother of God.

Speaking of the Assumption of the Mother of God, Mr. Pratt says:

"This wonderful miracle is set down in the calendar of the Church of Rome as having occurred on the 15th of August. We can not but admire the skill of the doctors of that Church in fixing dates. It was not, however, until the seventh century, some six hundred years after this event, that the fact of the Assumption and the date of its occurrence were definitely known."

Here we have two falsehoods. The Catholic Church does not hold that the miracle occurred on the day when the event of the Assumption was commemorated. She merely appointed this day to celebrate this triumph of the body, from which the eternal Word of God drew his human nature. So Pratt's admiration for the skill of Catholic doctors, in fixing dates, is wasted. Nor is it true that the Christian world did not believe in the miracle of the Assumption until the seventh century. Juvenal, Bishop of Jerusalem, who attended the Council of Chalcedon, writes to the Emperor, that "a most ancient and most true tradition" tells that the Mother of God was assumed into heaven. In the sixth century, the Church began universally to celebrate the Feast on the 15th day of August. But, as Florentinius testifies, it was observed centuries before on the 18th of January. After the Council of Ephesus, (431,) the Greek Church transferred the feast, in order to remember on the same

day the Assumption and the Council which declared her to be the Mother of God, giving to him his human nature, and not merely being, as Nestorius and Pratt teach, "the vehicle of the Incarnate Word." Have we not, in this expression of Dr. Pratt, by which he openly denies any belief in the Incarnation, as Presbyterianism teaches it, the key to all his blasphemous abuse of the Mother of God? If he believed that the Son of God took flesh of her flesh, that she was not the mere instrument of the Word, but that she bore to him the full, complete relation of Motherhood, he would shrink from believing that the corruption of the grave would be allowed to touch her body.

We come now to Pratt's views of the Immaculate Conception. He says:

"The meaning of this dogma is that Mary was free from original sin or innate corruption. Those who originated the doctrine seemed to think that if Mary inherited a corrupt nature from Adam, she must have transmitted it to Christ, and, therefore, if he was free from original sin, his mother must have been free also. Those theologians who thus sought to clear the Mother of Jesus from the taint of original sin did not seem to bear in mind that they only pushed the miracle a generation back, without in the least removing the difficulty. For if Mary was free from original sin, the parents of Mary must have been immaculate also; and, again, their parents; and so on, up to Adam and Eve."

It is rare to find a teacher of Protestantism who knows the Catholic doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, because on one side Protestants have but a vague, dreamy notion of the Incarnation, and on the other, belief in original sin has been entirely rejected. But this passage proves that Pratt is more ignorant than most of his brethren. The Catholic Church does *not*

teach, nor were Catholic theologians ever so inaccurate of thought as to hold, even if Mary inherited a sinful nature, through Adam, it would necessarily be transmitted to Christ. The whole Catholic doctrine of the transmission of original guilt, is a positive denial of the absurdity which Pratt attributes to the Church. Original sin came through Adam, and Adam alone, as the father of the race. It came through him so exclusively, that, if only Eve had sinned, there would have been no sin entailed upon the race. The guilt of original sin could, therefore, be imputed only through natural generation. But the Son of Mary was of supernatural generation. Mary conceived, as a Virgin, by the "overshadowing of the Holy Ghost." He was begotten of God, as the Word, from all eternity. He was begotten of God, as the Word made flesh, in time, in the womb of Mary. It was a *person* that was born of Mary, the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity; and hence no Catholic school, even before the dogma was defined, ever blundered so much about the Incarnation as to suppose that sin in Mary would necessarily affect the *essential* sinlessness of her Son. Such a contradiction had no existence except in the minds of heretics who worship the Son of Mary, and yet deny that he was consubstantial to the Father. "If Mary was free from original sin, the parents of Mary must have been immaculate also," is the wise deduction of Mr. Pratt.

The Catholic Church teaches that the Immaculate Conception was a privilege granted to Mary through the merits of Jesus Christ. Pratt will allow us to whisper to him a fundamental principle of logic, "*Qui arguit ultra privilegium nihil arguit*"—"He who argues beyond a privilege, abandons argument." Mary's exemption from sin was a *personal* gift, on account of a *personal* dignity, the maternity of God, and therefore could not

extend as a privilege beyond the one who wore that dignity. It was not necessary, as we have said, to shield the Divine Person of Christ from sin, but as the Church taught, in the proclamation of the dogma, it was *fitting*, *congruous*, and *becoming*, that she who gave flesh to the God who redeemed from sin, should never for a moment be under its dominion. Without it, there is no meaning in the numberless passages of Scripture which refer to her, and which attribute to her spotless sanctity.

Continuing his mistakes about the Immaculate Conception, which are gross as Falstaff's fat, Pratt says:

"This doctrine gained currency, for the first time, in France, in the twelfth century. In the year 1139, December 8, the Canons of Lyons instituted a particular festival in honor of the doctrine. Many of the most distinguished doctors and divines opposed it. Among them Bernard of Clairvaux (doctor mellifluus), an enthusiastic eulogist of Mary, and a believer in her sinless birth, pronounced the festival an unauthorized innovation, which was the 'mother of temerity, the sister of superstition, and the daughter of levity.' He rejected the doctrine as 'contrary to tradition and derogatory to the dignity of Christ.'"

It is hard for us to determine, after reading this passage of the sermon, whether Pratt falsifies knowingly and maliciously, or whether he has been led astray by copying blindly the words of some unscrupulous preacher. He can choose either horn of the dilemma. The doctrine is as old in the Church, as the doctrine of the Incarnation, from which it directly springs. The Catholic Church never shrinks from the legitimate consequences of her own statements and doctrines, for she has confidence in herself and in the divine protection which surrounds her, and which will not be withdrawn while time lasts. She teaches "as one having author-

ity," and not with the doubtful hesitation of an impostor. This is seen, especially, in the whole history of devotion to the Blessed Virgin, which has taken root and grown in "an honorable people," and its full development, at the present time, is in no degree opposed to the teaching of the Church on any subject whatever, at any period of her history; for, on the contrary, the Christian doctrines seem to derive new luster from the clearer definition of Mary's glories, whilst the increase of devotion to her, contributes, more or less directly, to a better appreciation of all the mysteries of the faith. The sacraments spring from the Body of Christ, and that very Body is the greatest of the Sacraments. But the Body of Christ sprang from Mary. Yet, she received the fruit of the sacraments before they were instituted, and in a manner altogether pre-eminent. For baptism, she receives the gift of original justice and of sanctifying grace; and the Holy Ghost confirmed her, then, with his enduring gifts.

The images which were used by the ancient Fathers and Saints of the Church and in Holy Scripture, to represent the Blessed Virgin, necessarily implied the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception. She was symbolized by the Ark of Noah, which was preserved in the common deluge; in the ladder which Jacob beheld reaching to heaven, on whose top leaned God himself; in the bush which Moses saw in flames, yet unconsumed and uninjured; in the unassailable tower, from which were hung the bucklers of the brave; in the garden inclosed and secured from harm; in the city of God, whose foundations were upon the holy mountains; and in his august temple, brilliant with the divine splendor. The Most Holy Virgin was celebrated as the spotless dove, the Holy Jerusalem, the exalted throne of God, the Ark and House of Sanctification which the Eternal

Wisdom built for himself; and as the Queen who, abounding with delights, and leaning on her Beloved, was never stained with the least spot of sin.

Not one of the ancient sectaries denied the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin; on the contrary, Pelagius, and Julian, his follower, availed themselves of the universal belief of the Faithful, that she was without sin, to oppose the teaching of the Church, which St. Augustine triumphantly defended, that all men are born in sin, and fall into actual transgression. Pelagius enumerated many saints whose virtues are recorded in Scripture, and closed the list by the Virgin Mary, observing that Christian piety obliged us to acknowledge that the Mother of our Lord and Savior was without sin. St. Augustine used great circumspection in his reply, lest, by an unqualified concession, he should afford his adversary an undue advantage; but he did not hesitate to say that all those holy personages would acknowledge themselves sinners, if they could reappear on earth and give testimony, excepting the Blessed Virgin Mary. As to her, he declined entertaining any question, when sin is spoken of, since the honor of our Lord requires us to hold that she received grace to overcome sin, in every respect, being made worthy to conceive and bring forth him who was altogether sinless. Julian pursued the matter farther, and reproached Augustine with dishonoring Mary, more than Jovinian had dishonored her, who contended that, in becoming a mother, she lost her virginal integrity; while Augustine, by affirming that all but Christ were born in sin, made Mary herself the bond slave of Satan. The holy Doctor replied that he did not represent her in this light, since the grace of the new birth prevented such necessity. Of this ancient, nay, primitive tradition, we have satisfactory evidence in the language of the Oriental

liturgies, which style her all stainless, highly blessed, more honored than the cherubim and more glorious than the seraphim. The terms, applied to her in the sacred Scriptures, are justly interpreted in their highest acceptation and greatest force, inasmuch as her dignity of Mother of God so requires. She is truly blessed among women, full of grace. He that is mighty hath done great things for her, and holy is his name.

The doctrine of the Immaculate Conception is as old as the mystery of redemption. It dawned upon the world from the earthly paradise. No sooner had the mother of mankind given up her innocence to Satan, and tempted Adam to his destruction, than a new and more worthy mother is proclaimed — a Mother of all the living. The Almighty gave terrible rebukes to Satan. He warned him that, though he had vanquished Eve, he had not conquered woman: "I will place enmities between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed. She shall crush thy head." Who is there who knows not that Mary is that woman, and that, four thousand years before her birth, God himself declared that neither she nor her Son should ever be in Satan's power? That Virgin, of whom Isaiah and the prophets sang, was a virgin, not merely in body, but in soul — that is, she was untouched by sin. Even Mahomet and Luther asserted the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin; and to this day, the service-book of the Episcopal Church bears testimony to this doctrine, which is also defended by some of its best and most devotional writers. "The conception, or infusion of the soul into the Blessed Virgin," says Luther, "is piously believed to have been accomplished without original sin: so that in that very infusing of the soul, the body was simultaneously purified from original sin,

and endowed with divine gifts, to receive that holy soul which was infused into it by God; and thus, in the first moment it began to live, it was exempt from all sin." Calvin confesses it in his apology to Pius Carpensis. And even that German rationalism, into which continental Protestantism has now degenerated, acknowledged years ago that this belief is a necessary consequence of the Incarnation, and rebuked its co-religionists for their inconsistent opposition to the doctrine. "Why all this clamor on the part of orthodox Protestants against the Immaculate Conception?" asked the *Protestant Gazette*, of Germany, the day after the dogma of the Immaculate Conception was promulgated. "This belief is but the necessary and natural consequence of their own principles; and it is surprising that the definition did not take place sooner, [which was also the complaint of the Greek clergy, who have always maintained the doctrine,] and that orthodox Protestantism has not long since proclaimed it. The roots of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception extend, in fact, into the very depth of the substance of their own dogmatic system, and show both the weak sides and the corruption of the Evangelical Church. In substance, it is a question on the historical fact of the *holy and immaculate personality of Christ*. . . . If they are not disposed to revise, from top to bottom, the theory of original sin, (and our orthodox now desires it less than ever,) there is no other part to take but to imitate the Catholics, and to deny the influence of original sin on the human nature of Christ; and this will also tend to the liberating of his Mother — that is, to the asserting that she was conceived without original stain. This is what the Roman Church has done in our days, not arbitrarily, but impelled by the force of a necessary consequence.

Thus it is not possible to believe that Rome could refuse her sanction to the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception."

Both the doctrine and the feast existed long before the twelfth century. Pratt confounds these two things, probably, in his gross ignorance, thinking them the same thing, as when speaking of the Assumption. We find a special feast in honor of this grace and privilege of the Mother of God in the fifth century. The Typicon of St. Sabas informs us that it was held on the 9th of December. Among the Greek Catholics, it was universally observed centuries before they separated from the Latin Church, under the title of the Conception of St. Anne, the parent of the Mother of God. Georges, Bishop of Nicomedia, living during the reign of Heraclius, (641.) says the feast was old and well known (*non novissime institutam*). The Canons of Lyons were not the first to establish the feast in the West, nor did St. Bernard censure them for holding the doctrine. On both points Mr. Pratt again blunders. St. Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury, a century before the letter of St. Bernard was written, had instituted the feast in England. Why, then, did St. Bernard find fault with the Canons of Lyons? Was it because they taught this doctrine which the Church had made a dogma of faith? The text of the letter of St. Bernard explicitly states that he opposed their institution of the feast, because they acted contrary to the discipline of the Church, without asking the approval of Rome. They had usurped episcopal authority. These are his words: "Alioquin nulla ei ratione placebit contra ecclesiae *ritum* (not doctrinam) praesumpta novitas, mater temeritatis, soror superstitionis filia levitas. Nam si sic videbatur, consuelenda erat prius Apostolica sedis auctoritas." But Mr. Pratt gives us another quotation from this letter, in which

Pratt assured his audience that St. Bernard says he rejected the doctrines as contrary to tradition and derogatory to the dignity of Christ." The quotation points are Mr. Pratt's. We are compelled to say that this pretended extract from the letter of St. Bernard is a base forgery. The letter does not contain any such passage. Nor is there a single sentence which would admit of any such interpretation. Forgery, Mr. Pratt, is a weak defense for any cause.

'This extraordinary dogma lifts the Mother of Jesus out of the fallen and redeemed race of Adam, and places her on an equality with the Son of God. If she is free from original and actual sin and guilt, she is above the need of redemption."

It is unfortunate for Mr. Pratt that there is truth in the words, "*Scripta littera manet*"—"the written word lasts." In the portion of his sermon, immediately preceding this passage, in which he says that Mary, if the dogma of Immaculate Conception be true, did not need redemption, he refutes his own statement. He quotes the Bull of Pius IX., proclaiming the dogma, and, strange to relate, quotes correctly. Now in this Bull it is explicitly stated, as all the defenders of the doctrine from the earliest time maintained, that she was redeemed by the same blood which redeemed all the other children of Adam. Here is Pratt's correct quotation, which destroys his assertion of equality, through the Immaculate Conception, between the Virgin Mary and God: "The most Blessed Virgin Mary, in the first moment of her conception, by a special grace and privilege of Almighty God, in virtue of the merits of Christ, was preserved immaculate from all stains of original sin." The Papal Bull, then, taught that Mary was sinless by the grace of God, whilst God is sinless by his own inherent nature. One is created, the other uncre-

ated sinlessness; and between them, Mr. Pratt, there is an infinite distance. The same merits of Christ which were to others a remedy, were to her a preventive of sin.

The most important object which Pratt proposed to himself, in preaching this sermon, was to prove that the perpetual virginity of Mary was a falsehood, and it is exactly here that he has most signally failed. This is his triple argument: First — Mary is said "to have brought forth her first-born"; but the only born can not be called the first-born; therefore she had other children. Second — The Holy Scripture speaks of the Lord's brothers, therefore they were the children of Mary. Third — In the first chapter of St. Matthew, verse twenty-fifth, it is written that Joseph "knew her not *till* she brought forth her first-born"— therefore he knew her afterwards. Mr. Pratt's line of sophistry, against the perpetual virginity of the Mother of God, has only opened again the charnel house of heresies that rotted and died fourteen hundred years ago. He is only repeating the impious words of Helvidius, the Arian, and Jovinian, the impure, leprous Montanist, whom the logic of St. Jerome reduced to silence. No Protestant, laying any claim to learning, would dare to impugn the virginity of Mary on the strength of these expressions of Holy Writ. Our readers will allow us the liberty of examining their force. Mr. Pratt says that Mary must have had other children, because the only born can never be titled the first-born.

This is untrue. When the Evangelists speak of Mary's first-born, they follow the idiomatic language of the Hebrews, the vocabulary of the Mosaic law. The Hebrew word translated "first-born" signifies "the one opening the womb," who was to be offered to God, because the children of the Jews had been spared, when

the first-born of the Egyptians were slain. It does not imply that there is a second-born. As a Hebraism, it is an absolute term, for which there is no other word in Greek than "first-born."

Let us now grant the assumption of Dr. Pratt's, that an *only* son can never be the *first-born*, and see to what untenable positions it will force him. The law of Moses, as given in Exodus xiii. 15, says: "I sacrifice to the Lord all that openeth the womb, of the male sex, and the first-born I redeem." Observe that this very passage shows that first-born did not imply at all among the Hebrews another child, but was identical in meaning with the one who opened the womb. According to Pratt, as an only son can not be the first-born, then it follows that an *only* son among the Hebrews was not subject to the law ordaining the offering of the first-born. Therefore the first-born was not required to be offered in the temple, until a second child was born. Is that true, Mr. Pratt? Listen to the Gospel: "And after the days of her purification, *according to the law of Moses*, were accomplished, they (Joseph and Mary) carried him (our Lord) to Jerusalem, to present him to the Lord." Now our Lord was offered as the first-born, as the law prescribed; but Dr. Pratt informs us that an only son can not be the first-born. Therefore Dr. Pratt must explain the irresistible conclusion, that before the days of the purification were ended — that is, forty days after the birth of Jesus — Mary had another child. Pratt's arbitrary, false interpretation plunges him into this difficulty, from which there is no escape. The Scripture tells us also that St. John the Baptist was "sanctified to the Lord"; but there is no reason to say this of him, if an only son can not be the first-born.

Again, when the Book of Exodus says that God slew

every first-born in the land of Egypt, does Pratt hold that in families, where there was an only son, he was not slain?

Or again, leaving the domain of Scripture, let us apply Pratt's logic to the law of primogeniture that exists in many countries. If his logic is sound, then the first child in a family, if he happens to be an only son, can not claim his father's property by right of primogeniture. If Pratt were a judge of an English Court, he would deprive an only son of the inheritance, because being an only son, he could not be at the same time the first-born. Isn't it strange, passing strange, Dr. Pratt, that not one in the long line of illustrious English Justices has reached the depth of your wisdom and adopted your interpretation of the term "first-born"? Will you not confess, what is patent to all, that in adopting this expression, as an argument against the virginity of Mary, you have made yourself the laughing stock of all who give the subject a moment's reflection?

Mr. Pratt, however, returns to assault the spotless virginity of the Mother of God, by quoting passages of Scriptures in which persons are called the "Brethren of our Lord."

We shall deal generously and give our opponent the benefit of the strongest of these passages. It is found in St. Matthew, and reads thus: "Is not this the carpenter's son? Is not his mother called Mary, and his brethren, James and Joseph and Simon and Judas? And his sisters, are they not all with us?"

Mr. Pratt's argument is this: The words "brethren" and "sisters" must be taken in the strictest sense; therefore, Mary had other children. If these terms, expressing relationship, designate *always* in Holy Scripture children of the same mother, we will acknowledge that the argument is valid and can not be shaken. But

the Scriptures tell us that this is not true. We shall give a few instances where the term is more widely applied. In the thirteenth chapter of Genesis we read: "Abraham therefore said to Lot, 'Let there be no quarrel between me and thee, for we are brethren.'" Lot was not strictly the brother, but only the nephew of Abraham. Again, in the fourteenth chapter it is said: "Abraham brought back Lot, *his brother.*" Again, in chapter twenty-ninth of the same book, Jacob calls himself the brother of Laban; strictly speaking, he was only his nephew, and the term is repeated four times in the same chapter. In the New Testament, the word "brother" has still a wider meaning, applied to all who are Christians.

In all these instances the same Greek word is employed, proving that it had a most elastic signification, and was never limited to our meaning of brother. Therefore there is no reason why this should be rigidly interpreted, when the brothers of our Lord are spoken of. It is another bald assumption on the part of Pratt to maintain his thesis. The Greek fathers have given a special interpretation to the word "brother" in the text we have cited, but it does not favor Pratt, for they held always to the perpetual virginity of the Mother of Jesus. They have written that, as Jesus was the Son of Mary, and not of Joseph, so James and Joseph and Simon and Judas *may* have been the sons of Joseph by a former wife, but they were not children of Mary. Then, they could be called the brethren of Jesus, as Joseph was called his father.

We now make a final observation on this second argument of Dr. Pratt. If he is a scholar, he will see the force of it. When our Lord, hanging on the cross, commended his Mother to St. John, the words of the Crucified indicate that he was her only Son. He

says to his Mother: "Behold thy son." In the Greek text, the article precedes the word "son." The Greek language would not admit it, if she had other sons.

The last argument of Mr. Pratt is based upon a verse in the first chapter of St. Matthew. "Because Joseph did not know Mary" *until* she brought forth her first-born, he infers that he knew her afterwards. He insinuates that the word "until" puts a limit to the virginity of Mary. Is this a correct canon of interpretation? Does the word "till" in Scriptural language, when anything is denied, denote an affirmation at a subsequent time?

Dr. Pearson, a Protestant divine, who deserved his great reputation for learning, writing on the virginity of Mary, in his work "On the Creed," says: "Many indeed have taken the boldness to deny this truth, because not recorded in Holy Writ; and not only so, but to assert the contrary, as delivered in the Scriptures; but with no success. For though, as they object, St. Matthew testifieth that Joseph knew not Mary until she had brought forth her first-born, from whence they infer that afterwards he knew her; yet the manner of Scripture language, produceth no such inference. When God said to Jacob, I will not leave thee, *until* I have done that which I have spoken to thee of, it followed not, that when that was done, the God of Jacob left him. When the conclusion of Deuteronomy was written, it was said of Moses: "No man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day;" but it were weak argument to infer that the sepulchre of Moses had been known ever since. When Samuel had delivered a severe prediction to Saul, he "came no more to see him until the day of his death"; but it were a strange conclusion to infer that he therefore gave him a visit after he was dead. "Michael,

the daughter of Saul, had no child until the day of her death;" and yet it were a ridiculous stupidity to dream of any midwifery in the grave. Christ promised his presence to his apostles until the end of the world. Who ever made so unhappy a construction, as to infer from thence, that forever afterwards he would be absent from them? We could multiply parallel texts in which the word "till" has exactly the same meaning, as it has in the text of St. Matthew; that is, as Joseph did not know Mary till she brought forth her first-born, it can not be said that he knew her afterwards. It will be sufficient to listen to St. John Chrysostom, who certainly knew the full strength of Greek words. Commenting on the text, he says: "Here the Evangelist has used the word 'till,' not that you should imagine that Joseph knew her afterwards, but that you may know that the Virgin remained untouched to the time of her delivery. Why, therefore, does he say until she brought forth?"

"This form of expression is often used in Scripture in such a way, that the word 'till' is not set down as marking a certain limited period. For, speaking of the ark, the Scripture says: The raven did not return 'till' the earth was dry, although afterwards he did not return. What you are to learn from the Evangelist, this word imparts, viz.: that the Virgin remained untouched till her delivery; leaving you to conjecture that which is obvious, from the words themselves, that this just man (Joseph) did not dare touch her who had become a mother in so marvelous and strange a manner."

There are some minor points, less offensive impieties, in his sermon, that we feel inclined to notice, but want of space forbids. The sermon is of one piece of

cloth, foully stained through and through, not only with malicious dishonor to Our Blessed Lady, but with a denial of the divinity of her Son. If Dr. Pratt believes what he preaches, he has ceased to be a Presbyterian. He has become a Socinian of the lowest type. His religious faith would be fitting subject for the investigation of the next General Synod of his Church.

LETTERS FROM OVER THE OCEAN.

By Dr. Callaghan.

Queenstown, July 17, 1880.
"City of Brussels."

I reached the coast of beautiful, faithful Ireland to-day — a pleasant close to as pleasant a voyage across the Atlantic, as ship's log ever recorded. In all ways the trip was charming beyond description, and as our courteous, kind-hearted captain said to me, "without a precedent in his sea life of more than a quarter of a century." The calm, glossy beauty of the Narrows at New York, on the day I sailed, followed the "City of Brussels" across the waters of the ocean. The sky was always bright, the sea as placid as Lake Erie in its gentlest mood — the weather cool and bracing. We had just enough gale to fill the shrouds and help the tireless engines. From early morn to late hours of the night, during the whole voyage, nearly every passenger was on deck, drinking in the wondrous beauty of a world of unruffled waters.

What glorious mornings, and what sunsets were given to us, as fitting framework to enclose the varied beauty of each day! Our pleasant sleep was ended, as night followed night, with a sight such as land never witnessed. Darkness slowly fled before the carmine streaks that filled the sky to the water's edge, and the miracle of Cana seemed to be reproduced. The waves were rosy with the sea-made wine color. Then the scene changed: as the sun peeped over the watery rim, one shade of light followed another, till the East was all golden, and the vessel rode over a sea of liquid silver.

And then, when the days of cool, bracing breezes, like soft air sighing through the sails, were drawing to a close, their splendor melted away into sunsets of purple and gold — gold brighter by far than hands ever dug from mountains; purple that no Tyrian dye ever rivaled. Every night was clear and balmy; we sat and talked, as the goodly "Brussels" sped on its journey of three hundred miles a day, or gazed upon a cloudless sky, over which the young, growing moon shed its silver sheen until the waves sparkled. When the long, sweet twilight ended, and kind thoughts of friends at home thickened, and we turned our eyes and hearts to the God who rules the deep, we saw the "infinite meadows of the heavens truly blossoming with the stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels." There was peace everywhere—in the sky, on the sea, and I hope in every heart on board. I often thought, in this unchanging stillness of the waves, that the slightest storm did not disturb during our voyage, of the prayers of pure hearts following us over the sea. The music of the Ave Maris Stella was filling the white sails, and an Immaculate hand was gently parting the waters, to make for us a safe path in the midst of dangers. There was such a pleasant sameness in our voyage that I can not give you any strange incidents, for none occurred.

We left New York on the appointed day, with a crowded list of cabin passengers, and an unusual number in the steerage. Among my *compagnons du voyage* were a priest, well known and highly esteemed on the Pacific slope, Rev. P. Monague, the ecclesiastical giant of Nevada, a giant in missionary labor as well as in physique; a friend of his, Mr. I. Mallon, with whom I shared my room, as he found himself in rather warm, close quarters; a Catholic convert from Boston, Dr. Dwight, a most amiable and learned gentleman; an

interesting and highly educated Catholic physician from Buffalo, Dr. Cronyn; a young Catholic, a convert just graduated at the School of the Nuns of the Visitation at Abingdon, Virginia, going to Paris to finish her education in music and French; and a dozen others of the faith. Among them, most widely known, one, of whom every Cincinnatian is justly proud, was Miss Josie Jones Yorke, returning to England for the musical season. Great success and the flowers of public praise have left her what she was — a good, simple, kind-hearted Catholic girl, never forgetting the wise lessons she learned at dear St. Martin's. The few who were sea-sick will long remember her frequent visits and her cheering and kindly ways. They will bless her voice when it is entrancing thousands. Also, among the registered was Mr. P. Collier, a Catholic publisher of New York, who in a few years, by his energy and industry, has amassed quite a fortune, and has done much to spread Catholic literature. I regret to say he was ill during the whole voyage, but the sight of his native land seemed to restore him completely.

I was delighted to meet on board a Cincinnatian, or rather a distinguished member of the Commune of Clifton, Mr. John Morrison, going over to Belfast to visit his aged mother. We had many pleasant conversations, and we both could talk *con amore* about the most delightful suburb in the world. I believe that George A. Townsend (Gath) was also on board. Let me publicly express my thanks to the officers of the vessel. They deserve the grateful remembrance of all. A spirit of kindness, of most thoughtful interest in the comfort of all, animated them, from Captain to the lowest subaltern. There was a jolly *bonhomie* among them all, that contributed not a little to the unmarred pleasure of our trip. It was the City of Brussels that

carried the American pilgrims to Europe. From the purser, one of the best natured men I ever met, a huge smile in human form, I learned a good many incidents of that long, tedious trip. After leaving Sandy Hook, I must confess that I had some dread of that horrible illness which rides on the swelling waves. I waited anxiously on the second day for signs of its presence, and was screwing my courage up to meet its attack. But the monster disappointed me. The third day came, and I knew from my buoyant health and shameless appetite that all danger had passed. Indeed, I have been so perfectly well, that were it not for the two or three victims of seasickness on board, I would conclude that the disease has no existence outside the land of fiction. On the fourth day out, we had a slight fog as we were passing the Banks of Newfoundland; but as we were running a hundred miles south of the ordinary course of the vessels of the Inman Line, the mist soon lifted. Hardly had the sun burst its cloudy barrier and thrown over the water its splashes of gold, when two icebergs were discovered some twenty miles off. One, as near as the officers could determine, was about 120 feet in altitude, about fifteen feet above water, and rapidly melting. On the side toward us, was a covering of snow, and, as the light fell upon it, glistened like a million diamonds, making for the icy mountain a glittering crown. When we saw the other to leeward, a sailing ship, to all appearances unconscious of peril, seemed to be bearing down upon it. For a time we held our breath, watching its descent to the jaws of death. Nearer and nearer it moved, in full sail, until only a narrow span of water seemed running between them. Then, in the twinkling of an eye, the yards backed, the ship tacked, and it sped by the floating terror. Now and then the back of a whale appeared, to the great delight of the

boys, and from day to day, the porpoises leaped and tumbled in merry pranks around the vessel. The abstract of the ship's log showed the average sail of each day to be three hundred miles. To avoid icebergs, which have been met so frequently this summer, owing, probably, to an unusually mild winter in the Frigid Zone, our vessel's cruise across the ocean was in more southern latitude than is usually followed. For two days we were in the region that the sailors call the "rolling forties,"—40 degrees latitude and longitude; but for once it proved a misnomer. No additional swell of the sea broke its unvarying calmness. One night a storm seemed brooding over the face of the deep. I leaned for an hour over the bulwarks watching its approach. There was a flash or two of lightning to reveal the heavy banks of cloud. There was a light below — the gleaming of the phosphorescent waters as the ship glided on, but no more light from the clouds. A few drops of rain fell, the storm covering parted into a hundred pieces, the sky cleared, and the hope of seeing a battle of the elements on the trackless sea faded away. Two evenings were pleasantly spent; one in the steerage, and the other in the saloon, in the enjoyment of entertainments. In the steerage, the crew of the vessel improvised for us a theater. The *mise en scene* was highly creditable. The hat was passed around, and a considerable sum gathered to cheer Jack, when he goes ashore. In the saloon, several of the passengers volunteered speeches, recitations, and songs. I believe these performances are ordinarily not of the highest order of literary or artistic merit. Without violating the truth, I can safely say this was an exception.

A Universalist minister gave us a dramatic rendering of one of Longfellow's poems. Another passenger gave us a sweet flute solo. Several of the *voyageurs*

had excellent voices, of which they gave us generously. George Alfred Townsend, whose elocutionary powers, like most of speech-making Americans, are by no means contemptible, repeated some of his own poetic thoughts, beautiful in themselves and in harmony with the occasion. We had comic ballads that would make a Calvinistic congregation smiled. To crown the feast of music, the best and richest wine of melody that the soul could drink, Miss Yorke gave us the full, wondrous, magical power of her cultured voice in two charming ballads that are sung wherever the English tongue is spoken, but never, I venture to assert, more charmingly and touchingly than by our own Queen of Song. I was quite amused by the indignant protest of one of our Californians, when the master of our social revel, in his well-chosen words of praise, insinuated, unfortunately for truth and himself, that Miss Yorke belonged to England. He had barely uttered these words when a voice was heard: "No, sir; you are mistaken; she is from Ohio." There was a genuine American applause, under which British conceit suddenly collapsed.

Along the coast of Ireland we are moving at fourteen knots an hour, but the day is so bright and warm, we seem rather to be approaching New York. Still the "gem of the sea," ever faithful amid the faithless, is curtained in deepening mist, as if nature was mourning over the sorrows of three hundred years. Boldly out in the Atlantic it stands, a shield and bulwark against every storm of ocean, for her cold, haughty, cruel oppressor, as her sons have been the defense and protection of her oppressor's power, on hundreds of fields, when the cannon's storm was raging. Will her political relation to the power that gives her back, for the victories her sons have won, only famine and death, remain as unchanged forever as her natural position? God

forbid. Better, infinitely better, that the land, sacred and hallowed though it be, should find a grave in the depths of the more merciful ocean, after its noble, keen-witted, generous-hearted people have bidden the land of their fathers a last farewell, and go out, on the flowing tide, to find what so many millions of the Irish race have found, generous welcome, and happy homes in the *only* Land of the Free. God bless the land that has given, so lately, with more than royal generosity, to this desolate but grateful isle. The descendants of the race will pay back the gift with the gold of their industry and talents, and, if need be, with an offering more priceless, their blood, in defense of the great Republic that stopped the roar of its own busy life, to listen to the wail of a dying people, when the rich, selfish famine-maker turned to them a deaf ear and a pitiless heart.

The Queenstown passengers have bid us farewell. It is the breaking of Sunday morning, and we are off before a freshening breeze for Liverpool.

BADEN, August 7, 1880.

Though from England to the continent of Europe there is but a narrow sea passage, a short distance measured in miles, it is wide, indeed, when the difference of life, political, social, and religious, is considered. From an old, strong monarchy, that has Titan-like defied and outlived revolutions, that would have completely and forever changed the political face of every other nation of Europe, to a republic, just beginning its life and already in the throes of death, is a change as great as could be imagined. If there be added to this wide political reputation of France and England, the vast difference of religious and social conditions of the

two countries, the countries might be said to be two extremes of earth touching each other — everywhere and in all things, the national distinctions are most perceptible. In England, Protestantism has its last as well as its strongest fortress — defended as a part of its own life by a government, whose strength for centuries has been matchless, and whose wealth is more boundless than the vast ocean that washes England's shore. Never was an alliance so compact, so strong, as the band that unites Protestantism to the civil power of the British Empire. No hand has been so mighty in gagging the voice of Catholic faith, as that form called Anglicanism. The State gave it for centuries the undisputed possession of the souls of millions — Catholicity was hunted from the land, it made rich and great, like some wild beast of the jungle. It passed from public gaze, and it did not appear possible that the "milk white hind" would ever return again. But Anglicanism is, after all, earthly, and, like all earthly things, must die. The sleepless watchfulness of the government might protect it against attacks, from without; but it could not save it from itself — from that germ of death which must of necessity be found in every form of Protestantism. No civil power, no matter how dominant it may be, in the things of this world, can quiet or expel the fever of internal dissensions, which is ever feeding on the body of heresy. In Anglicanism, is the last relic of modern Caesar-Papism, of which it is said, Satan alone could be the inventor. Surely enough, it has done, for three centuries in England, the devil's work. It has enabled the Father of lies, through English literature, to organize and maintain a world-wide conspiracy against supernatural truth. But the ally of Satan, clothed in purple and fine linen, like Dives of old, very rich and respectable and well mannered, is

approaching its end. Religious life, it has none — it has a corpse-like coldness already settling upon it — its feeble utterances are like the motions of the galvanized frog. Rarely before men are dead, do they turn into crawling, moving masses of vermicular life; but this fairest form of Protestantism, still clothed with the stolen garments of the Bride of Christ, though only in its agony, swarms with crawling insects which, like worms, have been generated from the muck-heap of its corruption. Is it not De Maistre who says, "that national religions, when they turn, breed millions of sects which drag along the same soil, imperfect, blinded, and disgusting, just as the putrefaction of large organized bodies engender innumerable crawling reptiles"? This is the fate of Anglicanism, the last refuge of English Protestantism. The sects of dissent, believing in little or nothing, or everything that is not Christian, a travesty of every revealed doctrine, are fast devouring the religion that is enthroned in St. Paul's, London.

The State has grown weary of repelling the children that are seeking to destroy the parent, who demands from all illimitable loaves and fishes. It will soon be too great a weight for the State to carry — it will endanger its own life. When it has dropped from the hand that wields the scepter, it will be, like a corpse exposed, to crumble into dust. What then? Why, a revel of Atheism — the cup of bitterness which Hobbes presented long ago to the lips of France, and which changed her into the wild maniac of the last century; or the communistic demon of this, returned to her own lips, an act of just retribution. Will she recover from the madness as quickly as France? Hardly, for in France the remedy for those outbursts of infidel fury has never been entirely lost. The hand to save has been weakened, but never amputated. Catholic life is

strong enough in France to assure speedy recovery. So I thought, again and again, after landing at Dieppe, as we traveled through Catholic Normandy. As we journeyed, we read in the *Figaro* words that fell from the lips of Gambetta and his associates, that would make the blood of any Christian boil with indignation. There were thoughts that seem to boil with the fiery hate which hell alone bears toward Christianity.

In the Capital of France, where ten thousand monuments of the faith of fourteen centuries left their immortal voices to protest against the legislation of infidelity, these orators, mad, foaming oracles of Paganism, were applauded and feted. And, I asked myself, is there hope for France more than for England? I read a lecture by the professor of the University of Paris, clothed in exquisite Latin, translated into admirable French, that could have been appropriately delivered in the last days of Pagan Rome, when it was nothing, in the voluptuousness of the conquered Greek, and buying a new day of natural life from the invading German. But nowhere else or since that hour of moral death, has such a discourse ever, I shall not say been applauded, but delivered. I fear the readers of the *Telegraph* will not believe me, when I say that the discourse, from beginning to end, was devoted to proving that the one thing necessary for the advancement of France and the progress of the people, was — "pleasure" — voluptuous pleasure, in its worst, its lowest, vilest sense. This was the theme — this was the foul doctrine, preached at the Lyceum of Charlemagne, to the youth of France, who, as the orator said, were going forth to be leaders in its social and political life, their brows crowned with the laurels of intellectual and enviable victories. They were told to spurn as folly, unworthy of the "emancipated" intellects of students of the Uni-

versity, the teaching of the author of the "Esprit des Lois," "that no republic could live without virtue." If such teaching is to be accepted, said this Sardanapalian rhetorician, "then you impose upon the men who govern a kind of life entirely opposed to their habits." We presume the orator confined his intellectual vision to Gambetta, and those who rule only to demoralize the youth of France. But was it not a strange eulogy? The orator mocked at the old-fashioned idea of seeking for great rulers among men "who respected the rights of property, the value of an oath, or good morals." Such requirements, he said, would extinguish the race of rulers; and no doubt it would end the race of such rulers as now disgrace Catholic France. Leave virtue, he said, to the fireside — but let there be an eternal separation between virtue and politics. He found in the past only one republic of Athens; not the republic that triumphed at Marathon and Salamis; not the State that was ruled by the republic, but that ruled by the courtesan Aspasia. Because, argued the defender of prostitution, as an element of natural greatness, it was owing to the life of this mistress of Pericles, that Athens was the seat of all refinement, the home of all art, the mistress of the ancient intellectual world. It was she that inspired the pen of Sophocles, and of Euripides, and of Thucydides, the chisel of Phidias and Praxiteles. Licentiousness, we are told, gave life to the immortal beauty of the Parthenon. And the only reason given for such a conclusion, was because a painted courtesan happened to live at the time when Greek art and science had reached their days of fullest, perfect bloom.

In the days of another French republic, when the streets of Paris ran red with the blood of its bravest and best, when the blanched lips of humanity, torn by the beast of Revolution, moaned out its curse upon

political Atheism, a courtesan was lifted for worship to the altar of Notre Dame. History is repeating itself — the iniquity which she represented is exalted, as the greatest of virtues, the source of all elevated natural life; and the educated youth of France are invited to fall down and worship. Gambetta, we suppose, is the modern Pericles, for a large portion of the address is devoted to an apotheosis of this matchless ruler. "Away," cried the orator, "with those morose spirits—*'Abeant retro aegri mentes,'*—who would assign the first place, in our adorable republic, to virtue." This question is put to the cultivated audience: "What should rule in a republic? Eloquence, or riches, or the glory of arms? None of these, but *Voluptas* — pleasure." Each one should seek with mind and body his pleasure, and he was the best citizen of the republic, the most in accord with its spirit, who devoted himself to this ennobling pursuit. I threw this panegyric of vice away, and asked myself, if such be the training of the youth of France, is there any hope that it will return to its ancient Catholic moorings? Is this the bugle note that announces its irretrievable ruin? Has infidelity not only won a victory, but will the victory remain unchanged? I found what I think is an answer, pleasing and reassuring. I found it at Havre, at Rouen, at Amiens. I found it everywhere I journeyed

THROUGH CATHOLIC NORMANDY.

I found it in the grand old churches, not only grand as specimens of the exhaustless wealth of Catholic art, but divine, beautiful in the devotion of the crowds of men, as well as women and children, who crowded on week days, as well as Sundays, around those time-honored altars. I saw Catholic France, the eldest daughter of

the Church, all faithful and true in the zeal of her priests, in the angelic lives of her countless religious, in the Christian training of tens of thousands of her children. I saw Catholic life, not waning, but growing stronger, as fair and beautiful in its new works, as the sunny fields of Normandy, where the reapers were gathering the abundant harvests. The memory of the lurid glare of the communism of '70 has burst into the souls of the people of France. The degradation which Paris brought on the French name will not be soon forgiven. The feeling that grows out of these two thoughts, even though it be only human, strengthens that returning love for the Catholic faith and that renewing trust in its blessings which I witnessed everywhere. Infidelity may rule for many a day in England, amid the debris of Anglicanism, when the State pronounces its doom by a decree of divorce. But there is, as far as I could judge, a Catholic life in the French people, in spite of its infidel government — a life that is strong enough to throttle all who propose to build a new France upon "Pleasure," as a foundation. The France of St. Louis is not dead — it only slumbers; and it will not take many such blows as the expulsion of the Society of Jesus, to lift it again to its feet and make its aim as destructive to the infidel brood in the halls of legislation and of learning, as it was to the unbelieving Saracen. When that day comes, and I feel it will, the music of Catholic faith, swelling and triumphant, will fill the lovely places of Normandy, through which I passed on my way to Brussels. The faith that built the venerable Cathedral of Rome, around which the richest, fairest valley of earth lifts up its voice of praise, will live and rule when infidelity, the last child of the Reformation, has been buried. France, to-day, unless all evidences

of religion fail, is more Catholic than it has been for a century.

BRUSSELS.

I spent the Feast of St. James in Brussels, where the Jesuit Fathers received me most kindly. Capital of Catholic Belgium, beautiful as the fabled city that rose from the white foam of the sea,—"Little Paris," as the Bruxellians like to call their city — that capital appeared to me on that bright Sunday morning. What a strange contrast it suggested, in its clear sky, its houses white as alabaster, its streets clean as a parlor floor, to a queenly city that I had left far away, blackened and begrimed and soot-covered by its vast manufactories; and yet Brussels is a city rich in manufactures of the rarest and costliest kind. Belgium, whose large towns crowd and jostle each other, is full of the rush of modern commercial life. No nation stood so high, at our Centennial Exposition, for fabrics and ingenious inventions, or the perfection of machinery; and Brussels is the heart and the crown of this Catholic land, where industry never tires, and never fails to win a golden reward. It is a delightful city, full of wealth, where affluence of power is not disgraced by the indigence of the many. In literal truth I left beggary, when I felt the shores of England. I met but one beggar in France,— a poor old woman, bent with age and disease — while I was waiting for a train in Normandy. I stayed for some days in Brussels and I saw in no place, in all my wanderings, a single person asking for alms; but then, you know, Belgium is Catholic to the core, in spite of the legislation of latter days, where there is no such word as pauperism, where poverty is honored, because the Son of God wore its garment and claimed the poor as his kith and kin, where,

consequently, the aged and the outcast, the orphan and the crippled and the diseased are nursed and sheltered by the hands, and in the beautiful homes, of divine charity.

While I was in Brussels, it was in its holiday gear, as it has been since the beginning of June, celebrating the fiftieth anniversary since its separation from Holland, and the beginning of its national prosperity, as well as national independence. Beautiful at all times, with its lovely parks, its charming walks, its grand squares, its public buildings, from the old Bourse or exchange, — a temple of art, in its sculptured facade, as well as a temple of commerce,— to its new palace of justice, of choicest marble; its magnificent churches that bow their stately forms to the divine majesty: — the far-famed

SWEET CATHEDRAL OF ST. GUDULE,

Beautiful, in all this wondrous collection of natural and artificial beauty, it was made still more gay and beautiful by the splendid decorations that literally cover the city and the fetes that fill the three months of national rejoicing. On the day of my arrival, I, of course, went to see the church of St. Gudule. As a work of art, apart from religion, it is so choice, so perfect, so inspiring, so grand a work of the human mind and hand, that it would be worthy of the defending sword of St. Michael, under whose protection this sweet shrine of St. Gudule is placed. No one could help speaking of this church without the enthusiasm of the highest love, for it is a most rare and wondrous offering of Catholic faith to the God of the altar. Those who have once seen it will never forget its pillared grandeur, where those magnificent statues in long-drawn line seem to keep watch and ward over that sanctuary where the wealth of genius has been so prodigally lavished. We boast—that

is, we of the Queen City of the West — of our School of Design, of our success in carving wood. I am afraid the true art was lost, when the pulpit of St. Gudule was finished. I sat down before it and tried with my very limited intellect to study it. I can not tell you how its wondrous workmanship grew upon me. If patience be genius, as I think Bulwer has somewhere said, this pulpit was the fruit of its highest flight. Dull, indeed, must be the preacher whom the eloquence of that breathing pulpit could not inspire. So I thought, but I did not ask to try its influence, for fear I might discover what I have sometimes felt, that I am the dullest of the dull. The Belgians must be extremely happy in giving names. "Sweet Gudule" is as fortunate a combination as "Little Paris," and yet Sweet Gudule is a vast Cathedral, and Brussels is a town of 400,000, and growing like a town on our own Pacific slope. After seeing St. Gudule, I went home to rest, and after speaking of it, I will be kind enough to give the same blessing to your readers.

BADEN, August 15, 1880.

As I wrote you in my last letter, I arrived in magnificent "Little Paris," when the Bruxellians, always, as a people, cheerful and happy, mixed with a serious energy, which gives them a touch of American push, were midway in their joyous celebration of national independence. The festal spirit was everywhere, embracing all ranks, written upon the faces of young and old, noisy in exuberant boyhood, proud and self-reliant and hopeful in the full-grown, calm and self-satisfied in the more matured, who remembered, through experience, the struggles of the past, and quietly, though not the less deeply, appreciated the prize of self-government, which

those struggles had finally brought to their native land. The Belgian has none of the cold, phlegmatic temperament of the Hollander, which Irving has so graphically and inimitably described in the laughable, yet approximately true, history of New Amsterdam. Nor has he, whether seen in gay Brussels or the older and more staid Antwerp, the abandon of the Frenchman, or the disposition of many of ourselves to slop over, to our own spread-eagleism, on the "day we celebrate." But he carries with him an intense love for his tight little State, a well-founded pride in its progress during the last half century. The expression of this double feeling, or two phases of the same sentiment, spreads itself over public life in Brussels, like the glory of a cloudless day that has the freshness, calmness of the spring-tide, without any of the burning heat of summer days. Their fete is a true revelation and expression of their mixed national character. It was the

CELT AND THE GERMAN

mixed — the race which Julius Caesar knew, as the bravest in Rhineland, united with the steady, plodding, sedate, persevering German, whom other Caesars knew as bold, remorseless conquerors. Out of this amalgamation, the foundation of a strong and virtuous race, came many of the most reliant, most renowned leaders of the Crusades. Here on the continent, as in the Green Isle, faithful even among the faithless many, the Celtic blood showed itself in unswerving devotion to the Cross. This fidelity in the Counts of Flanders and their followers, in the Ages of the Faith, is in strange and marked contrast to the Apostasy of Holland, when the dwellers of dyke-land threw off the yoke of Spain, built upon the billows of every sea an unrivaled power, but won their strength and wealth by trampling upon the

sign of salvation. The proverb was hardly true, yet it is very suggestive of the natural differences between Holland and Belgium: "For a shilling the Dutch sailor would scorch his sails in the gates of hell." But it falls little short of historical accuracy when we recall the record of Holland's traffic in the Orient. The lines of distinction widen when another period of Holland's history is revived — a period of which an illustrious American has written brilliantly, but not accurately — a period that embraces a glorious struggle, indeed, that gave birth to the Dutch Republic and the United Netherlands — but a struggle whose grandeur was dimmed and stained by a bloody persecution of Dutch Catholics, evoked by that morose, dark,

HELLISH SPIRIT OF CALVINISM,

that once rested like a nightmare over Belgium, now wide awake and sunny, and yet broods like one of its interminable fogs over the land of the Hague. It is due to Motley, that English-speaking races know more to-day of Holland than Belgium, though a Catholic Belgium has far outstripped its Calvinist neighbor in intellectual and material advancement, though Holland had an almost measureless start, and possessed natural advantages which Belgium can never rival. It would be well for anti-Catholic orators to learn and remember this superiority of Catholic Belgium, when they are tempted to revamp the absurd and worn-out falsehood, that Catholicity is ever linked, is ever associated with national decline, poverty, degradation — that it is the foe to all those ideas which modern pamphleteers have tied in a bundle and labeled modern progress. Belgium, to-day, where Catholicity has ever reigned, and which throbs as strongly as in the days of the Crusades, in the national heart, lying side by side with Protestant

Holland, tells the true story of the benign influence of Catholic faith upon a people who are allowed to develop their national life. True, indeed, the admirable growth of this or any other Catholic people is no argument in support of the supernatural truths of Catholic faith. The apostles were not sent, the Church was not founded, to make nations great in the natural order. Our Lord did not commission his apostles to tunnel the mountains of India, to whiten the Mediterranean with Indian sails, to eclipse the Phenicians in manufactures, to build a railroad from Joppa to Jerusalem, or stretch a telegraph wire from Dan to Beersheba. The mission of the Church was to save souls, to teach supernatural, spiritual progress, to fit men for heaven. In this work she has toiled for eighteen centuries and succeeded. Over this path which she has constantly trodden, the shadow of no rival can ever fall. But as she has gone forward in the fulfillment of this divine duty, she has ever striven, not only to make men citizens of heaven, but to make them better citizens of earth; so that, when left untrammeled, all the flowers of civilization, as she moved over the earth, have budded and bloomed under the shadow of the Cross. She gives them a beauty and a length of life which no land of heresy can impart. If Protestant nations now boast of the possession of the best fruits of natural progress, truth will compel them to admit that the seed, from which they all sprang, was sown by the hands and cultivated by the ceaseless cares and watched by the sleepless eyes of God's glorious and immortal Church. She is the mother of art and science and literature, as she is the faithful teacher of the Word of God and the science of the saints. This influence of the Church shines most brightly upon every page of the national life of Belgium, on account of its close proximity and many national relations with that damp bed of

Calvinism, Holland. And yet, as I have hinted, Americans generally believe that Holland is the greater, more free, more enlightened, more progressive nation. This ignorance of clouded, biased minds can be traced to one source — to the writings of a great intellect, to the works of a man who, like Froude, believed that fiction, when it could be woven to the interest of Protestantism, was a synonym for history. His object, pursued in every line of the "Dutch Republic" and "United Netherlands," was not so much to defend the Dutch in their struggle to throw off a foreign yoke, as to impress upon too credulous readers, that the epoch and facts of that memorable struggle are important, because they show, in his own words as far as I can remember them, "a deep laid conspiracy of Spain and Rome against human rights." This is the bugle-note in which he sounds his outset against the Catholic Church, and which dies out only on the last page of his wonderful, polished, brilliant works. Mr. Motley's rhetoric is always magnificent, and he certainly is successful in clothing the historical epoch in which the Dutch republic took its rise with all

THE GLAMOUR OF ROMANCE.

But it is romance, not history. With all his ability, he fails, again and again, to harmonize facts with his anti-Catholic theories. Of the Catholic party in the Netherlands, while the Dutch were contending with Philip II. of Spain, he is a reckless calumniator; while he palliates with the zeal of an attorney, whose warmth of eloquence is increased by a large retaining fee, every cruelty of their Calvinistic, fanatical opponents. Through party spirit, he completely ignores the fact that the Protestants of Holland resisted Spanish domination, solely because they desired the extirpation of

Catholicity, even at the cost of exile and death of their Catholic fellow-countrymen and fellow-patriots. This spirit of persecution, which the Belgians felt down to 1830, controlled all their councils and nerved them in every battle in that long and bitter contest. They were not the champions of liberty, either civil or religious. Their ferocity, when they obtained possession of power, was equaled only by the

SAVAGE HATE OF THE HUGUENOTS

of France, and deprives them of all claim to the title of friends of liberty. They persecuted, without the semblance of justice, every Catholic leader of the Dutch people, and condemned without mercy all who were so unfortunate as not to be able to flee the country. Neither Motley's splendid diction, nor his finished art of subtle reasoning, can alter the fact, that Protestantism built its ascendency in Holland, a better ascendency in our own day for Belgium, by the destruction of all the rights of those who differed from them in religion. The groundwork of all he has written is in his atrociously false and untenable theory, fully displayed in the history of the Netherlands — the theory, namely, that the long struggle between Protestants and Catholics, embracing many wars and ranging over all Europe, was a struggle between liberty, as the ally of Protestantism, on one side, and tyranny, the friend of Catholicity, on the other. The historian who to-day starts with such a theory, forgets his calling and puts himself out of court; but it is on the same groundwork that American readers of history, for the most part, have also built their views of Holland as a nation. It was the persecuting spirit of the Dutch that enabled Spain to retain possession of Belgium, after the independence of Holland was conceded. When the daughter

of Philip became the wife of Archduke Albert, then the political dependence of Belgium on Spain was broken. But independence was not of long endurance. For centuries, it was the prey upon which France and Austria successively pounced in the varying fortunes of these stronger nations. At last, the close of the eighteenth century brought unendurable oppression to this rich battle-ground of Europe. The biggest fool that ever occupied the throne of the Hapsburgs,— and it has seated more than one,— the " sacristan " Joseph II., imagined that there was no degree of degradation to which the long-suffering Belgians would not submit. But it was one of his many blunders, for the Belgians rose in despair, and wrested themselves forever from the hands of the Austrians. One oppressor, weak and contemptible, left only to give place to one who was great and infamous; one who thought to win back to the arms of France, on Belgian soil, the glory that Marlborough and Eugene of Savoy had taken away on more than one battlefield in the same narrow country; one whose power was buried in sight of Brussels, on a plain, surmounted by a lofty statue of a British lion looking toward France, the battlefield of Waterloo. Of course, like all other visitors to Europe, we went to see this tomb of all the proud hopes of the greatest and most dazzling and

MEANEST OF ALL MODERN CAPTAINS.

Meanest, vilest, indeed, if Madame Remusat can be believed. It was a dreary, rainy, and, as some English travelers said of it, in their own expressive, idiomatic tongue, a "beastly morning." But we went, and reached the scene of the contest that remapped all Europe. We climbed the long ascent to that huge lion, that some French troops, very silly and very stupid, tried to blow

up, as they marched into Brussels in 1830. Afar off, we saw Quatre Bras on the edge of the horizon, the place where was really decided the issue of the battle of the 18th of June; the first weaving of that web of fate, whose last thread was broken at Waterloo. To the left is still seen the deep ravine where Picton stood,

LIKE STONEWALL JACKSON,

in the Shenandoah; and as he protected Richmond so long, so Picton with his Connaught Rangers, Enniskillen Dragoons, and Grey Scotch Fusileers prevented the right wing of the French army from reaching the village of St. Jean in the rear, and gaining the road to Brussels. As you look towards France, in the long row of lofty trees that stand like sentinels guarding the graves of the thousands that fell on that rich harvest field, you see Belle Alliance, where Napoleon watched; where his head sank, as the storm of battle tore his last army to pieces and the chaos of his last disaster gathered around him. To the right is Hougomont,— you imagine still lurid with the flames of war, which belched forth from those indomitable four thousand British troops, that held it for a day against all odds; that fulcrum, upon which the whole history of that day turned. Then still further to the right is the scene of the last act, where English guardsmen, reared in delicacy and luxury, who could hardly cross unaided the softly carpeted rooms of the London clubs, hewed their way through the last wall of the First Empire. We were quite amused on this trip, with a New Yorker, whose Americanism was too great to be repressed. An Englishman, naturally proud of the history which English arms wrote on that plain, which no depth of grain and no depth or sharpness of sickle, either of time or the farmer, will ever remove, in an unguarded moment

expressed his feelings rather too rantingly. Bubbling over with self-conceit, he said to the American, "You have nothing like that to show in the United States." "No," said the American, "but

WE HAVE BUNKER HILL,

and I believe Yorktown." "I have never seen them," mildly replied the astonished Englishman. "Well," was the retort, "your ancestors probably did, and if so, I don't think they were captivated with either of them." For us, the American portion of the party, the short but sharp passage at words, resulting like the passage at arms at Bunker Hill, was the one gleam of sunshine on that nasty, wet day. From

WATERLOO AND FRANCE

back to Brussels and Belgium. The fall of Napoleon I. brought the Treaty of Vienna, and that fact, unwisely made, as subsequent history showed, united two uncongenial nations together, Belgium and Holland; and gave to Holland the scepter of sovereignty. The unblending characteristics of the two nations were forgotten, in the councils of the diplomatic merchantmen, who only had one thought — to make a balance of power in Europe. They did not consider that it was of any moment into which side of their weighing machine the different nations were cast. But ere long, it was discovered that fellowship did count for something, and Europe has paid for the blindness of the agents of the Allied Powers, by the cost of all the wars since 1815. Belgium and Holland were the most strangely married in the incongruous distribution of Vienna. Married they were — made one, but not mated, and never could be. Holland again wielding power over the Southern Netherlands, played the Bourbon — it had learned nothing and for-

gotten nothing. The grasping, domineering spirit of the Dutch merchantman revived, and was breathed into every department of government. Calvinism, that religion which is

A LIBEL ON GOD,

and which, in days past, had fed on Catholic blood and rioted in the magnificent Cathedrals of Antwerp, Ghent, and other cities of Belgium, clambering again and again, like a hideous ape, upon Catholic altars and desecrating them, began to apply newly-fashioned thumb-screws to the religion of the Belgians. The Dutch held nearly all the offices of State, and gave to the Catholic Belgians, what the Democratic party in our own country usually give to the Catholic Irish — the highly exalted position of policeman. Dutch principles, Dutch officials, Dutch taxes, Dutch schools, Dutch hatred, like their marshes, when the dykes are destroyed, flooded the country. The waters were first very bitter, and finally nauseating, to the thrifty, prosperous, educated population of Belgium. The sound of the revolutionary blow, struck upon the barricades of Paris in 1830, was heard with joy in the streets of "Little Paris."

THE CRY OF INDEPENDENCE

was shouted from city to city in Belgium, where cities are as close as adjoining corn fields in America. Flanders was wrapped, in a day, in a flame of patriotism, enkindled in the streets of Brussels. The flame could not be extinguished by all the waters of Rotterdam, and in that same city the powers of Europe did a sensible thing: they took a more wisely adjusted balance than they handled in 1815. They found that, in the attachment of Belgium to Holland, there was a tail with

more weight than the body, and they severed the unnatural, monstrous union. It is this event, the birth-day of Belgium,— wondrous, little Belgium, in all that ennobles a people,— that Brussels is celebrating with a three months' fete. Since its independence was proclaimed, it has nearly doubled its population, now more than five millions. It is to-day the wealthiest nation of Europe — the rival of England in ship-building — the only nation that can pretend to compete with our own in the perfection of the mechanical arts, and in its manufactures, from the limitless power of the steam engine, down or up, as you please, to that world-renowned lace, whose delicate, fair beauty only woman's tongue can tell, and woman's eyes fully appreciate.

CONTENTMENT AND PEACE

is everywhere felt; industry is a passion; prosperity smiles upon all ranks; and love of their grand old faith, a love tender and touching as it is strong and manly, unites all hearts. There is no apology for the practice of the faith or for the observance of piety. Their faith is above all screening. It is public, and everywhere confessed. It meets you by the wayside, in the outstretched arms of the cross, by which Catholic piety salutes the passing traveler. It is elevated at the corners of the streets in quaint Antwerp, and older Mechlin, and busy Ghent; in the statues of the Madonna, before which the perpetual lamp burns, true type of

THE INEXTINGUISHABLE FAITH

of the Belgians. I went to Antwerp to see its famous Cathedral. It is vast,— a mighty pile crowned with a lofty and beautiful steeple, but it is not so attractive, so warm and attractive in its interior, as "Sweet

Gudule." There I had the happiness, on this evening of a week-day, of assisting at Benediction, and of hearing, beneath the lofty roof of that vast Cathedral, the full, round swelling power of a male choir of well-trained voices. When they had died away, the darkness of night was gathering in that beautiful home of God, where a multitude of hearts gather to receive his Divine Blessing. As it fell upon my head, and I hope upon my heart, I bade adieu to Antwerp and Belgium.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAIN, August, 1880.

From Rotterdam, the great commercial city of Holland,— another Venice, without the great beauty of the Queen of the Adriatic,— to Mannheim, the whole navigable length of the Rhine. We have seen it all, stretching miles upon miles in unchangeable flatness, and again incomparably beautiful in the arrowy rush of its bright waters, and the towering heights of the dark mountains overshadowing it. It presents two extremes of scenery — not unlike our own beautiful Hudson. From New York to West Point, there is scenery which, I think, is matchless,— certainly the famous Rhine does not surpass it. But above that long wall of palisades which the strong arm of nature, in the convulsion that made Manhattan Island, drove down to unseen depths, as a barrier to the Hudson, there is little or nothing to feast and gladden the eye. So it is with the Rhine.

BELOW MAINZ AND ABOVE COLOGNE,

it is the most ordinary of rivers. It does not approach in natural attractions the "Belle River of the West," our own Ohio, from Cincinnati to Louisville. It does

not even float upon its bosom the wealth which the Queen City of the West — or, I am forgetting, the "Paris of America,"— sends down the Mississippi Valley. But there is a part of this historic river so wonderfully rich in the beauty, which nature alone can give, and made so interesting by the memories of the past, that a journey upon its waters is something to be remembered.

It winds and coils itself around a hundred frowning mountain crags, mirroring their lofty faces in its clear waters, just as its name has wound and coiled itself around a hundred important facts in the history of Europe. Scores of moldering castles crown its banks; upon the falling picturesque walls, where wild suzerainty once maintained itself, a strange and fearful record has been written. These remembered scenes of fierce, bloody warfare seemed in strange contrast with the peace that smiled upon its borders; the rich harvests that were pouring gold into the laps of the reapers; and the ripening vines that clothe every spot, on the mountain side, that the sun can reach or the foot of man can tread. These different parts of history, which the waters of the Rhine are ever telling, are much like the ever changing light and shadow that chase those waters from Cologne to Mainz. Where the interest of history flags, legend weaves its weird, mystic thread, sometimes indeed more dark and awful than the lines of history, but again as beautiful and as sweet, as the evening convent hymn that mingles daily with

THE VOICE OF THE RUSHING RHINE.

The noted places of the Rhine have been pictured by pen and pencil so often, that there is no need of any poor, tame description from me. No need now to

repeople those empty dismantled castles that guarded the southern boundary of Germany, for the Rhine is to-day no longer a dividing line between hostile nations, whatever it may be in the future,— Prussia changed all that, ten years ago. For two hundred years, the stubborn, plodding, persevering German waited for his vengeance on the flag of the Bourbons. For two hundred years, he waited to avenge the devastation of the Palatinate and the middle Rhine, by the troops of the Grand Monarque. For more than half a century, he waited to gather strength to wipe out the insult which a Napoleon had offered to the German name, when the tide of French victories poured into Northern Germany. He waited long, it is true, but the vengeance was heavy and decisive. The long "watch on the Rhine" gave the signal in 1870, and Germany not only reclaimed the southern bank of the disputed river, but sang her song of victory in the ears of haughty but humbled Paris. It not only robbed France of its glory, but of some of its fairest, richest Provinces. This is the past — what shall be the future? Will the banks of the Rhine soon glitter again with the army of these Titan powers, whose hatred can hardly be said even to slumber? If expressions of public opinion in either land are an indication of future public policy, it will not be very long before there is another struggle, to recover what was lost at Sedan and Metz. And if the struggle comes, however it may terminate, Alsace and Lorraine will strike for reunion with France. Even in the German States which the Rhine waters,— in Nassau, Baden, and other portions of independent German territory, which Prussia, like a devouring Satan, had absorbed,— there is a growing suspicion and dislike of Prussian ascendency. They are proud of the advanced and advancing strength of Germany, the imaginary revival of the old

Empire that was buried forever in 1806. They indulge in the old dreams and fancies of

THE BURSCHENSCHAFTEN,

and boast that Germany again wears the famous Iron Crown, and wields over Europe the Iron Scepter of the Othos and Fredericks. But, at the same time, they are not slow to admit, at least all I have talked to, that when Prussia built her throne upon the banks of the Rhine, a new and chilling shadow fell upon its waters. The sheen of victorious arms has been followed by taxation, never before felt; by a revocation of individual liberties, which the Grand Dukes, even in the far-spread revolution of 1830, did not dare to touch; and, above all, the Rhineland, strongly, intensely Catholic, remembers, while it groans under the persecution of Bismarck and the relentless execution of the Falk laws, that the old Empire of Germany was Catholic, while the power enthroned at Berlin is the avowed enemy of its faith. So the dream of German unity, now an accomplished fact, is not as pleasant as was the anticipation of that golden era. The bristling bayonets of a million of soldiers prohibit very loud expressions of discontent. But widespread restlessness, to-day, at least, as far as I can learn, exists along the Rhine, if it does not penetrate the whole country. The thrifty inhabitants of the sunny slopes of this great river are a part of an Empire that can wield the hammer of Thor, but they seem to think, with good reason, that the blow, after smiting France, has glanced and struck them. National greatness costs, as they have discovered to their sorrow. It may be that, in their effort to escape from this pressure of Prussian domination, they will at last

BREAK THE BOND THAT HOLDS THEM,

and show to the world that a military power, unless

sustained by national affection, can only make a rope of sand. I am not now writing at random, nor echoing the voice of the Cologne papers, or repeating the grievances of a Rhinelander. But last week I stood on the summit of the Black Forest, fringing a vast meadow-land in the midst of which the river flows like a continual benediction, and heard the fiercest expressions of distrust and hatred of Berlin absolutism, from the lips of a Protestant German professor of deserved note, and his words seemed to harmonize with the feelings of all around him,— some of whom were Protestants from the North of Germany. But whatever changes come, the Rhine will still remain, a great thoroughfare of commerce, the most historic of streams, the treasured recollection of the traveler, the home of countless legends and traditions. Its forest-clad mountains are the mine, out of which religion and poetry have drawn the most beautiful fancies and most thrilling thoughts. From Baden to Rotterdam, the voice of those hoary traditions follow you. Alsace, native land of so many Catholics who have emigrated to the United States, tells you of St. Odilla, to whom a gaping mountain rock gave refuge, when she fled from those who would interfere with her religious vocation. The Chateau of Trifels touches the heart of the Briton, as he passes it on the frontiers of the Upper Rhine. It speaks to him of the Lion-hearted Richard, who was long imprisoned in the dungeon of its lonely rock, and freed at last by the fidelity of a lowly troubadour. At Spires, the haughty, passionate, tyrannical Henry of Germany,

WHO DID GO TO CANOSSA,

whither Bismack is now going, breathed his last, forgotten and dishonored. At Frankenstein, the legend of St. George destroying the dragon has its duplicate,

perpetuated in monumental stone, near the beautiful church of the village of Niederbach, where some native artist has rudely sculptured the death-bringing victory of George of Frankenstein. Around Frankfort, still hangs the glitter of imperial coronations, lighting up the darkness of the past, as far back as the days of its founder, Charlemagne — to-day, without an equal in Germany, in commercial power. Its merchants are among the princes of the world. To the Church in Germany, Mainz is the most sacred spot, chosen by its grand apostle, St. Boniface,— the saintly Winifred of England,—for his episcopal See, and its grand Cathedral is a monument, worthy of the faith he so successfully preached. While on either side of this flourishing city, every weather-beaten minster, so strong, so firmly-built, that every dismantled church or convent seems to have grown out of the rock-roots of the Rhine mountains, still whispers through the long centuries of the presence of Irish apostles, among the children of the German forests, and attests their zeal and suffering in the cause of Christ. I saw

BINGEN ON A BRIGHT AFTERNOON,

quiet, dreamy, as if slumbering in the arms of the mountains, which seem to hold it as their last treasure before they melt away into the rich lowlands of the Upper Rhine. It is worthy of the name the poet has given it, "Sweet Bingen on the Rhine." On either side of the town, as it nestles between the ridges of the mountains, you see the golden cross of church and convent, to tell you that here, in all its fullness, is the sweetness of Catholic faith. It too has its legendary story, a story of sweet charity for God's poor — the story of the saintly Rupert, who fed and clothed, during his infant years, the hungry and destitute who gathered around the castle

of his mother, Bertha. Here, in sight of Bingen, he saw, in a dream, an isle, beautiful as the lost paradise, rise suddenly from the waters of the Rhine. When he asked the guardian of its beauty to allow him to enter and dwell there, a voice, sweet as fair Bingen itself, says the medieval chronicle, told him that a fairer paradise and richer fruits than earth could offer were the reward of Rupert, who had a hand of generous love for the suffering children of God. Then the heavens opened and showed him the Apostle of Love, the first pupil of the Sacred Heart, wearing a garment that he had given that day to a beggar at his door. The convent of Eibing is said to possess this garment of charity. Here too is preserved the memory of St. Hildegarde, the abbess of a neighboring convent, who, in rude age, could clothe her thoughts in classic Latin, and make them sharp as a scourge for the backs of an indifferent, careless clergy. When the great St. Bernard visited Bingen and the convent, he gave her a ring, having as an inscription the words applied to Christ: "I suffered because He willed it."

THE LEGENDS OF THE RHINE,

written and unwritten, pious and otherwise in tone, perpetuating gentle virtues and Christian deeds, or all aflame with war, and red with blood, would fill a larger volume. They have outlived the feudal power of German lords — they have gathered strength from a soil covered with ruin — they are most full of life in places where the hand of death is most clearly seen. I might add that most of them contain as much, if not more truth, than other stories written in our day and dignified with the name of history.

THE WONDROUS DOM.

The beauty of the Rhine, as you descend it, ends at Cologne, receives its fitting crown in that "Dom," that Cathedral, where all the skill and splendor of Gothic art have exhausted themselves. Afar off you can see its heaven-leaping tower, surrounded literally by a forest of scaffolding, where hundreds of busy hands are completing, with heavy blows of labor, which earth can not hear, the gigantic work of five centuries. It was written as an inscription for the tomb of Sir Christopher Wren in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, "If you seek his monument, look around"—so, if you would seek a perfect monument of unchanging faith, uttering its clear, distinct, unvaried voice, through ages that come and go; if you would seek a monument of charity whose flame burns ever the same, planning, building, working for a God of Love, through peace and war, through all the numberless changes of time; if you would seek these virtues, Divine Faith and Divine Love, written upon the fairest stone scroll, that human hand ever traced,

COME TO COLOGNE AND SEE ITS CATHEDRAL.

Come and see this church which for centuries has been casting its cross-formed and ever growing shadow upon the waters of the Rhine. Soon that shadow will cease to lengthen. High up in air, surmounting a tower vast as the cathedral itself, the cross will soon announce the completing of the toil of ages, and St. Engelbert, whose ashes lie beneath its sacred roof, whose soul is in the land of the blessed, can offer this priceless church to the Crucified, as a gift worthy of divine acceptance. An old pagan poet once said: "We do not compare men with gods." So, we do not compare the "Dom of Koln" nor St. Peter's at Rome, with other churches

nor with each other, for they are the embodiment of different types of artistic beauty. The Cathedral which enriches not only the city of Germany, but all Europe north of the Rhine, stands alone — once seen, it will admit of no comparison. For Him who lay in the manger of Bethlehem, many memorable palaces have been built to compensate, as far as earthly splendor could, for the poverty of its rude surroundings, but none, outside of Rome, where the compensation has been so rich and generous. Beneath its vast roof, where the darkness of the clouds struggle ever with the mellowed light breaking through the storied windows, is the tomb of three Kings who visited the King of Juda in his manger. But Oriental magnificence never built and decorated such a mausoleum as this. It fills an immense square of the city of Cologne; it has filled centuries with the toil of construction; it has

FILLED THE WORLD WITH ITS RENOWN;

it will fill heaven with joy, when, through the world of architectural beauty, the glad Te Deum shall ring announcing its completion. How rich has been the merit, the reward of the golden stream of charity that has achieved in this temple a triumph for God and man! Nor let it be forgotten, since it is one of the shining deeds of the Prussian government, that has left placed upon the Archiepiscopal See of Cologne a mark of its persecuting spirit never to be blotted out,— let it not be forgotten that it has contributed generously to this seemingly endless task. This generosity, aiding in the completion of this work, stands out in bright accusing contrast with the miserable, petty policy which the radical government of France has lately shown. In a late discussion of the French Budget, the fatal eloquence of

Gambetta succeeded in reducing the vote for the Cathedral restorations of France to a mere pittance, to a sum, that would not build one of the wide-reaching arches of the mighty Dom of Koln. It was not merely a cowardly blow at religion, at which Gambetta thinks it is always noble to strike, perhaps because it is cowardly; but it showed a sad lack of patriotism of which the French radical is always boasting. The Cathedrals in France, as in every country of Europe, are the most valuable monuments of its past history. In them are preserved by the hands of Christian piety, that never weary in well-doing, the art, bravery, civilization, as well as religion of the past. They are the most beautiful schools of the highest education, as well as the venerated houses of divine faith. They encourage and sustain the highest aspiration of the youth of France, as well as they excite the wonder of the stranger. To save from destruction these monuments of all the virtue and knowledge which a progressive nation should cultivate, a most moderate sum was asked, and "the liberty lovers of France," cringing like spaniels

UNDER THE WHIP OF GAMBETTA,

refused it. Such vandalism makes one seriously doubt the culture of which the government of France talks so loudly. "Prating of protoplasm in gilded saloons," while the national monuments, that would purify and strengthen the hearts and minds of the nation, are falling into decay, brings back the vivid remembrance of the hour when the sculptured record of Roman virtues was falling into dust, and the sturdy German was thundering at the gates of the fairest city of the pagan world. Present public life in Paris narrows the wide gulf of centuries to a very small span. The Prussian

government, taking a wider and more just view of religion in its relation to public welfare, has wisely adopted a far different policy.

It is not surprising, when all the Rhineland is tinted with the colors of legend, that one should find the fruits of religious imaginations deeply imbedded in the walls of its grandest Cathedral. How long the strange story, connected with the bewildering plan of this church, was receiving its present shape and form, is itself a part of legendary lore. But to-day it is as firmly rooted in the sacred soil, that supports the inconceivable weight of the majestic pile, as the building itself. Its weirdness adds to the hallowing touch of age. The name of the architect is as unknown as the grave where Angels' hands buried the Law-Giver of God's people. Legend says that the projector of the church, Conrad of Hochsteden, an Archbishop of Cologne in the thirteenth century, intending to build a church of Christendom, entrusted the work of devising a plan to a native architect. The space of a year was allotted for this purpose. But months came and went, and still the unfortunate architect failed to seize with compass and pencil his

IDEAL OF A PERFECT GOTHIC CATHEDRAL.

Around his bed, in the darkness of the night, floated again and again the light-clothed image of an unrivaled church, but morning's dawn as often dissipated it. He was in the sorry plight of a sorry maker of verses, as satirical Horace described him. With the approaching end of the year, the torment of soul grew apace. To find relief he fled to the forest of the Seven Mountains. While cursing his hopeless lot, a storm shook the mountain to its base, the thunder cleft a lofty oak, and in the midst he saw a man seated upon a throne of flames. The mysterious stranger, proof against flames,

gave him some mysterious nectar to drink which at once banished all his anguish. Like other drinks of natural and more modern invention, it soon made between them a sudden bond of confidence. The "archangel ruined" promised to furnish the rejoicing architect with the plan of a church, so long vainly sought for, upon one condition — that he would sign with his own blood the deliverance of his soul to his infernal majesty. The pact was made and the gift delivered. Where man's genius failed, of course angelic intellect succeeded. The design was examined and adopted with raptures of joy. The architect fondly imagined that his troubles were over, and that his fame would be ascending as the temple itself. But his misery had only begun. The memory of his agreement with the devil continually scourged him, becoming more intolerable as the work advanced and the end of life grew near. There was only one escape from the torture that consumed him, and made the walls of the church, as they mounted towards heaven, burn with the lurid fire that he had seen in the storm-shaken mountain. He sought peace in the revelation of his crime, in penance for his sinful bargain. But the last stroke of punishment was to come: the burial of his ambitious hope that the church would transmit his name to posterity. The night of his death, the brazen tablet on which his name was inscribed, disappeared, and with it all remembrance of the architect. The story reads like the fabric of pardonable pride in the people of Cologne, refusing to admit that human genius could have ever created anything so grand, so beautiful, as their own Cathedral. And surely to no one mind can it be attributed. Each passing century has laid upon the foundations of a rude barbaric age, its tribute of beauty, as well as its offering of money. One thought caught, chiseled and fastened

forever, has given birth to another that bloomed into greater beauty; and so that

DOM BECAME A VAST TREASURY,

into which the intellectual gifts of nations were freely poured; and altogether, they have purchased the richest crown that Gothic art ever formed for the spotless brow of Catholic faith. Will I describe that crown — count its jewels — weigh their value — compare their lights — their varied perfect colors — that tracery, though it be in stone, more finely wrought than the gold-setting that enriched royal jewels! That would, for me at least, be impossible; I know little of the builder's rule and measure; I know little of the intricate technicalities of art. I once, long years ago, had a fearful struggle, as a kind professor may still remember, with the science of shades and shadows, and I am quite convinced that I was worsted in the combat. I know little more of the science of mechanics; and I have only a vague knowledge of the history of art that numbers more revolutions, more radical changes, if not improvements, than the political world. But I can feel and think like other intelligent creatures, and I know that the sight of this Cathedral was to me like the draught of a deep-flowing joy — it seemed a better world. "Mother of Churches" it might not be, and is not, in the annals of Christianity; but to me, coming from the land where the Church is just passing out of its age of infancy, it was the most perfect symbol of the eternal life and endless triumph of our faith. Moses was commanded to build the Tabernacle after the pattern

WHICH ANGELS' HANDS HAD MADE,

and which he saw on the Mount. And is not this Dom of Koln worthy of being called a human copy of a

greater Tabernacle and a purer Altar, on a higher Mount, once seen through the broken clouds of Patmos? So I thought, however unworthy might be the comparison; Gothic art is the inspiration of Catholic worship — no other religion could have created it; and before my eyes, blind though they be to all its grandeur, was the full voice of that inspiration. Perhaps it was my partial ignorance that threw me into that maze of wonder; if so, I am grateful for the ignorance. As I approached it, it seemed like a shapeless mass, such as might have been cut in one unbroken but shapeless block from the heart of some mountain. Up that towering eastern wall the eye climbed so far, even though its flight is swift, that it seemed to ache with the journey and to have reached cloud-land. Then, as the eye rested, that grand wall seemed to divide into a thousand splinters; spare and rounded those splinters are, each as large as the pillars of our own beautiful Cathedral. There were chiseling and carving, rare and skillful. But no human eye sees it from below — as well try to follow the star-light to its source. But this church was built for God and his saints — they see it, and Catholic love is satisfied. At first, I hardly knew where to search for the main entrance. But this church is Gothic — not the Gothic which was refined to death, in the pagan revival of the sixteenth century; not the bastard production of the Elizabethan era; but the natural, graceful creature of the Catholic sanctuary and of Catholic ages. There was divine harmony between the Catholic altar, its rites and liturgy, and the developments of Gothic art. And wherever the latter builds, it must build to be true and beautiful, as Catholic worship dictates. Every stone that ever entered the walls of a Gothic building offers an act of homage to the Catholic Church. I knew I was near the altar, when

I stood, undecided which way to turn, before that eastern wall. The breadth could not decide, for on every side it filled that vast square. It may sound strange to speak of those walls, over which centuries have passed, moving, uncoiling, unfolding themselves, as the visitor passes along the north wall, that ever shuts out sunlight. But so it seemed to me, piece was added to piece, part grew into part, as the long distance was measured, and so harmoniously, that I at last began to believe in the figure of

"MUSIC FROZEN IN STONE."

But that day there must have been a general thaw and joyous deliverance of the long-imprisoned Music; for it seemed to fill the square.

Long ago I know I have wearied the patient readers who will undertake to read this, so I must move far more swiftly than I did around the western wall of the Cathedral, where a thousand statues rise like a vast pyramid from the entrance,— the people's portal of a Gothic church,— till they clasp the tower that shadows church, river, and city. They are now restoring this front, strong as a battlement, but fair as heaven's gates; so the entrance is by the door of the transept. It seemed like returning to the river's front to reach it, for at every corner you stop surprised and delighted. How many millions have trodden that path? How many feet have worn that oft-renewed steps, that lead you into the shrine of the Three Kings? How many millions have knelt there before their sacred relics, to adore the same God whom they saw veiled with flesh in the stable of Bethlehem, and whom both now see unveiled in heaven? I am only voicing my own thought, as I passed from the sunlight to the solemn, awful vastness of the Cathedral of Cologne. When you enter, you

are dazed (it may be a paradox, or something worse) by the *visible* darkness, that hangs like a heaven-made curtain from that ceiling which you almost vainly search for. It may be true, as Byron wrote, that the vastness of St. Peter does not overwhelm you. But this is not true of the church of Cologne, nor is the presence of this feeling due to a lack of proportion in the building. You can not but feel your own littleness, your own nothingness, in the wide, sacred space which those walls inclose.

THE CLOUD OF GOD'S OWN IMMENSITY

seems to mingle with its dim religious light and to enlarge what man had made so great. Afar off, or at least what seemed so, as I crossed the threshold, was a crowd listening to the words of a preacher. To me it was solemn pantomime, as not a sound of the voice reached me. The pulpit stood far away from the altar, and yet in the transept. I drew nearer, and the audience began to multiply itself, and I found that the few I had seen were really many hundreds, drinking in the words of one who was more than ordinarily eloquent. If it be possible to describe the massiveness of the building, it would be a more difficult task to tell the glory of the more fragile beauty imposed upon its stained and storied windows. The northern windows are medieval in design; the southern of modern figure, and the illumination of them both is enchanting. Give them a little study, and their gorgeous pictures sink into your mind and

HAUNT YOU LIKE PLEASANT DREAMS

long after they have ceased to speak to you from their place of history, divine and human, of God and saint and angel. At the close of the sermon, there was an exposition of the jeweled reliquary, containing the ashes

of the Magi. I had a close view of this treasure, and of many others, including rings and croziers of immense value, held by episcopal hands that moldered into dust long centuries ago. Thrilling mementoes of death, in gold and silver, bronze and stone, scattered all around the chancel on either side of costly altars, and in their midst, ever living, ever watching over this treasure-house, the same God-Man at whose feet these Kings of the Orient knelt eighteen centuries ago in the stable of Bethlehem. So in that magnificent Dom, where centuries clasp hands and are blended together, the presence of Him who is the Alpha and Omega, without beginning and without end, dissolves the remembrance of passing faith and passing time, and lifts up the heart to the Temple, not made with hands, eternal in heaven.

DRESDEN, August 24, 1880.

There are many other objects of interest in the old electoral city of Cologne, besides the Cathedral of which I wrote in my last letter—such as the tomb of St. Ursula, in the church erected to her honor, to commemorate the savage, brutal massacre of her eleven thousand companions, by the Huns. At the foot of her statue is a white dove, to harmonize with the story that a dove told the place of her burial. Then all Cologne is full of the memory of the gentle piety of its Herman Joseph, whose tomb in the Abbey of Steinfeld represents him giving, as he did in his infancy, the child's gift of an apple to our Lord, as he knelt in fervent prayer before his statue. The translation of the bodies of the three Kings to Cologne is historic. When Frederick Barbarossa besieged and captured Milan, the citizens concealed the relics of the three Kings which Eustorgius, the patriarch

of Constantinople, had given to the city. A German Knight promised to reveal the place of concealment to Rainaldo, Archbishop of Cologne, if the latter would regain for him the favor of the Emperor. The engagement was fulfilled, and the Archbishop of Cologne carried the relics to his own city. My last look at the pride of Cologne, was from the deck of the steamer, on a beautiful night, as we

SLOWLY MOVED UP THE RHINE.

In the sheen of the moonlight, it loomed up superbly, the whole north side, like a rushing flood of silver which, as it fell and ran, sharpened and deepened all its beauty. It was heaven's richest drapery for the great tabernacle of the Lord. That glistening covering will come and go, as days and years are added to the centuries that are gone, but to me it will be unchangeable.

I left the Rhine at Mannheim, which reminds you, by its busy, bustling manufacturing life, of some of our own pushing, feverish towns. It was holding a large exposition of agricultural and textile products; but Cincinnati has overdone this commercial invention, and I did not wait to see it. Passing through the city to the railway, I saw a large statue in a public square, and I asked my guide the name of the important personage exposed to public gaze. All he could tell me was that he was a patriot, and had murdered somebody. Of course I knew a little more of history than the stolid driver, and remembered that it was at Mannheim, that Burschen enthusiasm made an assassin of the student Sand, who killed Kotzebue, the literary agent of Russia, who satirized liberal German ideas away back in the thirties. So much honor for being a cowardly assassin, when a man steals the livery of patriotism to cover his crime!

In a few hours after leaving Mannheim, you reach Baden, famous in many ways in all parts of the world. Years ago it was the

MOST NOTORIOUS GAMBLING HELL IN EUROPE.

Here, every year, gathered tens of thousands of blacklegs, of both sexes and all ranks of society, to spend days and nights during the summer season, in the delirium of gambling. The government not only permitted it, but encouraged it, reaping a rich harvest from the broken hopes and blasted lives of those who allowed themselves to be drawn into the glittering whirlpool. All that is a dark memory of the past. The Prussian government closed the gilded palaces of despair; and Baden is now one of the most quiet, happy, as well as one of the most delightful, summer resorts in Europe. Fifty thousand persons are said to visit it annually, some to try the healing powers of its mineral waters, others to enjoy its ever fresh, mountainous scenery and cool, invigorating climate. There was a Roman fort and village here, away back in the days of the Emperor Trajan. The value of its boiling streams was known, and baths were built by Caracalla, who called the place "The Watery City of Aurelian." In Allemannic invasions, the city was reduced to ashes and the baths destroyed. Over their ruins now stands the old and beautiful church of which the Badenese are justly proud. It was built in the seventh century by the monks of the convent of Weissenburg, to whom the Merovingian King Dagobert II. of France gave the site of the new picturesque town of Baden. The church has felt, again and again, the rude, destroying hand of war; but through eleven centuries, it has preserved its form and main walls, such as they are to-day. The interior is certainly very handsome. The sanctuary is large and

artistically decorated with the finely chiseled stalls which the monks once filled. Here are buried many generations of the Margraves of Baden. The city has certainly no reason to be kindly disposed to France; for more than once, in past centuries, it poured its victorious troops through this fertile, smiling defile of the Black Forest, and pillaged and burnt the city. It is, therefore, no wonder that the

CATHOLIC PEOPLE OF BADEN

feel the late triumph of Prussian arms, as a special retribution for the wrongs they have suffered. Till the close of the last century, Baden was an unnoted place in Rhineland, undisturbed by the traveling world, or at least that part of it under German origin. But under its enterprising Margrave, Charles Frederick, it awoke to a new life. Gifted with something like American keenness, he saw that a golden stream might be poured through the city, as well as the rustling waters of the little Oosbach, that refreshes the valley. The relics of the past, the old walls and gates of the city, were carted away, and magnificent hotels and baths sprang out of the mountain side. What Charles Frederick, abreast of his age, so shrewdly began, his successor, Duke Leopold, completed; and to-day no visitor can fail to admire here the perfect blending of nature and art, nor fail to appreciate, in his own comfort and delight, the foresight of these two German Dukes. The time when the gambler's passion made Baden a place to be shunned, has been followed by a charming quiet, that holds many strangers here all the year round. Hotel life has only its pleasant side, the nearest approach possible to home, and the walks and drives, and strange, interesting places in and around the town, for a circuit of many miles, are without number. Hundreds come and go every week

during the summer months: families seeking under the mountain shade a retreat from boiling heat, and tourists filling the dark, winding, well-kept roads of the famous Black Forest, rehearsing the legends that have frightened for centuries the simple people of the land; and yet, with all this ebb and flow of the tide of humanity, the retirement and quiet of those who seek it, is unbroken. And then in feeling, in customs, in thought, the mass of

THE PEOPLE ARE INTENSELY CATHOLIC.

The Assumption of our Lady is one of the great feasts of the city. Her statue adorns the front wall of its grand old church, stretching her protecting arms over the city, lying below. But it was made this year a public as well as a private feast. The beautiful Kursaal, where a most excellent band fills the valley with music every night, was brilliantly illuminated for the occasion; I sat on the side of the Freiwald to enjoy the sight — a thousand lights and, I almost thought, as many colors. A military band was also engaged to make the feast as grand as possible. But to myself and other Americans who witnessed the festal scene, there was something which others could not so intensely feel. It was the opening piece of music — a *pot-pourri* of martial airs — and the first was "Away down in Dixie," followed by "Rally Round the Flag." Thousands of miles away, I have of course heard them sung, and played, and whistled, till I wished some beneficent hand would break the instrument or throttle the voice. But on this beautiful night of Our Lady's triumph, far from home, I thought that it was the newest, freshest, sweetest music that had ever gladdened mortal ear and heart. I suppose you have to go away from home, to discover what

you think of your own land and of yourself. Just back of this place, where the furled and unfurled flags were musically waved, is a most

BEAUTIFUL "UNITED" GREEK CHURCH,

built as a mortuary chapel for Prince Sfourza by his father. High Mass, according to the Greek rite, is said every Sunday. The marble flooring and statuary, representing the young prince as a student at Paris, where he died, are exquisite, and the frescoing is of the most florid style, to suit the Oriental taste. I had a full view of the chapel and its lofty surroundings from the window of the hotel. I was allowed to enter the sanctuary (always veiled) and examine the altar and vestments. How poor, how painfully poor, was that altar compared with the rest of the chapel. As I came away, I asked myself, "Can the evil of schism, when it has once torn a land, be ever completely effaced?" I could not but admire the beautiful Greek imprint of the liturgical books. I opened one at random, and my eyes fell upon a prayer of St. Basil, such as only his great, pure heart could breathe to God; and I thought, as I came down the mountains, of how much, worthy of honor and praise, the Greek priest possesses, who can claim such masters in learning and piety, as the Basils and Gregories and Chrysostoms. No portion of God's Church was ever more rich in saintly greatness, than that land now so barren and desolate under the blight of schism.

All who visit Baden go to visit the Old Castle of the Dukes of Baden, and the Black Forest. The forest begins at the edge of the town, and almost completely surrounds it. By a long, winding ascent, on which but little light falls through the thick, lofty pines of the forest, you reach the mountain eyrie of a once wild and

lawless race. Its position, lifting its crumbling tower above the highest peak of the mountain, and its fortress walls, iron-clamped, show that an attack on it would be no easy work, certainly no pastime, when the battle-axe was the strongest weapon. It is a wearisome ascent to the top of this abandoned castle, but the view it gives of the surrounding country amply repays the labor. It is, indeed,

A COMMANDING SITE.

Above you, from the close, dark green of the mountain forests, are breaking, in a hundred places, the white clouds, that curl and twist into as many shapes, and are lost in the clear sky above. Below and through these broken, fleecy veils, you see rich, teeming valleys, where harvesters are at work, where towns and villages are scattered, scarcely lifting their heads above the smiling plain. On the edge of the horizon, rises the tower of Strassburg's famous Cathedral, and to make the picture perfect, the whole is set in a silvered frame, for the waters of the Rhine, feeding that valley with ceaseless life, bind all these varied parts of the landscape together. Many a conflict, when the old castle was young and strong, took place in the wide valley below — but, thanks to gunpowder and rifled cannon, this rock-built den of marauders became as useless for defense as a paper cabin, and was surrendered to decay. One day I rode from the place scented with deeds of blood, to the Castle of Eberstein, on another ridge of the Black Forest. On the way, you meet with a large rock which legend has given the name of

THE DEVIL'S PULPIT.

When you ascend it, the town of Baden again appears in sight, almost at your feet, though you have been trav-

eling for hours. Legend says that in the days of the first Christian missionaries, the Devil once stood upon this rock, though he has left no print of his fiery feet, to persuade the Germans to reject Christian truth. He was then, as he was in the Garden of Paradise, as he is to this day, a very polished and seductive orator, and crowds gathered to him, as in our own country they gather to hear — well — Beecher. Legend reports that the Devil's sermons were not only like Beecher's rhetoric, but very much like them in spirit — no doubt, the source of inspiration is the same for both. In presenting the attractions of this life, in painting the happiness which wealth and worldly pleasure give, the Devil of the Black Forest never had a superior nor a successor equal to the Brooklyn preacher. His eloquence began to tell upon his simple hearers, and they began to believe that the Devil was a preacher of truth — the same mistake that is made by thousands when Beecher opens his lips. Suddenly the glamour of his eloquence was broken; an opposite rock suddenly shone with divine light, clothing an angel holding in his hand the palm branch of victory, the symbol of the triumph of his own oratory; with words of truth, he painted the enduring joys to which earthly self-denial leads. The change in the listening multitudes was as swift and as great as comes to the ocean, when sunlight breaks and stills the raging storm. The doubting were confirmed, the weak strengthened, and the apostates reclaimed; but Satan was not easily abashed, and to this day preachers of heresy can boast of

A LARGE AMOUNT OF CHEEK;

but in the worst of the battle of words, heaven sent its voice of thunder to silence falsehood; and, in the gaping

chasm which the thunderbolt had made, the vanquished Devil descended to his fiery home. The dwellers of the forest still pass the rival pulpits with mingled feelings of horror and reverence.

Looking south from the Castle of Eberstein, which stands boldly out on the back of the Black Forest, full of interesting warlike relics of the ages of knighthood, you see in the blooming, narrow valley the beautiful Convent of Lichtenthal. The religious wear the habit and follow the rule of St. Bernard, the sweet odor of whose name and gracious deeds fills this mountain land. It was founded in 1245, but was not entirely finished until two centuries afterwards. Many of the Ducal House of Baden received in this place the veil of religion — a score of their tombs lie within the sacred walls. It might be concluded that a religious house which the Ducal family had enriched, and which had done that family so much honor for centuries, would escape the hand of spoliation. But greed for the possessions of the Church, so widespread in these latter days, knows no restraint of justice or honor. In 1802, this petty State, copying the course of greater robbers, despoiled the Cistercians of the pious donations of hundreds of years, and gave them in return, as usual, a beggarly pittance for their maintenance; later, it should be noted, Duke Leopold, in mitigation of the wrong, endowed, with a considerable sum, the orphanage which stands near the convent. Around this beautiful home of religion, legend has wound its golden thread. In days long past, the sounds of the prayers and hymns of the religious were broken and drowned by the din of battle, that swept up the valley of the murmuring Oos, to the doors of their beautiful chapel. Nearer and nearer, as night drew nigh, came the victorious shouts of the

invading foe. It was a ruthless, savage age, that spared neither sex nor infancy, that

ROBBED GOD AS WELL AS MAN.

So the religious abandoned all hope of saving their convent, and began to prepare for flight. To strengthen their hearts for the sad abandonment of all they held dear on earth, the whole community entered the chapel for a parting prayer and to ask the protection of God. When the Benediction of the Divine Watcher of the Tabernacle had been asked, the abbess took the keys of the convent and hung them upon the arms of a statue of Our Lady. Then came the news, brought by a peasant blood-stained and battered, that there was no time to be lost, as the enemy was already at their gates. The community barely escaped to the forest, when the troopers poured into the deserted chapel; but they stopped awe-stricken at the threshold, for they met, not the opposition of weak women, as they expected, but the moving figure of the Madonna, who approached them from the pedestal of her statue, holding in her hand with the keys a sword of vengeance. One moment those men of mail stood stupefied with fright, and then fled back to the silent battlefield. In the convent, so miraculously preserved, is still seen the statue. Oriental, as it most probably is, to judge by the Byzantine workmanship, it may have strangely escaped the iconoclasm of the East, to find proper honor in the Cistercian foundation. This and numberless other legends fill the Black Forest and the hearts of the people of Baden. Its natural obscurity and the terrible historical events that have transpired in its gloomy recesses, have made it a land of mystery. On the facade of the magnificent Trink-Halle of Baden, many of these strange tales have been very creditably frescoed.

DRESDEN, August 30, 1880.

From Baden to Dresden, from the most famous, and perhaps the most pleasant, summer resort of Germany, to Germany's most celebrated center of art, and all the branches of science usually attending it, is a long journey, and for a great part uninteresting. So I halt for a few days to rest, and find some rest in talking to your readers from the heart of Saxon Switzerland. Outside my window flows the sluggish and muddy Elbe, even though it be in many places enriched with mountain scenery, reminding one of our own river in the summer-tide, and of the many friends who live in America's center of art. Certainly Cincinnati has as much claim, and more, to that title, than Dresden has to be styled another Florence. But I will not discuss its pretensions, till I reach it in my line of tramp. In the history of the past, Dresden and

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAIN,

my first stopping place after Baden, are closely connected. It was at the former place that Charlemagne, if the reading of the other days is well remembered, felt the overwhelming strength of Saxondom, that poured down the valleys of Pillnitz and Placeen like a mountain torrent, to drive back the ambitious Frank. More than once since, that event has been repeated; but in this matter-of-fact age, when there is very little poetry in war, no legend is breathed into life, on the modern deadly battlefields of Frank and Saxon. It was not so when Charlemagne fled before the circle of fiery wrath

DEFENDING SAXON LIBERTY.

Its flame, ever spreading and deepening, pursued him from the Elbe to the Main. Here his broken, disheartened army sought, in vain, for a ford to cross and reach

their own country. All hope seemed lost, when, as the schoolboy story runs, a herd, better acquainted with the river than even an emperor, crossed a ford near the Frankish camp, and gave the desired information. In gratitude, I suppose, for his deliverance, Charlemagne laid the foundations of the present interesting and magnificent city of Frankfort. It was once what the liberty-loving Saxons delighted to call a "free town," holding sovereign rights, as the front and head of the Hanseatic League, that bowed neither to King nor Kaiser. But one of the consequences of the last struggle with the Austrian, has robbed the shopkeepers of old Frankfort of this aged glory. It is now one of the jewels of Germany's imperial crown, and held very tightly, lest the remembrance of the past, and the possession of its present great wealth, should make it unruly. The Main, about Frankfort, at least, is the Rialto of Germany. It is the paradise of money-changers, and of the same race, to a large degree, as were the money dealers who controlled the commercial fortunes of Venice. Here, in a miserable, obscure street, to which the Jews were once confined, Mayer Anselm Rothschild began to labor for the liberty of his people, not by arms or the printing press, but in a way more potent and more certain of success in this world. He began

TO MAKE GOLDEN BANDS

to tie the needy, outstretched hands of the enemy; and as years rolled on, the golden chain proved far stronger than the manacles that the Jew was forced to wear. The iron broke, but the gold of the Rothschilds' coffers still retains its powers. The more modern part of the city, which occupies both banks of the Main, is handsome, and the wealth of its citizens is not allowed, like the last rose of the desert, to waste its sweetness, or

rather its glitter. It shines everywhere — in costly palaces, in surrounding gardens, in gay equipages, with all the English trappings. The Frankfort banker exhibits to the utmost the power of gold, felt in every part of the commercial world. The imperial crown, which it placed so often on the brow of the descendants or heirs of Charlemagne, has disappeared. The old Roemer, where the scepter of Europe was so often bestowed, is now the most fallen of "banquet halls deserted." The noiseless ghosts of departed splendor now fill the places, where kings once swore loyalty to their elected chief. But Frankfort, for its poor, industrious, growing population, has received something far better in exchange — the commerce that more evenly and more justly distributes the blessing of this world.

The Cathedral is unworthy of the Rhine Valley; art has bestowed upon it no impressive beauty. Kings without number were once crowned there; but when that ceremony ended, the King of kings seems to have been forgotten. St. Catherine's Church I found better repaid a visit. Here the King of kings has a throne, a gem of marble cut from the heart of the mountain, an altar that can not fail

TO DELIGHT THE CATHOLIC HEART,

however much it may be criticised as a work of art. The market place, through which I passed to reach St. Catherine's, told the chief features of Frankfort. There was a bustle and life and activity, from the smallest to the largest dealer, that had a decided American flavor. Making money is here boldly stamped upon young and old, rich and poor, as the ruling passion. But it is not an all-absorbing one, as the many public beneficent institutions of Frankfort can testify. Wealth is scattered with a liberal spirit — the princely merchant is the

princely patron of intellectual pursuits. The home of Goethe has not forgotten that there is a richer and more enduring music, than the clink of dollars, and a species of paper more valuable to coming generations, than commercial notes. Here is a large Public Library, better regulated, as far as I could judge, than our own, and supplied with a better class of books. One of its citizens gave, for public education, a rare collection of paintings, containing the best works of schools of painting in Europe. Not content with this royal gift, he bestowed upon the city money enough to build the house in which the collection is most carefully preserved, and to found an art school, which is now in a most flourishing, hopeful condition. These are a few of the many blessings which wealth has showered upon the city of Frankfort.

HEIDELBERG.

I stopped only a few hours at the seat of one of the most celebrated universities of Germany, and noted also for the bloody scenes of warfare which it has witnessed. It is strung out on one line, as if the inhabitants feared they might lose themselves if they lost sight of the Neckar. It seems to be a sort of Mecca for undergraduates, let loose from Oxford or Cambridge during vacation, though why they should turn their adoring faces to the gates of its dilapidated University, is to me a riddle. The paths of learning of England's great schools lie far away from law and medicine, on which Heidelberg prides itself. But the English student rather affects Heidelberg. It possesses a very valuable library — some of the manuscripts are indeed priceless. It owes the possession of the best of them, at the present time, to the honesty of Pius VII., who gave back to it what the thirty years' war had taken from the shelves of the

University. But to-day the Pope is rather a hated personage in the classic town of the Neckar. The heretic Jerome of Prague here sowed seed which has borne bitter fruit, followed by a religious dry rot, one of the inevitable sequences of heresy. The famous school, which the Catholic Church founded five centuries ago, and richly endowed, opens its halls to the entrance of anything but religion. So here, as elsewhere, the worst scars, on the face of the Bride of Christ, are the marks of the ingrate's hand. Heidelberg is the seat of a

CONTINUOUS WAR ON CHRISTIANITY,

more destructive than those that more than once laid this ugly town in ashes. I don't wonder that the granddaughter of Mary Queen of Scots, the wife of the Elector Frederick, was anxious to shake the dust from her feet, for she had Catholic blood in her veins, even though it was mixed with water from the veins of her miserable apostate father Jamie. They don't adore Popish idols any more in the school of Heidelberg, but they have changed to another worship — the adoration of the Heidelberg tun of beer and its contents. The scholar and the priest hardly think that this is a sign of intellectual progress. A few hours in this place, which brought sad memories to me, were enough, and I turned my face

TO BERLIN.

You see a good deal of Berlin in every city and town in Germany. I mean in the soldiers, whose uniforms, anything but handsome or comfortable, are found in every square and street, like telegraph poles, from the Rhine to the Spree. It impresses the once independent States of Germany, in a very rigorous, if not acceptable way, that Potsdam's breed of giants has become so

numerous, that all Germany must be for the future the ground upon which they will feed. It is old pagan Rome, ferocious and warlike, rising up from its grave in the nineteenth century, and trying at least to refashion Europe, by building a colossal power on old pagan foundations. And we are told by "scientific" writers of history, that the world has gained something or other, not very definite, from the revival of the life and habits and thoughts of that wolfish community which issued from the seven hills by the Tiber, to conquer everything within its reach. And in every foot of conquest which Prussia has made, the

PAGAN POLICY OF BERLIN

has implanted the political principle that the authority of the State — that is, of the Prussian King — is supreme in all things; to which all lines of territory must give way, and to which all doctrines of religion must conform: hence this multitude of soldiers, thick as the plagues of Egypt, claimed in the cradle as chattels of the State, and employed during the best years of life to enforce and perpetuate the sovereignty of brute force, the only kingly principle which the brute intellect of Frederick of Potsdam could understand. To these traditions of the brute who was wont to haul his royal family by the hair around the floor of his palace, as an argument in favor of brute force and will, Bismarck has ever been true and faithful. Hence, to-day, we have Berlin, not only upon the banks of the Spree, but fierce and ravenous as the old Roman wolf, or as Frederick I., on the waters of the Rhine; and wherever the shadow of its policy or the shadow of its automaton soldier falls — for they are one and identical — there are blight and death to all individual liberty, civil or religious. Men do not gather grapes of thorns, nor figs of thistles;

so from the pagan root of absolute supremacy of the State, erasing both the lines of family authority and religious independence, you can not look for the flower of Christian liberty, the only one worthy of the name, without disappointment. If any were so foolish as to expect a different result, they have been made wiser, if less hopeful, by the history of events, during the last ten years, in the Empire of Germany. Individual liberty, in civil matters, has vanished, trodden out of life by the strong heel of the Potsdam policy, begun in 1700 and fully ripened in 1871. In the place of that liberty, you have the soldier and socialism. Berlin revived the political principle that made the Roman Caesar Pontifex Maximus, which was voiced on the sycophantic lips of cringing Luthers in the sixteenth century, that a monarch has a right to choose a religion for his subjects. It is not surprising that this principle, justifying every form of religious persecution of those who chose to differ with their prince on the subject of religion, should find them, as to-day, its most sturdy defender at Berlin, in

A TERRITORY THAT WAS STOLEN,

with all the violence of a highway robber, from a religious Order of the Church.

DRESDEN, August 30, 1880.

The Brandenbergers gladly embraced Protestantism, in the political as well as the religious order, or, rather, they embraced the latter because the former covered the brand of theft which, like a bar sinister, marred the beauty of their escutcheon. To put the preachers of God's Word, as suppliants at the foot of Caesar's throne, begging them to validate their commission to preach,

was a shrewd move on the part of the liberty-loving Reformers, and a servility that was very profitable to the ancestors of the present Kaiser. As their preachers could get no commission from heaven, in the spirit of Protestant preachers, from that day to this, they looked elsewhere for credentials that would pay. The enunciation of the dogma, that the State had the right to govern the Church, secured the enjoyment of loaves and fishes, to be furnished by the flattered State, with the no small additional perquisites which Dean Swift so caustically satirized, of

STEALING FROM THE CATHOLICS

whenever and whatever they wished. And their will was exceedingly rapacious, as the desecrated churches and universities of Germany and the rest of Protestant Europe tell to this day. Out of this Protestant decline, whose cradle was in Saxony, not far from where I write, has grown that system of encroachments of the temporal power on religious liberty, which flowed into the Falk Laws of 1874. Luther and his fellow-scoundrels planted, and Bismarck for six years undertook to reap a bountiful harvest from their work. But every swing of the scythe, cutting away at religious liberty, struck against the Catholic Church. So with socialism on one side, and the Catholic Church on the other, resisting the application of the political principle, upon which the whole present Empire of Germany rests, Prince Bismarck found that he had undertaken a very difficult job. To succeed, he drew largely on the Potsdam inheritance, and strengthened his hands, or at least he thought he did, with that old brute Frederick's wisdom. He multiplied the number and he multiplied the duties of Prussian soldiers. This is the reason you stumble over these uniformed props of pagan, brutal power, on land or

water, night or day, in church and school, in every quarter of that *gloriously free* Empire of Prussia. Bismarck has succeeded in one thing — he has made soldiers; in all else, he has most miserably, yet most fortunately, failed. Wherever you meet this machine of war, which the Bismarck workshop has turned out, you instinctively say the work has been well done. In gait, in bearing, on the streets, as well as in the barracks, off or on duty, he is the soldier. No slouching, no forgetfulness of his avocation. The private is as thoroughly disciplined, as was the Roman soldier on guard at Herculaneum. He is food for powder — but he is thoroughly kneaded and most carefully baked for the devouring battlefield. The French soldier, as we saw him, at least in Normandy, presented a pitiable contrast to this well-trimmed and well-tutored chattel of Bismarck. And if all be like those we saw, Napoleon I. was fighting, in the last war, for a question that was already decided.

But there are two things which even the finished Prussian soldier, though he may be multiplied into millions, can not do. He may

WHIP THE FRENCH,

and he did it in a single year, but he can not throttle socialism, for it has sprung from the tyranny that created, and continues to create, him. He can not throttle the Church, for a much more weighty reason, because it is immortal. In the suppression of both, no one to-day doubts that Bismarck has failed. On one side, is Potsdam brutality, incorporated in the present immense army of Prussia, drawing the life-blood, the youth, the wealth, the trade of Germany; on the other, but wide apart, without any relation to each other, and opposing that systematized brutality for different reasons, are the

rapidly growing societies of socialists, and the one ever growing, but undivided, divine society, the Catholic Church. Which will conquer? The battlefield is not afar off, but at the very capital of Germany. The French soldier failed to reach Berlin, as he boasted he would, in the space of a week, but the socialist has come, a greater terror and a more dangerous enemy to Prussian policy, than all the vaporing of French journalism, or all future plans of a rotten French republic. Will civil liberty be surrendered to the people of Germany, at the command of

THAT SECRET ARMY OF SOCIALISM,

which Bismarck so lately employed to destroy the Catholic Church? Their demands, as put forth in their journals, which circulate freely, and which you can buy anywhere from Mannheim to Dresden, require the adoption of political principles, which would reverse the policy of two centuries and tear to pieces the whole policy, at which Bismarck has labored for nigh twenty years. To refuse to listen to them is more dangerous than is generally supposed. They are organized to commit any and every crime, to change the political condition of the country. They have no fear of God. The Prussian government, in putting itself in the place of God, and assisted by Protestantism in reaching that elevation, has rid the greater part of its Protestant subjects, the recruits of socialism, of all fear of divine punishment. One Hoedel has been caught and executed, but hundreds of thousands revere him as a martyr, and in the ten thousand schools of socialism, scattered throughout Germany, assassins are rapidly educated. This many-headed enemy of the present Prussian government hates priests, but it hates kings also. Bismarck has taught that enemy to deny all rights to the former, and that

enemy has not been slow to apply the same lesson to the latter. Bismarck is beginning to feel, too tightly, the grip of his old allies against the Catholic Church, and undertook, two years ago, a vigorous prosecution of the socialists. His uniformed machines were employed to hunt them down. Nothing has come of it but an alarming increase. Under the very shadow of Kaiser William's palace, their journals are distributed and eagerly bought. The Potsdam policy, illustrated in the treatment of old Fritz's wife and children, has not had a feather's weight in repressing socialism. In its effort

TO CRUSH THE CATHOLIC CHURCH,

that policy has been still more futile, and to no one is this more evident, or more painful, than to Bismarck himself. Reluctantly he dropped Falk, and after the Minister, after years of chagrin, he will be forced to drop the laws of the Minister, too.

There is no *modus vivendi* to be found, between the Catholic Church and the brutality of barbarism. Wherever it has been tried to effect any such union, brutality has been defeated by the martyr spirit of the Catholic Church, for martyrdom is victory. There will be another Canossa; on its walls, when it comes, will float the banner of religious liberty, the cause of the Catholic Church in Germany. This result, most certainly, the disciplined soldierly automata of Bismarck can not prevent. It was of this double battle I was thinking, one evening, as I walked along the crowded streets of the capital of this vast empire, so sudden in its growth, so vast in its pretensions, and withal so strong in its iron-handed power. In spite of all that has been published, in extolling the beauty of Berlin, I could not be convinced of it. It is famous as the seat of the Prussian Government; it can boast of an

immense population, surrounded by a dreary country, sterile and poverty-stricken; but it has no such objects of interest, as many cities through which I had already passed. It has the population of Manhattan Island, but that ends all comparison between New York and Berlin. It has one fine street, of which the world is ever hearing, "Unter den Linden," but it does not approach in beauty the Lichtenthal Allee of Baden, nor are the residences, near it, as handsome as the new quarters of the "old city" of Dresden. It leads, however, to a well-kept park, so, I suppose, it is praised on the strength of the proverb, that all is well that ends well. Many of its public buildings are certainly superb, and give palatial appearance to the greater part of its one fine street. The Imperial Palace must be regarded as a very plain structure, if the present power of Prussia is considered. I have seen

BUT ONE THAT LOOKED WORSE,

the Dresden palace of the King of Saxony,— in appearance an old, abandoned warehouse, to which, in happier days, the city, on account of its size, presented a cupola and a clock. But inside the schloss of Saxony is a museum of art, a warehouse, indeed, in which is stored much of the wondrous wealth of the Saxon princes. The same is not said of the palace of Berlin. A part of it is reported to be an imitation of one of the great triumphal arches of Rome. If so, I am inclined to think the architect was a poor counterfeiter, or the Roman hand, when it built the arch of Septimus Severus, forgot its cunning. They did not cultivate art much when Potsdam ruled Brandenburg. There is a statue of Frederick the Great, the Fritz who loved Voltaire so much, until he discovered that the infidel philosopher was addicted to stealing candles. This magnificent

work of art does embellish Berlin, and fills the place of a thousand wants. The picture gallery is a collection of very poor rubbish; if carted away or burnt, the art of the future would suffer no appreciable loss. There is hardly any word which would praise too highly the library of its University. More than a million of books find a place in a building, which is not in keeping with its literary treasures. Connoisseurs of old and beautiful tapestries are said to find, in the specimens exhibited in this city, a magical beauty, that sometimes threatens convulsions. They are the gift, we believe, of Leo X., and made after the cartoons of Raphael. But I was too much of a barbarian to feel the slightest emotion, while I can say that the tapestries, hung in the rotunda of the art gallery of Dresden, did please my dull, stupid mind. But the makers of those that pleased me most, are doubtful or unknown to fame. So I still linger in the ranks of the uncultured. In fact, I am glad that skill in such tapestry work, as I have seen exposed for public admiration, is quite extinct, and I hope, for one, that it will never be revived. They are all very old, and I am willing to concede to them the veneration that belongs to age. But the productions of modern inventions are, to my eyes, far more attractive, if not quite so artistic.

Did I see any remarkable churches in great Berlin? No, it hasn't any. It is built on Protestant soil, and Protestantism is anything but friendly to beauty, in God's house, either within or without.

IT DROVE OUT GOD,

the Creator of beauty; and human art, in vengeance, departed with him, and in self-defense, too, knowing it could not be separated from him.

The old churches were stolen from the Catholics,

and Protestant improvements have, for the most part, robbed them also of the beauty they once had; the tombs they contain speak, in the beautiful chiseled work, of a time and a faith more favorable to lasting works of faith. There is one beautiful Catholic church in the city, but it was begun and finished in our own day. There are a great many so-called great men, in and around Berlin, but they are all dead. From the celebrated philosopher, who was so surcharged with wisdom that

HE CONSTRUCTED A "GOD,"

for the improvement of his philosophic pupils, to the equally blasphemous Schleiermacher, from whose mind sprang Strauss, you find them as dumb, as senseless, but perhaps not as happy, as the common clay that mingles with their dust; and yet, above these pagan tombs the voice of a neighbor, Meyerbeer, dead though he be, still sings to the visitor of heavenly things. We had seen the living and looked upon the silent homes of the dead, and so quitted Berlin for Dresden,

LUTHER AND LIES.

It was a long, wearisome journey. I was startled out of a comfortable doze, as the conductor, or one of the conductors, (for they seem to be a legion on every train,) unlocked the door of our "carriage" and shouted, "Wittenberg." So I awoke, in a half-dazed way, in Saxony, the cradle of the "glorious" Reformation, and at Wittenberg, the place where Luther, whom Audin and Mayhew knocked from his pedestal of popular admiration, began that revolt against God, which has never been equaled in its calamities, save by that rebellion that threw down from heaven the star of the morn-

ing and one-third of heaven's host. Mementoes of the apostate monk, who let loose upon the world "unnumbered woes," fill the town, that remembers him only as a name, attracting visitors to their doors and drawing money to their pockets, while they have abandoned long ago all faith in the new doctrines that he preached. Protestantism, as Luther preached it, is dead in Germany, as elsewhere, and buried in his own sad grave. Its offspring, infidelity, now fills the pulpits, where Luther once wagged his vile, ribald tongue against the truths which fifteen centuries had believed; his own words, in defense of his apostasy, inscribed on the pedestal of his statue in the market place of Wittenberg, now read like a prophecy; not the prophecy his lips intended to convey, but the echo of his own believing, but corrupted, pride-swollen heart.

They run thus, speaking of Protestantism:

> "If this be God's work, it will continue;
> If it be man's, it will perish."

True indeed; and to-day, the revelation that the Reformation was the work of man, the rebellion of human passion against just restraint, is made as clear as the sunlight, by the application of Luther's own test. It has already shown that it has not the divine strength of continuance. As soon as it began to live, like all heresies, it began to die. Before Luther went before the tribunal of Eternal Truth, it had so changed, that he hardly knew his own work; and that which changes has but one end, sooner or later, and that end is death. The shadow, the coldness of death, is fast falling upon that work of man; infidelity is weaving its shroud, and is grimly, mockingly, waiting for its thin, wavering voice to cease, to pitch its decrepit form into the grave that

waits, as Luther said, for all things human. When the grave is closed, no need to search for an epitaph or moral. It is already written on Luther's statue — the religion and its author are alike, in their falsehood and mortality. They show here the cell which he abandoned, and the church where he proclaimed war against heaven. I did not go to see them. I can read the description of a greater rebel against God, at my leisure, from the pages of Milton or Dante; and that rebel, damned though he be, is something nobler than a tavern brawler, or a foul-mouthed buffoon.

MELANCTHON.

But there is something that draws you to gaze mournfully on the tomb of Melancthon. So simple, so trusting, so rich in intellectual gifts, and before the serpent hiss of Luther fell upon his ears, so pure of heart, he fell under the spell of that apostate monk and rose no more. Too proud to retrace his steps, he could tell his dying mother to adhere to the old religion, while he was too weak to break the chain of slavery that held him to the side of Luther. He is the only Reformer whose life can be read with honest eyes without disgust, — the victim of the rest, while he surpassed them all in knowledge. To the lips leap the prayer, when you stand where he once lived: May God forgive him the part he took in that foulest of crimes, since the ages of Christianity began.

I shall go on to Dresden, yea, by the train that speeds me away from the grave-smelling birth-place of the Reformation; by it I can't take you to Dresden in this letter, as I promised. I am as tired as I was on the night of the journey, and I have not the slightest doubt that the reader is more so.

MUNICH, September 6, 1880.

On my way to Dresden, I stopped for a few hours at Leipsic, where literature and commerce mix themselves in about equal proportions. But even the literature which it cultivates and sends forth to all quarters of the world, in the shape of cheap publications, pays immensely, so that the double source of wealth has made

LEIPSIC ONE OF THE RICHEST TOWNS IN GERMANY.

As a railroad center, it resembles Indianapolis — to liken it to Chicago would give it too great importance. But over the vast fertile plain in which it lies, they radiate in all directions, making Leipsic a rapidly growing city. It is very modern in its appearance and in the large, heavy blocks of buildings that are seen in the principal thoroughfares. Yet in the Market Place, where a large amount of business is transacted, the relics of medieval times still hold their place, still too strong, or at least too useful in the eyes of economical Germans, to be pushed away by the rising tide of commerce. Here the old and the new seem to be happily blended together, nor does the beautiful, here, fail to unite with the useless. Old, useless fortifications have been demolished, to give place to as handsome a promenade as any city of its size can boast of. In a literary way, Leipsic is noted for two things — its university and the publishing house of the Tauchnitz Brothers. The latter has drawn to Leipsic the greater part of the book trade of Germany. It is the paradise of German printers, for the

TAUCHNITZ

alone have flooded the world with their cheap editions of books, classic and otherwise, in all languages. From the ancient citadel of the town, I had a good view of the field in which Napoleon I. met the allied forces of

Prussia, Austria, and Russia, and found that they were too much for him; while in and around the city, in public busy ways, and in the quiet cemetery, are monuments that speak of that memorable battle. Upon one of them, Thorwaldsen has left the stamp of his genius. There is one old church in the city — the church of St. Nicholas — but the modern enemy of religious art, Protestantism, has disfigured it, as much as it could, without destroying it. After the robbery, Catholicity built, as well as it could, out of its poverty. When the work which Protestantism accomplished, in this region, is considered, it was fitting that

GOETHE

should make it the scene of the diabolism of Faust. Fiction is sometimes nearer the truth, than many a page of modern history; and poets are often better philosophers, than those who profess the science of cause and effect.

DRESDEN.

Some American has said, "If he had to make some one of the German capitals his permanent residence, he would select Dresden." He must have seen it in some other month than August, for I found the heat more oppressive and sultry than even in Cincinnati, during its worst heated term. The nights, it is true, in many of the beautiful mountain places, near this great cultured city, are delightful, but the sweetness of their refreshing climate is lost, long before it reaches Dresden. But the "old city" is beautiful, despite its burning summer heat, especially in the Theater Platz and up around Carola Street, where many English and

AMERICANS HAVE BEAUTIFUL PERMANENT RESIDENCES.

Along the bank of the river Elbe, which divides the Cap-

ital of Saxony, there is a charming view of costly villas, luxuriant gardens, and heavy-laden vineyards. Still farther off, the eye catches the outline of "Saxon Switzerland." Though the name is a misnomer, as pretentious as that given to Dresden itself, the "Florence of Germany," still a visit to Pillnitz or Meissen, or a dozen other mountain resorts near Dresden, if made in midsummer, will furnish as good a substitute as can be found, for the Rigi or the Scheideck. If the city and its mountain ramparts are seen, as I saw them at Saloppe one evening, it might be admitted that Dresden, apart from its reputation, as a rich home of art, has solid claims to the beautiful. On the last day of my visit, I saw it in grand holiday attire, draped in Russian and Saxon flags, to celebrate a double event — the battle of Sedan, the result of which Germans will never forget, and the unveiling of a magnificent statue, representing Germania crowned, as the Prussian arms were ten years ago, with victory. The celebration took place in the "old market," and it was most happily conceived, and arranged, and most admirably conducted. All the royalty and pomp and splendor of Saxony were present — the King and Queen, and royal line, down to the grandchildren, who behaved themselves like our own good,

CATHOLIC GERMAN CHILDREN

at home. I don't know whether the Dresdeners, as a rule, are burningly loyal to the present dynasty of Polish origin; a difference of religion, between prince and subject in this *free* land of Germany, is apt to weaken the ties between them, and I have heard the royal house spoken of rather disparagingly, but on the fete day, this religious gulf was forgotten or concealed. The King was received with as much enthusiasm as a successful American candidate for the Presidency, and the

enthusiasm seemed to be sincere and genuine. The Prussian, since the days of his worldly elevation, lacks not only the art, but even the civility of moderating and subduing his private feelings, when the expression of them would be offensive to others; he often imagines that a triumphant scene at Versailles, a decade ago, gives him a right to be unmannerly, and he as often acts upon that assumption.

In the vast throng that crowded the monumental place of Dresden, on that festival day, there were thousands of Prussians by birth, and thousands of Protestant Dresdeners, Prussian in feeling, as they shouted themselves hoarse with vivas to the

KING OF THE "SACHS."

I concluded that there was no counterfeit in the uproar. I imagine that the present monarch, if monarch he can be called, preserves a good deal of the ancient simplicity, for which many of the Kings of Saxony have been noted; his residence at Dresden, at least, does not show that he troubled himself much about the gilded trappings of courts, for a more primitive, uncouth, ungainly "palace," it would be hard to find. It was begun four centuries ago; we presume it is finished; if not, all that would be needed to enlarge it, would be to add, from time to time, another warehouse or factory; certainly the architecture of the present Kingly residence would not suffer anything by the addition. In style it is a good deal like the

OLD COTTON FACTORY ON THIRD STREET,

with a steeple in the center, like that venerable landmark of the cotton trade in Cincinnati. Over one of the doors I observed the royal device, "*Jehovah vexillum meum*," "Jehovah my standard,"— not very truthful —

on the contrary, as false as the epitaph of that villainous King of Saxony who was the most active of the princely supporters of Luther. To his crimes, the apostasy of Saxony must be attributed, more than to the eloquence of the arch-reformer; however, the dynasty transplanted from Catholic Poland has atoned, in part, for some of the sacrileges committed three centuries ago.

Many a rare gem has a rough and unattractive covering, and the same can be said of this palace on the Elbe; it is a vast treasure-house, where wealth in all its various and most beautiful forms is gathered,—wealth, the possession of which an Emperor might be easily tempted to envy. It is open to all visitors, on paying a very moderate sum; it is called the Green Vault, we suppose on account of the coloring of the walls of the royal museum, but it has vanished like many branches of the Saxon royal line; the floors are made of rich, tessellated marble, and the walls of eight large rooms are filled with treasures, indicating not only the wealth, but the exquisite taste of Saxon Kings. Bronze, ivory, coral, pearl, amber, enamel, and mosaics, representing every stage in the development of art; glass of ruby and garnet, vessels of agate, jasper, lapis lazuli, goblets of onyx and cornelian, services of alabaster, enormous basins of gold and silver, solid rock crystal and topaz; an endless variety of gems

ASTOUNDED THE VISITOR,

their beauty and value growing, as he advances. Not least deserving of notice, even where the coronation-regalia of the Kings of Poland are exposed to view, are the specimens of wood-carving, particularly of religious subjects; in the last room are suits of costly jewels, diamonds of the finest water, the largest onyx in the world, and the famous productions of the artist Ding-

linger. The palace of the Saxon Kings is indeed a royal warehouse. Connected with the "schloss" by an elevated gallery, is the

ROYAL CATHOLIC CHURCH,

facing the principal bridge leading to the new city of Dresden. It is said to have been built at great expense, an offering of the faith and piety of Augustus III.; but judging by the appearance of the church, I do not think there was much cultivation of art in Dresden two hundred years ago, for the church is horribly ugly. The interior is in wretched taste,— the frescoes on the walls only passably good, and the pictures over the altars little better than a waste of canvas,— and there is a good deal of waste.

THE CHURCH OF OUR LADY,

though far less visited, is far superior as an architectural work; it is an imitation of St. Peter's at Rome, and from all I have read of that incomparable church, it is what the English policeman lately said of a Ritualistic Anglican, when mistaken for a Catholic priest, "It is a very good imitation." The altar-piece of another church (the Church of the Cross) is admirable. At the "Court-church," every Sunday, the music, *during*, not of, High Mass, is said to be wonderfully fine; as there is no performance at the theater until evening, the orchestra is transferred to the organ-loft. Crowds of visitors gather to mock God, to stare and talk and giggle during the Holy Sacrifice. I did not accept the invitation to witness the desecration. I went to Vespers, and I saw the shadow of the morning's outrage, and I heard the orchestral, theatrical chorus give the responses, that sounded like fugues from Bach's operas. This is the "Court-church," but on these occasions it

does not resemble, except in the undisturbed piety of the good, simple Catholics of Dresden, the court of the Lord. There is a Greek church here, which is beautiful in appearance, and would be more so, if the money expended in bedizening it, with oriental extravagance, had been thrown into the waters of the Elbe.

MUNICH, September 6, 1880.

Academies of art in Dresden are without number,—at least the signs would so impress the visitor; and of course, monuments intended to decorate the city, whether they do or not, are found in every quarter. The only one that impressed me, in the very abundant collection of bronze and stone, in streets and market places, erected to kings, and electors, and electresses, and any number of dignitaries, was the statue of Carl Weber, the composer. He is one of the dead celebrities of Dresden, though some of his works, breathing a true religious spirit, will not soon die. But there is another genius buried in the cemetery of Dresden, compared to whom all its other intellectual lights were insignificant. No monumental brass records his name. Dresden is too Protestant, too narrow-minded to remember that it holds in its trust the ashes of

THE GREAT SCHLEGEL,

whose learned and eloquent pen did such noble service in defense of the Church which his ancestors had abandoned. I went to visit his humble grave, and in gratitude, to say a prayer for his great and noble soul.

There is hardly any need of writing of the Picture Gallery of Dresden. Thousands upon thousands have visited it, and an unknown number have noted down the

impressions which this world-renowned collection of art has made upon them. The building, in which this collection is preserved, is indeed strikingly beautiful. It is said to contain twenty-two hundred pictures, arranged and divided according to the different schools of art. Here you find some of the most famous productions of Raphael, Correggio, Titian, Rubens, Vandyck, Paul Veronese, Carl Dolci, Guido Reni, Holbein, Murillo, and others, the admitted masters of art, whose fame, like good wine, grows richer by the lapse of time. During three centuries, the princes of Saxony have been gathering these works of famous painters. But as an art gallery, it was not of eminent value, till the King Augustus purchased the "Modena Gallery" — one hundred pictures from the Duke of Modena.

ARTISTS INSPIRED BY CATHOLIC FAITH,

giving life and coloring to thoughts which Catholic worship suggested, contributed their glory, and the Dresden Gallery was complete. Correggio's "Notte" or Murillo's "St. Rodriguez" is worth more to Dresden, than all the paintings of all the Protestant artists. In art, as in everything else, in proud, Protestant Dresden, as well as in Catholic climes, does the Church assert her divine power and prove her supernatural influence. Visiting this gallery one day, and reading the thought of the Transfiguration of Our Lord,— reading rather Correggio's Catholic belief in the Hypostatic Union, which his genius has so wonderfully perpetuated in the flood of light that hovers over the Child's face,— my only reflection was: here to thousands of Protestant visitors, if they would only think, is art's argument, that

THE CATHOLIC RELIGION IS THE ONLY ONE THAT SATISFIES

the whole man, heart and soul, the senses, the imagina-

tion, as well as the intellect. It would tell them, if they would only listen to the voice of that speaking canvas, that as art and poetry and music once gathered, as obedience inspired handmaids, around the chair of Moses, from which the true religion was once preached, so they now gather around the chair of truth, which God decrees should take the place of the Jewish teacher. It would tell them that

THE CATHOLIC ARTIST SURPASSES HIS PROTESTANT BROTHER,

only because Catholic faith enables him to see the full light of Divine Beauty and Love, that came into this world with the advent of the most Beautiful of the sons of men. It would remind them of the truth of these words, "When I am lifted up, I will draw all things to Myself." Everything beautiful, as well as true and good, has one center, the center of the Catholic Altar — that is, the Cross of Christ. Everything which can ennoble, enrich man's mind, whether it appeal directly to his love or indirectly through the senses, comes from the Cross. As naturally as the sunflower turns to the sun, so do all things beautiful turn to Jesus Crucified.

PARIS, September 16, 1880.

I was not very deeply grieved to leave Dresden, even in the midst of its rejoicings over the victory of Sedan and the long collapse of the Second Empire of France. Looking at that memorable battlefield, through the light of the last ten years of history, and comparing the present condition of Prussia and its vanquished foe, I could not but conclude that the land of the milliards was making a great deal of foolish noise

over a worse than fruitless victory. If material interests of a country are of any importance, if they bear any relation to national festivities, I thought that the French people had much more reason to rejoice, that the man of the second December had found his Waterloo, like his more famous, more gifted, and, if Madame Remusat can be trusted, meaner uncle. France, to-day, in spite of defeat, robbed of its entirety by the peace she was obliged to purchase, with an immense indemnity paid to her powerful conqueror, is, by long odds, the wealthier and more prosperous nation. She is literally

ROLLING IN WEALTH,

whose golden touch the peasant feels as well as the many-acred seigneur, while the masses in Prussia are struggling to support life. The milliards are gone, not exactly where the woodbine twineth, but what is worse for the German, in his present impoverished condition, and for his hopes of the future, into the equipment and support of that vast army which is devouring everything, and producing nothing but sullen discontent among thousands and thousands of advocates of social revolution. Nihilism, not Bismarck, is to-day the idol of the busy-brained, dangerous classes of the new Empire of Germany. To make the comparison between France and Prussia still more unfavorable for the latter, at the first decadal celebration of Sedan, bad, wretched harvests are reported from a dozen quarters of the Empire, so that the outlook for the winter is not promising. As a Prussian remarked to me on my journey from Dresden to Munich: "No doubt we are a great power now; we have attained a position from which we can dictate the policy of Europe either at Paris, London, or Constantinople, as the world has lately seen in the diplomatic discussion on the shores of the Bosphorus; we

have an army that in reality is like the fabled cohorts of Cadmus; but with the enlargement of our national boundaries, I must admit, much as I feel pride in our national greatness, the happiness of our people has not increased, and beautiful uniforms, even though they reflect the splendor of many victories, do not, by any means, diminish taxes nor add to the comfort of millions who labor to-day, for almost nothing."

LIKE BEASTS OF BURDEN.

"The truth is," he added, "we are the very reverse of a prosperous people." Every one knows how different has been the lot of France, since its eagles were surrendered at the gates of Metz, and the gilding of the Dome des Invalides lost its imperial glitter. The Republic of France is indeed the cousin of the Commune. Under its present leaders, the worst spirit of Voltairean revolution is directed by hands, quite as willing as the founders of the first Republic, to

"STRANGLE THE LAST KING WITH THE ENTRAILS OF THE LAST PRIEST."

This spirit, the decrees of the 29th of March, expelling the Jesuits from the soil, attest, even if a hundred other evidences recorded in the speeches of Gambetta and the daily ravings of Henri Rochefort were wanting. The altars of God still stand, but thousands of those who serve God and humanity, on the once Catholic soil of France, ask themselves how long will they stand. Their only hope of security is the ridicule which the Gambettists have brought upon themselves, by the folly of their late movement against the religious orders of France. In the political life of France, the shaft of ridicule seems to be a more dangerous weapon, or at least more feared by the "Liberals," than the sword of

justice. But infidelity is playing the sapper, and is anxious for another revolutionary explosion, that will make a universal ruin of religious altars, as it has endeavored to bring destruction upon religious education. So far, all that can be said is, that there is a truce, but no peace; and the truce may end at the next session of the Chamber of Deputies. What will be the result? Well, the Pantheon answered that question for me yesterday, when I visited it, after knocking at the door of the Irish College, and finding that all the clerical representatives of the

"EVER FAITHFUL RACE"

had left Paris, to enjoy their much-needed vacation. In that famous building, (can a Christian call it a church?) whose frontal tells you that a grateful country erected it to the honor of its great men, you find the altar of Christian Sacrifice, and the walls speak to you in eloquent coloring, of the lives and deeds of the saints of France. You go down into the vaults to visit the *ashes* of its other *great* men, and you find the tombs of

ROUSSEAU AND VOLTAIRE.

They and others of their ilk are below; religion is above. They are dead, and God is living his divine eternal life in the tabernacle, above their silent graves. They are in darkness, He is in light. They are as powerless, and will be so forever, as the meanest clod of the valley. He, to whom knee and heart bow over their arched dungeon homes, where a sound upon the re-echoing walls is like the roar at the gates of hell, is as strong, as when He passed from the side of the rock-hewn sepulcher. I came out of that galleried cavern into the light of triumphant day, and saw the still more triumphant gleam of the light of the Sanctuary; and the

silent dweller of the Tabernacle, so close and yet so far from the moldering quiet of the greatest heroes of Infidelity, told me the result of another contest, if it must come between the children of God and the children of Voltaire.

VOLTAIRE IS DEAD, AND GOD STILL REIGNS.

And such will be the story in Paris as elsewhere, until the end of time. But to go back to the comparison between Prussia and France, how rich, how prosperous Paris looked in the genial sunshine of that autumn day, and Paris, in this respect, if not in another, is a copy of the whole of France. Its war debts not only paid, but everywhere, in country, town, and city, is the smile of industry and its reward: plenty and wealth, widely, universally distributed. Poverty can, of course, be found, but hopeless, miserable, degraded poverty does not meet you, and stretch out to you from every corner the hand of beggary. Paris may be the world city of pleasure and amusement, but it is a city of toil, of labor, from the break of day to the small hours of the night, for the native-born: and the same may be said of the other large cities of France. The morning rush, the full sweeping tide of the laboring classes, the hurrying away of mechanics and tradesmen, remind the American of his own land. No other city of Europe, as far as I have seen them, presents so exactly the appearance of our great American cities, when labor resumes its daily duty or leaves its wonted places at the approach of night. The paths of industry cross and recross the thousand ways of pleasure. Gay, thoughtless, ready to do anything to perpetuate any folly or commit any crime, for the sake of novelty, may be said of the Parisian, as has often been said; but a love of industry is one of his marked traits, as it is of all his country-

men. And that trait has made France a land of wealth, a reputation which even poverty-stricken Prussia is enforced to concede. Here is a triumph of brawn and skill, of corporal and mental activity, more worthy of commendation than the fruitless victory of Sedan.

Well, the digression is ended. Let us go back to Munich, or a little beyond, to keep up the thread of the journey, even if the tale be disconnected. There was a time when most visitors were drawn to Munich by its collection and academy of art. That attraction will, no doubt, resume its sway again. But in this year of "go," its galleries of paintings and sculpture, so rich, so rare, so prized, so famous, are almost forgotten for the

PASSION PLAY AT OBERAMMERGAU.

Of course, I followed the crowd — not only because I was burning with a desire to see the great Catholic drama, the last spectacular relic of the Ages of Faith, but because I must confess that for a time, at least, I was sated with the creations of art. I know that this honest aversion relegates me at once to the ranks of modern Goths and Vandals. But I must say I would rather have been the author of the Passion Play, than of the most valued painting that hangs in the Munich Gallery. Still I stopped to visit both the collection and the school. Of the latter, I think the less that is said the better. It may have been once worthy of note, but if so, it has sadly degenerated; and if it does not improve, the fine building devoted to the cultivation of modern art might be well employed for other purposes — to shoe-making, tailoring, or some other useful branch of manual labor.

THE PAINTERS OF OUR OWN LAND

are not very famous. It will, in all probability, be a long time before we have a collection, like the galleries of

Munich or Dresden, to say nothing of the Louvre. But we certainly have artists who can give us better works, and let me add, less sensual, less pagan, than some of the boastful schools of Europe; and Munich can be included in the number. Between its gallery and school, there is as much difference as there is between the imperishable works of Athen's golden days and the most hideous idol of an African tribe. And yet to its collection, I prefer the varied treasures of Saxony's beautiful Capital. Again, I know that I am treading on dangerous ground, losing caste and writing my own condemnation, among those who know, if you can believe their words, more art than Raphael, and who would not hesitate to criticise the "Moses" of Angelo; but as I do not believe with the miserable Talleyrand, that language was given to us to conceal our thoughts, I make my words harmonize with thought and impression; as I love Greek literature, though having but little knowledge of it, above its poor imitation, the Latin classics, so I love Italian art, the inheritor of all the beauties of Attic art, above the weak copyists of the colder and unimaginative races of Northern Europe; and in perfect specimens of Italian art, what city outside of Rome is so rich as Dresden? The great blemish, perhaps the only blemish, on that collection is its proximity to the vulgar, and I am almost tempted to write

THE BRUTISH CREATIONS OF RUBENS

and others who have been entranced by his flaring coloring. But to turn from the handmaid to the mistress, from art to religion, how many beautiful churches adorn the Catholic city of Munich. No one who has seen Our Lady's Church, to enter which is like stepping back to the days of an undivided Christian world, will ever forget it; and the Catholic visitor is not only delighted with the material grandeur of chancel and nave, and

the splendor of faith, that shows in every color of its windows, but with the deep Catholic piety that offers its prayers from morn till night before its many altars. There, God is not alone. He finds hundreds of worshipers at all hours of the day. Nowhere was I so forcibly reminded of the

MARKED PIETY OF OUR OWN CATHOLIC GERMANS OF THE DIOCESE OF CINCINNATI,

as in that vast shrine of Our Lady in Munich. It was written in unmistakable lines upon furrowed brows and upon the bright, innocent faces of Bavarian children. In beautiful contrast with this medieval structure, is the new and gorgeous Basilica of Munich — such a perfect type of some of Rome's best religious monuments, that it might well be imagined to have been carried by angel hands from the banks of the Tiber to the shores of the Iser, to reward the Catholic Bavarians for their fidelity to the See of Peter. Less costly, it may be, than the Madeleine of Paris, but, then, it is a church, a Catholic Church, and the Madeleine, if the crucifix were removed, might do for

A TEMPLE OF MINERVA.

But over the marble sanctuary, and down its marble pavement, and between its sixty-odd monoliths of polished gray stone, brushes and moves the habit of St. Benedict, while the piety of Subiaco seemed to fill the hearts of the congregation I saw there. I think the University building is the finest I have seen in my travels through Germany, although it is one of the most modern — a great school, whose luster has been sadly dimmed by the

LEARNED, UNFORTUNATE DOELLINGER,

a wonderful illustration in his old days of the curse of

intellectual pride. The Catholic priest who remembers his past great services to religion, when he leaves the seat of Catholic learning in Munich, will not forget to pity him and pray for his return to the faith which he defended so ably for a half century. When I began this letter, I expected to reach the Passion Play, before which the remembrance of all things else in and around Munich fades. But to speak of it at the close of a letter containing so little of interest, would be treating it with irreverence. So much has been written of it, that I can not, of course, expect to say anything that is new, and my words will not only be trite, but fall far below the dignity of the subject — a poor portraiture of its merits. All I can do, to cover my own deficiencies, will be to give it prominence of place in my next letter.

Rome, September 27, 1880.

To go to Oberammergau and see the Passion Play, is to witness, in this year of grace, the last and the most perfect of all religious dramas — more than this — it is, apart from the merits of the moving, awful spectacle itself, a most touching, beautiful, restoration of the theater to its original purpose; a shrine of religion, only less sacred than the temple or the church; a school of virtue, only less authoritative than the pulpit.

RELIGION WAS THE MOTHER OF DRAMATIC ART.

It inspired the Greek Trilogy, even though the inspiration was pagan in its source, and often impure in thought. Greek tragedy embodied, more than any other form of imperishable Hellenic literature, the highest and noblest idea which the cultivated pagan ever possessed of the beauty of truth and justice, of divine worship and

human honor. It was this very religious element that clothed the incomparable graces of Greek tragic verse with a charm, that has survived in all its first freshness the ruin of more than two thousand years. The theater, in which Antigone thrilled an audience of tens of thousands, with her heroic sisterly piety and sacrifice, is as low, as voiceless, as the crumbling relics of Ancient Rome, which to-day are everywhere around me. But that queen of dramas, in which right battles against wrong, in which justice finds its most eloquent defender, claims and secures a place on the modern stage, so sadly fallen and abused. It moves the Christian soul with the same magical power which it exercised over the pagan heart, when its grand choral odes were heard in the theater at Athens.

When Greek Mysteries forgot, like the modern drama, their high origin and lofty purpose, became the teacher of vice, the vehicle of degrading immorality, and justly incurred the strong, terrible denunciation, which the early Fathers of the Church passed upon them, these same Fathers were not slow in their efforts to substitute

DRAMAS, IN WHICH TRUE RELIGION SHOULD SPEAK

with an eloquence and pathos, that paganism could not demand, in which divine truth would convey lessons of virtue that pagan temple or pagan theater never dreamed of. They set to work to purify the stage, that rotten paganism had made most loathsome. They opened the pages of Holy Writ, these Apologists of Christian Faith, who forbade the children of the martyrs to be present at the plays of the pagan theater, to find, there, subjects of tragic art. The Book of Divine Revelation gave new life and new form to Greek tragedy, in the hands of a Chrysostom and Gregory Nazianzen.

So, in art, as in religion, on the purified heathen temple, as on the cleansed stage of the pagan theater, Christianity fought a battle, and won a triumph. Among all the subjects chosen for dramatic representation,

THE TRAGEDY OF TRAGEDIES

in which the sinless God dies to save sinful man, held from the first of the Christian drama, the most prominent place. The Golden-mouthed preacher of Constantinople did not disdain to employ the talents which God had given, in writing the tragedy of the "Dying Redeemer." From the Bavarian hamlet of Oberammergau, in this unbelieving, scoffing age, we can thus trace back the Passion Play to the fifth century, and to the same land and race, as gave to the world

OEDIPUS TYRANNUS AND CLYTEMNESTRA.

The history of perfect religious plays, as well as I can read it, through thirteen centuries, begins and ends, in the language of the Greek or the German, with the scenic representation of the sufferings and death of Our Lord.

In the long intervening lapse of time, we have the miracle plays of the Middle Ages, fashioned from the remembrance of the religious scenic art of the East, which struck the astonished gaze of the Crusader, as a novelty and a wonder. The European monastery gave to the people of the West, in the Latin tongue, the religious play which the Greek Bazilian had conceived, produced, and preserved in spite of the decay of the Oriental Church. But in the transplanting of religious drama, one thing was found wanting: the poet's genius, the creative spirit. The miracle play, at best, was but a poor copy of the Greek original. At first, religious in

tone, they ended in being most irreligious in sentiment and action, and the Church of God was at length compelled to visit with its anathema the

ATHEISTIC PERVERSION OF TRAGIC ART.

Still in Germany, in the halls of convents, and in the shadow of the cloister, the religious drama presented its original purity, and advanced step by step, though with slow progress, indeed, to something better than the crude miracle and morality plays of other lands. The great events in the Life of Our Lord, but especially His Crucifixion and Resurrection, continued to be themes of the dramatist; and so reverently were they treated, that for centuries, the sanctuary of the church was not thought to be dishonored by their representation. Through them all, from the first crude picture of the Crucifixion, to the artistic tragedy of the "Ten Virgins," runs the strong faith, the simple piety which distinguished the monastic ages. When the Reformation drove the religious stage from the market-places of German cities, they found a home in the mountain passes, which heresy did not so easily penetrate. In the Tyrol, above all other secluded spots, they were cherished with all the enthusiastic love of former days. So, to-day, the good, pious villagers of Oberammergau are the sole and happy possessors of that form of religious play which Christian Apologists invented, to supersede

THE FOULNESS OF THE PAGAN STAGE,

fifteen centuries ago. In addition to the religious character of these Bavarian mountaineers, there is another cause for the continuance of the Passion Play among them. Two and a half centuries ago, the beautiful valley, through which the little stream of Ammer pours

its waters, was visited with a dreadful pestilence that threatened to make it a Valley of Death. In spite of all precaution to exclude the disease from Oberammergau, it found entrance and carried away scores of victims. Christian to the core, these villagers turned to the cross to find strength and life, where Divine strength and life were, for their sake, exhausted. They vowed to the Crucified, if he would only hear their prayer and stop the ravages of the plague, they would give, in gratitude, every ten years a representation of the sufferings of the Savior of the world. As soon as the vow was made,

THE PLAGUE CEASED,

death was arrested. So every decade witnesses thousands upon thousands gather to this grateful testimony of their supernatural deliverance. This year I had the never-to-be-forgotten pleasure of being of the number. In two hundred years, of course, the play has been greatly changed; but the form of the drama has remained intact through all revisions. The great improvements which the original play has received, in text and music, it owes to the marked talent of

OTTMAR WEIS, A MONK

of the neighboring monastery of Ital. The music is so sweet, blending so perfectly with the play, that one might easily imagine that it was the voices of the angels mourning the death of their God and King; he left it as the special inheritance of the people of Oberammergau. No one visiting the place is allowed to copy it. The play occupies fully seven hours, and I must say that I think some parts might be cut out without any injury to the unity of the drama, and certainly to the comfort of the audience. The crowd that filled the

theater, on the day I saw the Passion Play, was decidedly Pentecostal — it seemed, at least from dress and feature, to be composed of

ALL RACES UNDER HEAVEN:

all manifested the deepest, most absorbing interest from the beginning to the end; and upon the faces of the majority, mingled with this interest, were unmistakable signs of religious awe, of devotion, akin at least to worship. The leading parts of the play are the acts of Our Lord's life, associated most aptly with the leading types and figures of the Messiah, revealed in the Old Testament. These types are most admirably presented on the stage in tableaux vivants. As they come and go, the chorus, consisting of twenty well-trained singers, gives the explanation of the shifting spectacles. The tableaux alternate with the acting, that gives the stages in the Passion of Our Lord; Adam and Eve losing Paradise on account of their sin, is united with the last entry of Our Lord into Jerusalem; in one, you have the humiliating expulsion of the first Adam from the garden of innocence; in the other, the Hosannas welcoming the second Adam to an ignominous death.

ROME, September 27, 1880.

To return to the Passion Play, the history of which I have already given. Joseph's brothers, conspiring for his death, precedes the picture of the Pharisees and the priests, consulting together, to seize and crucify Joseph's divine antitype. The mourning of the Canticle of Canticles, over the loss of the Beloved One, is echoed by the sorrow of the little House of Bethany,

and the anointing of the Magdalene, when the Divine Friend says farewell on his road to death. In the dethronement of Vashti and the coronation of Esther, the spectator sees the

FINAL REJECTION OF THE JEWISH RACE,

and the choice of the Gentile. The historical fact is made most vivid and real, when the curtain rises, and shows Our Lord standing upon the summit of Olivet, his face wet with tears, looking down upon the doomed city and pronouncing those words that told of its approaching ruin. The glowing sunset, in which that ruin is prophesied, in a voice of sorrow, gradually dies out, and the darkness of death gathers around temple and city. When the curtain falls, you feel that this dark, terrible page of history has been written in a new and most impressive way. The next tableau carries you back fifteen hundred years; before you, are the desert, the famishing Israelites, the falling manna. This is succeeded by the messengers of Moses, bringing back, in the bunches of grapes, evidence of the richness of the land of Canaan. Of all the tableaux, this and its counterpart, the celebration of the Passion and the

INSTITUTION OF THE BLESSED EUCHARIST,

are the most gracefully done. The most critical would fail to detect, in that vast array of seemingly lifeless figures, a single posture that did not contribute its part to the full delineation of this scene of Divine Love, that lights forever the dark Way of the Cross. It was as wonderful, as beautiful, as the

PAINTING OF LEONARDO DA VINCI.

The Heavenly Manna has been consumed, the figures

disappear, and through the crowded theater floats the music of the Paschal hymn, which the Lord and his disciples sing as they cross the Kedron and enter the shadow of the olive trees of Gethsemane, to be pressed, by the justice of God and the sins of man, like the olive, to give light and healing to the nations. In the next act I expected the tableaux red with the Bloody Sweat, the God of infinite power hiding his face, before the union of sin and death, in the dust of the earth; but the selling of Joseph and the betrayal of Judas intervene. Here the feelings of Judas, the opposing forces that must have been at work in his avaricious heart, as well as the eagerness of the Sanhedrim to encompass the death of the new prophet of Nazareth, are all brought out with masterly skill, and throw a startling hideousness upon the crime of priests and apostle. There is the grip of avarice, in the reception of the thirty pieces, the price of blood.

ALL THE GUILT OF JUDAS APPEARS

in the stealthy, quick, nervous dropping of his crime-stained treasure into his purse, and then, when the purse closes, you see, in the eyes of the traitor, the beginning of the despair that is to end in suicide. In quick succession, come the tableaux that are symbols of the Agony, the Betrayal, and the Triumph of Christ even in the hour of defeat. For the last, the curtain rises to expose the temple of Dagon. Beneath its roof stands Samson, ready to break in twain a pillar with the strength of the arm that embraces it. The last act in the first part of the drama is the kiss of Judas and the deliverance of Christ to his enemies. In this part, the Passion Play is without fault or blemish. Until the curtain falls, you forget the theater and the actor; the seizure of the soldiers and the hooting of the crowd and

the joy of jealousy and revenge, gleaming in the eyes of the Jewish priests,

BECOME A REALITY,

and you feel how natural was the manly, Frankish King, when he heard this portion of the Passion read, "Oh, would I had been there with twenty Franks!" As the curtain falls, you feel as if a smothering pain had passed away from your heart, and a numbing sorrow had been lifted from your soul.

The second part of this mysterious drama, in which the prophecy and promise of the Messiah are indexed by the moving,

LIVING STATIONS OF THE WAY OF THE CROSS

only adds, if that be possible, to the interest of the spectator in the morning. But the other day I knelt, in adoring awe, in the church of Santa Prassede in Rome, before the pillar to which Our Lord was bound, to be scourged; in the Basilica of Santa Croce I saw the long past mockery of his Kingship in that wooden throne of the Cross, and as he said of his Crucifixion, he seemed, as I knelt before that sacred, blood-stained remnant of his gibbet, to draw me nearer to himself. But in the Passion Play, especially in that portion which carried me from Pilate's Hall to Calvary's summit, the Crucified himself seemed to be present. I heard the base, cowardly, insulting blow upon his cheek, I saw the divine meekness of his eyes, when he rebuked the striker. It was, in every detail, in every attitude, in every look, in every word, nay, in

THE PATIENT, GOD-LIKE SILENCE

itself, so difficult for man to practice, in real life, or imitate upon the stage. The Passion continued, as if the

victim of the Pharisees' vengeance were again suffering; as if God had descended from his throne of glory to be again crucified. Whether the part be that of Master or disciple, whether you see the agonizing remorse of the traitor or the repentance of Peter, the vain consolation which one seeks in flinging away the accursed burden of life, or the peace which returns to the other, as the tears of heart-breaking sorrow flow; in these and every other particular, it is

THE GOSPEL REVERENTLY IRRADIATED

with all the glory of tragic art. The introduction, to the act of Crucifixion itself, consists of three tableaux: Abraham in the act of slaying his son upon the top of Mount Moriah; the Israelites encamped in the desert; and in the air above, and creeping through the moving sands, the fiery serpents that disappear, with the fall of the curtain, to exhibit the cross, upon whose arms the brazen serpent is entwined, on which the eyes of the wounded are fixed. When this picture fades away, the end is drawing nigh. There is the confused sound of many voices, heralding the mournful procession, from the gate of Jerusalem to the Mountain of Myrrh. You would fain close your eyes on the central figure, so weak, so pale, flecked in face and arm and foot with the blood that crimsons

THE DUST OF THE DOLOROUS WAY,

but you can not. Like the disciple, with his faith, if not with all his love, mind, and sense, you are waiting to see the end. The procession vanishes, after our Lord consoles the women in Jerusalem. Then the chorus appears clad in black, to sing a threnody, to chant a dirge over the death of the Redeemer of the world. While those voices rise and fall, in mournful cadence,

the soul is startled and the mind shudders. Again deep, harsh sounds break in upon the sweetness of the song, to tell you that the work of execution has begun. And when the last stroke of the hammer has ceased, with the plaintive recitation of the words, "He who loves is silent, endures, suffers, and forgives," the hill is crowned with three crosses, upon the tallest of which hangs the Son of God. To all appearance, the hands and feet distilling blood have been pierced with nails;

THE ILLUSION IS SO PERFECT,

the wounds so visible, the search for bandage or other fastening, to hold the body in its cross-shaped bed, so vain and fruitless, that you longingly wait for the moment when the anguish of the frighted stare shall end in the peace of death. When the person who is suspended, for a quarter of an hour, is taken down from the cross, you see the nails actually extracted from hands and feet, and the rigidity of death seems to have seized upon the whole body.

THE MYSTERY OF ART

is added to that greatest of all mysteries of Christian faith, that God should die for man. While on the cross, the personified Christ is heard repeating, through the gathering, thickening gloom, the "seven words." The sickly yellow hue of the coming eclipse spreads itself over the face of the sky, the head bows, then come the moans of quivering earth attesting that this is the Son of God. While

NATURE SEEMS TO REEL AND STAGGER

under the weight of the crime that had fallen upon it, the scoffing priests are informed that the veil of the temple is rent in twain. Terror-stricken they grope

their way through the darkness to see the truth of the report. But the soldiers remain to

PIERCE THE SACRED HEART,

and to break the legs of the crucified. When the mallet is about to descend upon our Lord, Mary Magdalene rises and with the mighty force of love stays the descending blow. The taking down from the cross is arranged as Rubens has painted it. There is another portion of the play, depicting the burial of the body, the triumph of the resurrection, and the ascent of our Lord to heaven, which the chorus celebrates with a hymn that rings through the hearts of the rejoicing audience, like the eternal hallelujahs of the blessed. It sounded to me like the approval of heaven upon this masterpiece of religious plays, upon this edifying, sanctifying representation of the Passion of the Son of God.

ROME, October 4, 1880.

There are three principal entrances to Switzerland for those who reach it from the north, and from all three there are railways direct to the fairest and most interesting spot in the mountain land of Europe, beautiful

CATHOLIC LUCERNE.

One way is by Basle, famous in Church History as the place where an Œcumenic Synod of the Church was held. Another path leading to Alpine scenery is by Schaffhausen, where the visitor is rewarded for the weariness of summer travel by the falls of the Rhine. The recompense is appreciated by all, save Americans, who remember Niagara, or the waters that fall in a hundred places, in clear crystal floods, from mountain

heights into the bottomless canons of the far West. The third entrance to the home of glacier and perpetual snow takes you to Lake Constance, still retaining its older name of the Bodensee. Its size gives it the appearance of a sea; a walk around its shore occupies many days, and a sail upon its waters is apt to give strong symptoms of sea sickness. I chose the last route as the one most direct from Munich. I had no desire to stop and visit Zurich, called rather ironically the Athens of the Limmat. To-day, it prizes more the gold of earth than the gold of mind, and believes far more strongly in the value of material wealth than in the heresies which Zwinglius preached to its people, at the outbreak of the Reformation. I believe it prides itself for giving refuge to the most cunning

REVOLUTIONARY RASCAL,

ever banished from Rome by the Popes. Your modern Garibaldian has not a hundredth part of the shrewdness, though he has all the diabolism of Arnold of Brescia. The spirit of this enemy of religion, as well as of civil authority, still lives on the shore of the lake of Zug, where hatred of the Catholic Church is deep, if it be not deadly. Like wealthier and larger cities, the Protestants of Zurich abandoned the pastime of killing Catholics in the sixteenth century, and contented themselves with stealing their churches, which they still retain. I saw in the valley of the Reuss the place where the sword of Dufour hacked the Sonderbund to pieces, the battlefield where the foundation of the present Swiss Confederacy was laid. It is the only historic spot from the Lake of Zug, till you reach the Lake of the Four Cantons, and Lucerne, the old Catholic capital of the four Forest Towns, where Swiss liberty was born and fostered. It is both ancient and modern, quaint and beau-

tiful, a rich museum of the past, and full of modern industry and life. It is

THE GREATEST CATHOLIC TOWN

of Switzerland, containing about 1,800 people, who cling to their faith as tenaciously as the sacred pictures to the roofs of its medieval bridges, or its old battered, picturesque Archiv-Thurm to its massive foundations. In and around Lucerne, and along the banks of its cross-shaped lake, is the classic soil of Switzerland. It is the place where the mystic or historic hero Tell gathered and inspired his countrymen with the courage to resist Austrian tyranny. Here lived another leader, Arnold Winkelried, the hero of the battle of Sembach. As you sail from one end of this limpid lake to the other, you pass the place where Wagner began to compose those wild, idiotic howlings, which we are told will be the music of the future,— let us hope the most distant future. Tradition marks the spot where Tell waited with his unerring arrow for the Austrian Gessler, where he leaped from his prison boat to the rough rock, and in his bold escape left his captors to shipwreck and to death. It was here also that the Emperor Rudolphus performed that deed of charity whose sweetness has been enriched by

THE SWEETNESS OF SCHILLER'S SONG.

On the summit of the Rigi that overhangs the waters of Lucerne, a poor man lay dying. That his soul in parting might have all Christian comfort, the Kaiser gives to the priest his horse that he might, without the delay, occasioned by the rapid walls of the swollen mountain torrent, carry to the dying man the "Bread of Heaven." The Austrian stranger could be kind as well as brutal, as the picture at Meggen, on the lake of Lucerne, perpetuating royal charity, testifies. To see

in its entirety the incomparable beauty of the Lake of Lucerne, that four different cantons claim as their own, you must see it from Kulm, the summit of the Rigi Mountain. The ascent by railway is one of the great triumphs of modern mechanical skill. Up the precipitous mountain-side, over projecting rocks, on the edge of towering cliffs, and over deep yawning chasms, the engine carries you, up to the very head of one of the lofty monarchs of the Alps, five thousand feet above the level of the sea. The construction of such a railway over places where the chamois would find it hard to climb, is a great achievement, and a journey on its mounting rails is one of the great attractions of Lucerne. The railway is of very peculiar construction. It consists of a common track of rails. They are not only attached to the ordinary sleepers, but each sleeper is strongly imbedded in immovable quarry stone. The heads of the cross-sleepers are fastened to longitudinal ones. There are three rails; the center one is composed of two iron bars, in which strong wrought-iron cogs are inserted to catch the cogged and propelling lantern-wheel of the engine. Two objects are gained by the cogged wheel. It gives a grappling hold to the engine, as it slowly pushes the car up the steep mountain height, over the miles of rocks and cliffs and chasm, and moderates the velocity of descent. Every train is preceded by a signal man, walking before the slowly climbing train. At distances of a hundred paces these sentinels relieve one another. One sign of warning from these guardians of hundreds of lives, and the car can be immediately stopped — this sudden, immediate stoppage is effected by compressible air in the cylinder. Besides this, sleepers, in connection with the cog-wheels, are so arranged that they could bring the engine to a dead stop in the twinkling of an eye. In these ways, the possibility of

accident, as you rise from one giddy height to another, is entirely removed.

A GLORIOUS VIEW

of a dozen snow-clad peaks of the Alps is gained in ascending the road, just after you emerge from the tunnel and cross the abyss-spanning bridge that lies far, far above the tops of the fir-trees, growing out of the side of the mountain. While you are a passenger you are not much inclined to speak of the Titan snow peaks of the Oberland of Berne, or the town-studded shores of the lake that lies thousands of feet below. You are awed into silence, and from time to time, you catch yourself unconsciously speculating on the consequences of a break in the machinery, or a moment's carelessness on the part of those who are carrying you toward cloud-land. The evening trains on this mountain road are always crowded, as visitors to Lucerne are always desirous of seeing the beauty of a sunrise from the summit of lofty Kulm. On a clear morning, it is certainly

A SIGHT NEVER TO BE FORGOTTEN.

Berlepschs' description and pen-picture exactly represents, in almost every particular, what I saw, on a rather favorable morning, as the sunlight spread the varied garment of its glory over the snows of the great Scheideck, that I give it to your readers, much preferring this to the failure of my own pen.

SUNRISE ON THE RIGI.

"The starlight night, far expanded and aromatic with the herbs of the Alps and meadow-ground, now begins to assume a gray and hazy veil. Thin mists arise from the top of the feathered pines, an airy crowd of ghost-

like, silent shapes, approaching the light, that, with a feebly pale glimmering, dawns in the East. It is a strange beginning. A gentle breath of the morning air greets us from the rocky walls in the deep, and brings confused noises from below. Then, all at once, a figure appears, at first undefined, and then with clearer outlines. Who can that be? 'Tra-da-tra-da-dui-da!' It is the *ranz des vaches*, thrilling out into the fresh morning air. It is the signal for all who did not like to ascend so high without beholding the sunrise. Then, a curious bustling crowd begins to rush up to the summit; a variety of strange costumes is displayed. The air is biting sharp; some are shivering, and, notwithstanding the charms of Nature, can not bring forth a single, coherent word, whilst to another group a learned professor of a Latin school holds forth a lecture on the course of the stars and on the fate of individual men, as fluently as if he was declaiming over his college desk. With his hood over his head and his spectacles on his nose, he braves the cold. On another place, three lean female figures are silently walking to and fro; a three-fold profile, contrasting with the clearness of the sky and making almost a classical effect, like the three sisters of Fate. There the morning breeze elopes with a privy councilor's hat. He is a little awkward in catching it again, and beholds his property being carried away, far over rock and mountain, to the 'Seeboden' Alp, where it is rather difficult to recover it again. As an interlude there sounds a melancholy 'Yes!' as if from some unprotected female, too early roused from her innocent sleep. Meanwhile, the day breaks, bright and clear; a golden stripe, getting broader and broader, covers the mountains of St. Gall; the peaks of snow change their colors,— indifferently white at first, then yellowish, and, at last, they turn to

a lovely pink. The new-born day illuminates them. Now, a general suspense! One bright flash — and the first ray of the sun shoots forth. A loud and general 'Ah!' bursts out. The public feels grateful, it always feels grateful, be it a ray of the rising sun, or a rocket burnt off and dying away in the distance, with an illuminating tail of fire. And, after the refulgent globe, giving life to our little planet, has fully risen, the crowd of people drop off, one by one; some to crawl into their warm nests again, some to write a long premeditated epistle, full of poetry, under the first impression of what they had seen, to send it to their friends at home from the summit of the Rigi, and some others hasten to pack up, and with loud Hurrah! launch forth into the grand and splendid world of the Alps!

"But, it is true, that Alpine world presents another appearance, when fogs and rainy clouds lower down over the broad valleys, or the sky threatens with a thunder storm. Then the sight is not so charming. Some spots, glaringly lit up, offend the eye, whilst the remainder of the landscape, united in a massive wall of broad extent, lends an appearance of fearful grandeur to the whole scenery. The lake is roused; a frosty chill runs over its surface. Deeper and deeper the clouds are sinking; night draws on over the whole country. All turns as black as ink. Then the storm breaks out; under its influence the woods sigh, and a rushing sound begins to start from every side. Now the thunder rolls loudly, in the midst of it. But this prelude lasts not long. Lightning, in a zigzag line, claiming less time than the thousandth part of a second, flashes around the mountains; the rolling of every single thunder stroke roars, reflected with a hundred-fold echo from all the deep valleys and from all the clefts of the rocks, and

with a consistency that will not end, it forms the base note of a fermata, in which the solo strokes, every moment newly accented, like a progressing melody of terror, relieve one another in this imposing symphony of thunder. It is an act, proving the sovereignty of Nature, the effect of which bursts down, with an annihilating force, upon him who happens to be witness to it."

The principal public monument at Lucerne is the Dying Lion which Thorwaldsen modeled, and Ahone chiseled with grace and power, worthy of the model, upon a wall of rock. It commemorates the fidelity of the Swiss troops of Louis XVI., who rallied around the standard of French royalty, when all his French soldiers proved traitors, and joined the *sans culottes* at the opening of the First Revolution in 1792. Bravely dying in the streets of Paris, for the sovereign who hired them to fight his battles, their death furnished at least one proof that

GOLD CAN PURCHASE

unflinchingly loyalty. But it seemed also to me to keep ever fresh, ever repeating, the fact that the Swiss have ever been

A NATION OF MERCENARIES,

in the past, fighting for mere pay the battles of other nations; and now, since this occupation is almost gone, fighting as porters, for the interests of robbing hotel keepers, in every city of Europe, and sharing the booty. As soldiers of fortune, or as porters of European hotels, it is the same spirit. The spirit seems to be very noble and lofty when you read the epitaph of the Swiss soldiers, inscribed beneath Thorwaldsen's Dying Lion; but something else, when you find it embodied on the walls

of the modern hotel in these words, directing you to the greedy, beggarly porter:

"PARLEZ AU SUISSE."

The Swiss mercenary rises to the dignity of a hero, when he falls under the ruins of the ancient regime; but he is the most shameless of beggars, as well as the meanest of extortioners, when he stands at the door of modern hotels, counting every guest as one to be plundered. As a Greek was for centuries the synonym for a rogue, so, to-day, in Europe, Swiss means a man who will do anything for money; "No money, no Swiss," is a proverb containing a large amount of truth. If the Lion of Lucerne were only gilded, it would be ethically as well as artistically true. It is difficult to believe that the same race that produced a Tell or a Winkelried has ever fallen so low, as to give to the world the modern hotel porter. And yet it is true. If you doubt it, speak to the quiet, sleek, gold-laced robber, the man of mock servility, who receives the traveler at the door of every European hotel — "Parlez au Suisse."

DEATH OF VERY REV. EDWARD PURCELL.

[From the *Catholic Telegraph*, January 27, 1881.]

So reads the last page of a history of almost measureless sorrow; so ends the silent pain of a great heart, the numbing grief of a noble soul, from which tender, merciful death could alone deliver. So we think and feel, as we look, at this hour, toward the grave of the loved priest and true friend, the dear brother of Archbishop Purcell. Last Sunday, loving hands and breaking hearts laid him to rest in the midst of the children of God. The aged mother, who waited for the coming of a son, who in virtue and learning was an ornament of the Catholic priesthood of this country, drew him to her side in the land of death, less cold, less dark, to him, in later years, than the land of the living. And, to-day, the snow has slowly whitened the new-made grave, falling like a peaceful benediction upon the large-minded, great-hearted priest; and no whiter is that stainless snow-covering, than was the purity of the soul gone to receive a joyous compensation for a life-service, from a grateful, justice-loving Master.

Around him and the angelic daughters who are buried near him, the clouds of night are gathering, as we write; around God's acre, sown with a harvest that shall be golden in the light of the resurrection morn; but, thanks to Him who doeth all things well, that very darkness has a voice of consolation. It speaks of an eternal day, to which the clouds of sorrow can never come.

The night has come; its silence is added to the silence of death; our watching of the narrow home is ended. God be thy rest, true friend,— devoted, faithful

brother,— humble, generous, scholarly priest. In our thoughts, in our life, that owes more than we dare tell to both, the name and memory of the dead brother is ever linked with the love we bear the living brother. Like the disciple whom Jesus loved; like him as an apostle of religion; like him in the grand gentleness and childlike simplicity of his life; like him in the charity which the Bishop of Ephesus and the Prophet of Patmos taught by word and example; like him in his length of years, crowned with the glory of a spotless old age; like him in tarrying till the Master comes; like him in the love with which he daily says, "Come, Lord Jesus"; like him in all that deserves and wins the reverence of men, is this brother of the dead, the patriarch of the American Church. For half a century, thousands of all creeds and races have paid him reverent honor; for a half century his name has been hallowed with blessings, by the children of the Faith, in every quarter of this great land. But in this day of his deepest affliction, in this hour of martyrdom, when the heart bleeds under the blows of grief, when his apostolic soul is wrenched by the breaking of the last tie of kinship with the living; the countless voices that have told his praises in the past, will give to him the deepest, truest sympathy. As best we can, let us tell what he has lost in the death of his brother; let us briefly speak of a life that wore a divine beauty, of which no misfortune can ever rob it.

Very Rev. Edward Purcell, the youngest of a family of four children, was born in Mallow, County Cork, Ireland, in 1808. At the time of his death, he had passed the bounds which the Psalmist has fixed for human life; and he found, as the Psalmist did, that the years beyond the term of three-score and ten were "full of sorrow." Spending the first years of life in the beautiful valley of the Blackwater, as fair, as rich in coloring

as a poet's dream, when we saw it a few months ago, this youth of promise had his soul flooded with that intense love for the beauties of nature which his graceful pen so often revealed. His brother, in the early spring-time of life, in obedience to the voice of God, bade adieu to home and country, to seek a field for his zeal as a priest of God in the United States. Before he was fourteen years of age, Edward followed his brother across the ocean. At Mt. St. Mary's, Emmittsburg, of which time-honored institution the venerable Archbishop of Cincinnati was for some years President, Edward began to show the great intellectual gifts which God had bestowed upon him. Mt. St. Mary's has given to the American Church some of its ablest churchmen. It enjoys the undisputed honor of educating many of the ripest, most finished scholars that have adorned the ecclesiastical history of our land. Among them Edward Purcell, by his rare intellectual powers, by the marked classic culture of his mind, held a most enviable place. His prose writings had the music and sweetness of poetry. He was pre-eminently a man of letters. Dr. Brownson, in the heat of controversy, could admire the combined grace and vigor of the writings of Edward Purcell, as a true, chivalrous knight could do homage to the valor of a foeman worthy of his steel. And the same strong, keen, critical mind could say of him as a poet that he had few equals. Scores of his songs, which he gave to the world unsigned, unclaimed, are real literary treasures. His thoughts, clothed in language as beautiful as poet ever voiced, mirror the pure soul and the cultivated mind of the future priest. The finished, refined, polished scholar ended his college life to enter upon the study and practice of law at Lancaster, Pennsylvania. Never did young barrister commence his profession with brighter, more certain prospects of the

highest success. Among the most conspicuous of his gifts, of which religion reaped signal benefit, was his well-known eloquence. Those who had the pleasure of hearing him in the pulpit, in the palmy days of his matured and vigorous manhood, still speak of his great, fascinating, convincing power as an orator. The magnificence of his physical presence, the silvery, far-reaching tones of his voice, and the swelling, rounded periods of his matchless rhetoric, gave him complete mastery over the minds and hearts of the audiences that crowded to hear the young brother of the Bishop of Cincinnati, in old St. Peter's Cathedral.

For some years Edward Purcell devoted himself to the secular vocation he had chosen. But while earthly fame and honors were within easy grasp, grace was calling him to a higher, nobler, more sacred walk of life. The Holy Spirit, that had placed the mitre of a bishop upon the brow of his brother, whose deeds for fifty years have given a more than royal luster to a royal crown, was pouring into the soul of the young and able lawyer a resistless love for the sanctuary of God. Before the dignity of the priesthood, all earthly honor soon seemed as worthless as a wreath of decayed leaves. In the freshness of his manhood he resolved to give himself to God as the teacher of a Divine Law. Nearly fifty years ago he offered himself, with all his rare endowments of soul and mind, to the service of the altar. A perfect model of generosity, scattering blessings as freely as the sun gives light and heat, he gave himself to God with that absolute forgetfulness of self, which distinguished the end of his long life. He could not be a niggard toward God, whose heart and hand were ever open to his fellow men.

In 1840, he finished his preparation for the priesthood. On Passion Sunday of that year, the then young

Bishop of Cincinnati poured priestly unction upon the hands of his brother. From that hour, during forty years, until death parted them, the lives of these two faithful servants of God were united so closely, that they seemed but one. The welfare of religion, the growth of God's Church in the wilderness of the West, was the one thought beating in every pulse of their hearts, directing and ruling every act of their daily lives. What need to tell, even if we could in fitting terms, the history of those forty years. What need to recount the trials, the hardships, the poverty, the sufferings, the apostolic simplicity, the heroic self-denial, of these two extraordinary men, whom the strongest national love, and the same office of the priesthood, joined so closely, so beautifully, together. They sowed in tears that others, perhaps, forgetful of the debt owed to their heroism, might reap in joy. What need to tell of forty years of constant, unremitting toil, that had only one object, to do good to others. Has not the storm and the sorrow that clouded the sunset of the noble life of Father Edward Purcell, and finally deepened into the night of death, been the witness of his complete, his unparalleled unselfishness? Is it not, to-day, a monument richer than all the storied marble that could mark his humble grave?

In his labors to advance the interests of the Faith, and to promote the temporal interests of the thousands of emigrants, pouring like an enriching stream over the fertile fields of the West, during the last forty years, millions of dollars passed through his hands. Had there been the least earthly dross in the gold of his pure, self-sacrificing soul, he could have amassed a princely fortune. Others, placed in his position — others, so swift to censure, so ready to bend the knee at the shrine of success, so quick to denounce human error, and to trample upon the bruised, broken heart,—

might stop at the grave of the honored, high-minded priest, and ask themselves, if his place in life had been theirs, would their hands have been as empty of worldly gain, as were the hands of Father Purcell, when the financial whirlwind struck him down,— this unswerving friend of struggling industry, this devoted lover of the poor!

"Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." This epitaph belongs to Edward Purcell — that benediction, poured from the heart and lips of the Son of God, belongs to him, who spent his life enriching others, and gave nothing to himself. That honor, that merit, that glory, was given to him, when earthly happiness passed away forever. After forty years of labor, his whole worldly wealth consisted of a few books and the scant furniture of a room, valued at one hundred and seventy dollars. Let the uncharitable tongue, the rancorous heart, destroy, if they can, this evidence of wondrous, godlike generosity and self-forgetfulness; having this defense of his noble life, the memory of God's gifted, gentle priest, whose heart-strings broke under the pressure of his silent grief, we need no other.

Few men have filled so large a space in the eyes of men and have been so little known, or rather, we should say, so strangely misunderstood. His shrinking modesty hid from the eyes of the multitude the sterling worth of the man and the priest, upon which a few intimate friends set a just value, and therefore held it priceless. But God saw, in all its shining, radiant fullness, the simple piety, the lofty devotion, the secret charities of the life, of which even intimate friends only caught in an unguarded moment the faintest glimpse, and of which even they had only the slightest knowledge. And God will repay most generously.

For two years, we can now say that Father Edward walked with death. Now and then, as weary days passed by, we knew from his own lips, that he felt the coldness of its shadow, he saw its form pressing more closely to his side. To him, longing for the rest that could come only through the grave, death did not come as a messenger of sad tidings, as an unwelcomed, dreaded intruder. He came as an angel of brightness, with healing for his heart-wounds, in his wings. He came quickly, stilling the great mind and generous soul of Father Edward, with a speed that startled and numbed the hearts of his friends, but in that speed there was mercy to the dead.

Under the shadow of St. Martin's beautiful Convent of the Daughters of St. Angela, home of piety and learning, that he so tenderly loved, he met death with the strong courage and humble confidence in God's mercy, that are sweet as heavenly manna to the sorely-tried, ever faithful priest, when the light of eternity is breaking. Fortified with the sacraments of the Church, whose teachings he had copied in his life, surrounded by the holy religious, any one of whom would have given her life to prolong his, supported by their prayers, that never fail to reach the Sacred Heart, the venerable man, upon whose priestly life there never was a stain, passed to eternal rest. We look out again toward the grave of him who sent us the last lines of loving friendship — he wrote with a hand already shaking with the tremor of death. The snow still falls without, and there is the stillness of the grave in the vacant room where he spent his last years. But out of the stillness comes the whisper of a voice that has thrilled the hearts of men for eighteen centuries. It lightens to-night the sacred grief of the aged surviving brother, broken with age and infirmity, with its words of comfort, and as it

floats upon the wintry air, over the snow-covered grave, it says of the noble priest committed to earth's keeping: "Blessed are the pure of heart, for they shall see God."

"HE BEING DEAD, YET SPEAKETH."

We will ask our readers to carefully peruse the following beautiful lines, written years since by Father Edward Purcell; they come to us just now with a ring of prophetic meaning in their rhymes. He was a poet, like Ovid, "*Quod tentabat scribere versus erat.*" Numbers were natural to him, and his soul was mirrored in them:

THE AUTUMN LEAF.

The summer sun has passed away and o'er the mountain's head
A diadem of golden hue is beautifully spread;
A rich and varied mass of leaves, where ev'ry brilliant tinge
In mingled shade around the pines is shining like a fringe.
But, hark! the wailing wind is heard, it sweeps in murmurs by;
A thousand rainbow color'd leaves go floating through the sky;
They bid the setting sun farewell, whilst, chill'd with evening breath,
They fall around the parent tree, still beautiful in death.

The fallen leaf, the fallen leaf, what hand can now restore
The life that fill'd its slender veins, the blood it knew before;
Its beauty all has passed away, its lonely hour is near,
And man, who blessed its summer shade, forgets that it was dear.
'Tis thus that many a youthful heart has felt the tempest lower,
And thought that friends would ne'er fall off in youth's rejoicing hour;
But, when misfortune came to blight, and hope withdrew its ray,
The hand that should have wiped the tear was coldly turned away.

A solemn silence lulls the scene, the ancient woods are hushed;
The leaves have filled the rocky cleft, where late the fountain gushed;
Against the clear, cold, azure sky, the wither'd boughs appear,
Where, mournfully, some lingering leaf hangs desolate and sear.
The color'd web which autumn weaves, of purple and of gold,
Her loom of blue and crimson tints along the vale is roll'd;
Ah! who will give us back the sun, the fountain, and the shade,
The singing birds that flutter'd there, the minstrel of the glade.

Alas, the leaf, which on the branch in verdant beauty hung,
Its summer hour of fragrance o'er, upon the ground is flung;
It never more, refreshed with dew, the radiant sun shall see,
Nor with its kindred bloom again, upon their forest tree.
The wailing wind is heard at eve, its requiem to wail;
There, with its brethren of the glen, it sleeps amid the vale;
And birds that love the genial sun in farewell numbers sing,
The autumn leaf, the yellow leaf—the nursling of the spring.

But spring shall come and ev'ry flower again be lifted up,—
The tulip, like a pearl, shall keep the dewdrop in her cup;
Around the cottage home shall bloom the bluebell and the rose,
And trees that dropped in winter winds, a thousand buds disclose.
Ah! thus, when Death shall close the scene, may Heaven's eternal spring
Around the soul her fadeless wreaths, her sacred roses fling;
And, when she looks in triumph back, will not her world of bliss
Seem happier for the gloom that rests on all that's found in this?

VALEDICTORY.

[From the *Catholic Telegraph*, November 17, 1881.]

With this issue of the *Catholic Telegraph*, the undersigned severs all connection with it. This connection, as editor and proprietor, if not very important or memorable in the eyes of many, covers a considerable length of time. We indulge the hope, that our readers, owing to the long relation existing between us, will pardon a few words of past history at parting, even though it is the province of journalism to deal only with the living present, and treat of current events. What we wish to present shall occupy as little space as will satisfy full narrative of facts.

Nearly twelve years ago, at the urgent request of the Most Reverend Archbishop and his late lamented Reverend brother, we accepted the burden of editing the *Catholic Telegraph*. Very Rev. Edward Purcell was candid in presenting the cause of this request. He could not give the *Telegraph*, on account of other occupations, the time and attention which it needed. Nor did he conceal from us the painful truth, that its list of subscribers had greatly diminished, and that its financial strength was declining. In asking us to shoulder the burden, he intimated that its columns needed new life, and he was kind enough to express the flattering belief that we could impart to the journal freshness and vigor. Apart from being a mark of esteem and confidence, the position was not attractive nor promising. We took it, however, with the resolve to do the best we could in the interests of religion and the diocese.

When we entered upon our duties, we found the condition of the *Catholic Telegraph*, financially and other-

wise, even worse than had been pictured. The subscription list had suffered, like many other innocent victims, from the late Civil War. During the thirty years of the existence of this journal, previous to that time, a large portion of its support had been drawn from the South and Southwest. During the war, the *Telegraph* boldly supported the Government. By this course its Southern patronage was lost at one blow. On beginning our duties as editor, we discovered that it had nine hundred paying subscribers, and a heavy debt that was rapidly growing.

We presented the whole deplorable state of affairs to Very Rev. Edward Purcell, who asked us as a favor to assume entire control of the office, and save the *Telegraph*, if possible, from death. We acceded to this request. To pay the debts of the paper and make the income balance the expenses, we applied the needed remedy — the medicine of economy. Our readers may judge of the generosity of the application by the following statement.

For more than ten years we performed all the literary work of the *Catholic Telegraph*. It may not have been of the highest order, but it was the best we could do, and quantity was not lacking. With rare exceptions, during that time, we wrote all the editorials, made all the selections, read all the proofs, and prepared the entire paper for the press. In addition, we assumed all responsibility for the financial obligations of the paper, and liquidated them. During that long and laborious service, we were pastor of one of the city churches, or later, one of the pastors of the Cathedral, and Secretary of the Most Reverend Archbishop. Our strictly ecclesiastical duties employed us during the day. The hours of the night were given to the *Telegraph*. Our literary labors ought to have smelled strongly of the lamp —

though we are willing to admit that they had little or none of that prized perfume. The double occupation, not unfrequently, gave us twenty-four hours of unbroken toil. Often the grey of the dawn found us in the office of the paper; more often, the early hours of the morning found us waiting for proofs, to correct in our room. True, in this way, we lost many hours of sleep. But everywhere and in all things, there runs a law of compensation. It consoles us now, to think that we gave many hours of sweet, soft slumber to those who were unfortunately doomed to read our productions.

For some reason, which we leave others to determine, during our management, the support of the *Telegraph* grew so strong and continuous, that for the first time in its history, as far as we have been able to learn, it became self-sustaining. After a hard struggle, we paid the debts with which it was incumbered, when our management began. After seven years of labor, there was a small net profit, which we gave to Mt. St. Mary's Seminary.

And now, we have a word to say of the pecuniary advantage which we reaped from these years of journalistic toil. It is very easily summed up — it amounted during twelve years to *nothing*. This may be surprising information to some—but truth is very often surprising. When our connection with the *Telegraph* began, Very Rev. Edward Purcell promised us for our services, a salary of one thousand dollars a year. It was never paid, because neither he nor the paper could pay it. We never asked for it. After years of services, in lieu of this salary, he transferred to us the proprietorship of the paper. The burden of proprietorship, we had always borne. It was given to us when the paper, as a money investment, was worth nothing. We never received from Very Rev. Edward Purcell, nor from any other

source, save from subscriptions and advertisements, one dollar to meet our expenses. On the contrary, as one of the financial facts in the history of this journal, we here certify that we gave one thousand dollars of our salary as pastor, to meet the debts of the paper. In this connection, we beg permission to state another fact, with the solemnity of an affidavit. From the Most Reverend Archbishop and his late lamented brother we have received kindness, esteem, confidence without limit. For these favors, we have tried to show our gratitude to both, and for these we will ever remain their debtor. But since the day of our ordination, we never received from either of these revered friends one dollar, either in money or in value, for the support of the *Telegraph*, or for any other purpose whatever. They would have given to us freely, generously, we believe, if we had asked them. But we never asked them, and we never received anything.

With this statement, we sever our connection with the *Catholic Telegraph*. It is a severance made not without regret, for it is the breaking of the last official tie that unites us to the home of our childhood, youth, and early manhood. And we regret it for another reason: because we love, in spite of our incapacity, it might be said, the paths of Catholic journalism. They are not strewn with roses, as we know full well, but they lead through fields, where great service can be rendered to God's Church and the highest interests of Catholics. We, it may be true, have done very little; but we can at least say, and our most determined opponent in the past days of controversy will admit it, that we have been a candid, bold, uncompromising defender of Catholic Faith. Our intellectual armory was far from being richly equipped, but the best and strongest lance we had was always ready for service. There was an epoch in

our journalistic life, when special work was required in defending what is now a divine dogma of faith, Papal Infallibility. True to our theological training, we had the honor of standing foremost in explaining that truth. We had in consequence a higher honor. A series of our dogmatic theses on that article of faith, if we may be allowed to dignify them by the title of theses, were sent in pamphlet form, by our ecclesiastical superior, as the official promulgation of that dogma in this diocese.

In dropping out of journalistic life, we carry with us the pleasant remembrance of the courtesies we have received from our brethren, and the undeserved praise they have, from time to time, so kindly given us. As for the criticisms we have encountered, we are candid enough to admit that they might have been multiplied and no injustice done to us. We know that our labors have not earned for us a penny worth of bread; and we most willingly confess that they have not won for us immortality.

The *Telegraph* will now, we believe, by our withdrawal, enter upon a wider field of usefulness. Mr. Owen Smith, who has been for years our efficient and most trustworthy business manager, will continue the publication. To him belong all its claims, and he will pay all its indebtedness. He, no doubt, will receive, as he deserves, more liberal support from the clergy and laity. Under his direction and management we believe the semi-centennial year of the *Telegraph*, on which it has entered, will be the brightest in its history.

Mr. H. W. I. Garland, who has rendered most efficient service as editor for more than a year, will remain in that position, for which he is so well qualified.

J. F. CALLAGHAN, D.D.